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THE
CLUBS OF NEW YORK:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN, PROGRESS, PRESENT CONDITION
AND MEMBERSHIP OF THE LEADING CLUBS; AN ESSAY ON

NEW YORK CLUB-LIFE,

AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF LEADING CLUB-MEN.

BY

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PREFACE.

THE basis of this work is constituted by a series of papers contributed by the author to the 1871 volume of the *Home Journal*; and it is but just to state that several previous series on the clubs of New York have been begun: one by the late Fitzhugh Ludlow in a leading daily, another and later by January Searle, which went no further than a clever paper on the *Century*. In editing these papers for book-form, the author's aim has been threefold: to produce, first, a history, description, and analysis of club-life in New York; secondly, a detailed directory of the clubs treated; thirdly, a careful digest, for purposes of reference, of organization, habits, house-rules, and the like—in all, a practical handbook of clubs and club-life. For the materials relative to the early history of the *Century* the author is indebted to Mr. John H. Gourlie's admirable pamphlet taking the subject down to 1856; for the initial pages of the *Lotos*, to that fine critic and essayist, Mr. J. H. Elliot, formerly of the *Home Journal*, one of its founders, and long a member of the directory: and he begs here to tender his thanks to the officers and members of the several clubs for courtesies, which withheld, this volume would have been impossible; also, to accredit the germs of sundry by-the-way discussions to the *Home Journal*, *Evening Mail*, and other papers, in which they have first appeared as contributions, either under his name or quite without specified ownership.

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|-------|---------------------------------|-----|
| I. | CLUB-LIFE IN NEW YORK | 7 |
| II. | THE CENTURY CLUB | 29 |
| III. | THE UNION CLUB | 57 |
| IV. | NEW YORK YACHT CLUB | 84 |
| V. | UNION LEAGUE CLUB | 106 |
| VI. | MANHATTAN CLUB | 139 |
| VII. | AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB | 167 |
| VIII. | AMERICUS CLUB | 202 |
| IX. | LOTOS CLUB | 215 |
| X. | BLOSSOM CLUB | 239 |
| XI. | TRAVELERS' CLUB , | 255 |
| XII. | THE PALETTE | 271 |
| XIII. | ARCADIAN CLUB | 238 |
| XIV. | ARMY AND NAVY CLUB | 344 |

THE CLUBS OF NEW YORK.

I.

CLUB LIFE IN NEW YORK.

AT no time, probably, in the history of the metropolis, has there been a movement so marked in the direction of club-life: New York being the second city in the world in the number and membership of its clubs, London standing first. There are now in operation, within city limits, not far from one hundred clubs, with a membership in the aggregate of not less than fifty thousand. It has been alleged in some quarters that the rolls of these associations are mostly recruited from the ranks of unmarried men. It would be natural to suppose so; but an examination of the facts disproves the proposition, which is one of those *à priori* conclusions that people are apt to indulge in 'out of respect for what they conceive to be the fitness of things. The facts are at variance with the terms of the fiction. At least, three-fourths of the clubmen of New York are married men—more than one-half are bankers and heavy business men: men of extensive financial transactions and responsibilities. What is true of club rolls now, moreover, has been equally true of them from the days of the old Hone and Kent clubs, in the

days of which existed only three associations of the sort, to wit, the Union, founded in the summer of 1836, and representative of a certain element of the old *régime*; the Hone, founded later in the year, and representative of a second element or clique of the ancient quality of the city; and the Kent, dating from the autumn of 1838, and uniquely representing the cream and talent of the bar. To the latter belonged J. Prescott Hall, the legal father of William M. Evarts, and the most brilliant lawyer of his day; Ogden Hoffman, the eloquent; Edward Curtis, the friend of Daniel Webster, and the most profound of that splendid circle; O'Connor, whose fame is European as well as American; Peter A. Jay, Francis B. Cutting, and other legal lions.

It was the golden age of New York—in literature as well as law—even in commercial greatness. There were Titans in those days—bold, honest, far-seeing pioneers—Titans everywhere. Literary art was represented by men like Washington Irving; C. Fenno Hoffman, and George P. Morris, the pioneers of American song; the brilliant, fastidious, and imaginative Willis; the erratic, wandering, and wonderful Poe; the grave, sweet, beautiful singing Bryant; the fanciful but gifted Fay, and the noble, deep-seeing Halleck.

Look through the round of living men,
Where will you find their like again?

They constituted a crop of intellectuals to be reaped not oftener than once in a century; and Death, the grim reaper, has reaped them all except one who, gray, grand, and antique, still stands like a column of Karnak, indicial of the ancient splendor of the temple. Whatever the present may develop, these will always be the gods of the American literary Pantheon—names to be remembered

in American letters as those of the Elizabethan age are in English.

In one respect the decade between 1830 and 1840 very singularly resembled the present. It was a decade of penny journalism, and saw the foundation of that vast newspaper system which has since become an engine of thought more powerful than book-making. It was a decade, too, of the most intense Americanism, and intensely anti-English, Mrs. Trollope having just published that volume of American notes, which rendered her name a proverb in this country, and gave origin no doubt to the epithet of Trollope as applied to unruly liliputians. Horace Greeley and the late James Gordon Bennett were almost penniless young men, whose futures remained to be mined out; the late Henry J. Raymond was only known as a hard-working and hard-worked reporter; but the acorn had been planted, out of which was to grow the great oak of journalism. The late Professor Morse, whose telegraph afterwards became the nervous system of civilization, was a starveling young artist in his studio, later located in the New York University building. It was a generation, in short, of many lions, most of whom have now quiet homes in Greenwood, half a dozen of whom only, gray, grizzled and decrepit, wander about, wondering what the present generation—with its pushing to and fro, its dim feeling in the dark for the freer and higher in life, and its obliteration of old landmarks—means by its irreverent rejection of the ancient and once undoubted. For, with all its brilliancy, and its host of intellectuals, the decade was analogous to the eighteenth century in England. Its investigations were limited by certain bounds beyond which was no thoroughfare; its speculations were safely tethered to a conventional centre, beyond which lay dreamland and vagary; its poetry

and fiction were formal in their art, followed classic models, afforded small scope for real originality.

Clubs, among them the Sketch Club, discussed at length by Dr. Francis in his papers read before the Historical Society—had existed for years, but had been small and had attracted little attention; and thus, as with journalism, the ten years, from 1830 to 1840, saw the foundation of New York club-life as it at present exists. There had been a Column Club—strange name, with an odor of the classical about it—but, for some reason, club-life had not thriven.

The Hone Club included a number of very familiar names. Moses H. Grinnell and Simeon Draper were members. Thomas Tileston and Paul Spofford, two names never to be dissociated in the commercial history of New York, and James Watson Webb, who fought the duel with August Belmont, also belonged. The Hone Club represented at that day the wealth and talent of the old Whig party, occupying the same position as to that political organization, that the Manhattan now occupies in relation to the Democratic party, or the Union League in relation to the Republican. Daniel Webster and William H. Seward were honorary members; and Healy's celebrated portrait of the former, the best now existing, was painted for the Association in 1842.

The Union Club was constructed upon purely social principles, and represented the old *régime* of Livingstons, Van Courtlandts, Van Rensselaers, Dunhams, and others; and, of these, the descendants of two families—the Livingstons and the Dunhams—have from the beginning retained their prominent influence in the club. David Dunham, familiar in the business circles of old New York as the Handsome Spaniard, and in society circles as the Old Turk, deserves mention as the grandfather of more

club-men than any other of all that circle of commercial princes, who laid the foundation of New York pre-eminence in trade. His son-in-law, Reuben Withers, cashier of the Bank of the State of New York, was one of the first members of the Union, and is now represented there by sons, sons-in-law, and grandsons to the extent of a dozen or more; also in the Jockey Club by David Dunham Withers, whose stables are second only to those of Belmont; also in the Manhattan by A. W. Clason and William H. Paine, who are members of the Union as well.

Thus, what the English call, with the most unmusical adjective ever invented, the clubbable disposition, appears to run in families, if not to be, in some respects, subject to the ordinary laws of hereditary descent; and an examination and careful comparison of the lists of the great leading associations proves that one-half of the club-men of the city are descended from less than a score of the old families. These are club-men in the fullest sense of the word. There is another class of members who belong merely by way of reference in social circles, and who are members merely because a certain social standing is therewith associated. Club-men, however, in any just definition of the term, they are not—*habitués* of clubs they certainly are not. There is again a third class of young men who join the club for the mere sake of becoming *habitués*, and of having an elegant place to lounge and pick up the society gossip of the day; but this latter class is not so numerous as has been generally supposed. The number of unmarried men who live *en club* is, on the other hand, very large. The way is easy. Half-a-dozen or a dozen—friends and cronies—all club together and rent a house in an eligible quarter, paying the rent by apportion, or according to the quality of the rooms

occupied. A caterer and two or three servants complete the organization, which is a true club in the old, exclusive sense of the word.

Living *en club* is not so very expensive, either, comparatively considered. Granted that an unmarried gentleman is worth three thousand a year. To live in lodgings and take meals at a restaurant will cost him not less than twenty-five dollars a week, even if he lives very modestly; and nobody with any income boards now-a-days, unless at a hotel. A dozen gentlemen effect a combination, agreeing to contribute twenty dollars apiece per week, which is equal to \$12,480 a year, upon which to keep house. They take a Fifth Avenue mansion at a rent of \$5,000, and have still \$7,480 left for table expenses, which is more than equal to the necessities of the case; and thus a stylish location and all the comforts are secured at less than the ordinary cost of uncomfortable lodgings and hurried restaurant dinners. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that living *en club* has become popular, even more so than belonging to clubs of the crowded hotel (for gentlemen only and on the European plan) sort, which are ruinously expensive, and afford nothing of the privacy of home and proprietorship afforded by the club system thus differently practised. In fact, living *en club* is eminently practicable, sensible, economical, and home-like—a remark which cannot be applied to living in lodging-houses, boarding-houses and hotels, without considerable qualification.

Clubs these cooperative institutions are, though not in the more modern sense; and, in this way, probably not less than ten thousand young men of the city are members of clubs.

But to the clubs of more or less publicity, of which the crop is large and continually augmenting. The number

that have risen, had a brief existence, and fallen into nothingness again during the past twenty years, has been legion. The New York Club, which had rooms on Fifth Avenue facing the Union, was long one of the wealthiest and most celebrated in the city—in fact, emulated the Union in social *prestige*; and great was the popular wonder when, in May, 1869, it suddenly suspended. One hundred and ten of the members joined the Union, and the rest scattered themselves elsewhere. In May, 1870, it was resuscitated, under the presidency of Mr. H. H. Ward, at No. 2 East Fifteenth street, but has not recovered its old standing and membership, though now ranking as both opulent and stylish. The Eclectic, occupying the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth street, was also, after a brilliant existence, compelled to suspend on account of debt, most of its member joining the Union League. The most famous, however, of modern clubs dying insolvent, was probably the Athenæum, with which were associated the leading talent and wealth of the city, say fifteen or twenty years since. In details of organization it was a pretty exact copy of the Athenæum Club, of London, ranking with the Union and Century in literary and social *éclat*. But the old fatality, debt, attended, and suddenly the Athenæum was as if it had not been. In fact, the proper epitaph of the defunct club is—"Died of debt;" and very often, perhaps, speculation on the part of the trusted steward or superintendent has more hand in the taking off than that personage would be willing to admit. A deeper reason is, however, found in the fact that really very few of the members are actual *habitués* and patrons of the club-house. Take the Union League, with its membership of fifteen hundred, as an example. The restaurant, in point of variety and elegant epicureanism, is not exceeded by that of any

first-class hotel, and exceeds that of most first-class hotels kept on the European plan. The regular system of the club involves two *menus* per day, to wit, the special breakfast bill, and the dinner bill. Epicure most inveterate could scarcely ask for delicacy or substantial not specified in the *menu*; and yet the dispensation of meals averages less than one hundred per day. Of all the members, possibly twenty take their meals at the club with something like regularity. Yet, everything must be kept in stock. Hence, loss, waste, and perpetual drain on the resources of the club; and hence, no economy is possible—as it would be were a greater proportion of the members actually *habitués* of the club-house. At the Manhattan, the restaurant of which is celebrated, and at the Union, the same phenomenon is illustrated—everywhere, in fact, except at the Travelers', where, by means of a system of monthly membership, the restaurant is practically opened to the general public. An exhibit of the balance sheet of the Union League for a single year will serve to convey an idea of the receipts and expenditures of this department of the leading clubs. For the year 1870 the receipts were:

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| From restaurant..... | \$47,970 55. |
| From wines..... | 17,480 96. |
| From liquors..... | 6,756 47. |
| From cigars..... | 8,664 29. |
| Total..... | \$80,872 27. |
| Cost of new materials..... | 78,081 43. |
| Balance..... | \$2,790 84. |

Making no account of cookery and service, and recollecting that wines, liquors, and cigars, with great profit, are subject to little waste, it is obvious that the restaurant did not actually take money enough to pay for its raw

material, and, but for the other items, would have involved the club to the extent of not less than fifteen thousand dollars, had its account been kept separate from the wine and cigar accounts. This is the secret of that insolvency which, sooner or later, swamps the club, except in cases where, if the income is unequal to the current expenses, the amount is assessed on the members by a *per capita* tax, as provided for in the constitution of the Manhattan. The result is referable to the fact that though, nominally, the membership of clubs in this city is scarcely less than that of London clubs, most of the members are not club-men in the London sense, and manifest very little of that clubbable disposition which is habitual and hereditary in the Englishman. Scores of men could be mentioned who are members of three or four clubs, but really *habitues* of none: A. T. Stewart, for example, William B. Astor, Jay Gould, John J. Cisco, William M. Evarts, Manton Marble, William Cullen Bryant, William H. Payne—in fact, eminent bankers, business men, and professionals by the dozen. In European circles the case is reversed; and hence, the subsidence of a club through insolvency is a rare occurrence indeed. There, for the most part, people belong to clubs in order to frequent them, and not by way of reference or passport to high social circles. It must not be taken for granted either, without considerable reservation, that the clubs of New York embody the position and condition of the city to any great extent, or to the extent that it occurs in London. The influence of American clubs, except politically, is less marked and general than that of English associations of the same kind—their labor less mental; their admission to the sanctum less socially authoritative; their material less homogeneous.

As a rule, too, aims have not taken a very extended

range. Middletown, Conn., has a conversational club composed of the professors of the Wesleyan University, Berkeley Divinity School, and lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and professionals; but New York has as yet nothing of the sort, unless the Woman's Club may be regarded as holding that position. A Greek Club has been founded recently, I believe, under the paternity of Rev. Dr. Crosby, of New York University, and numbers among its members Mr. C. A. Dana, of the *Sun*, and Mr. C. T. Lewis, late of the *Evening Post*. Nothing but Greek is spoken at the weekly reunions, whence it may be concluded that the members talk very little. Greek composition is—so said—one of the necessary credentials to initiation.

Of sporting clubs, on the other hand, the names are legion. Among the several cricket clubs the St. George is the most celebrated; of base ball clubs, the Mutual, having rooms at 622 Broadway, John Wildey, President. Of rowing clubs there are half a dozen of celebrity, clubs devoted to this specialty taking precedence of all others for antiquity, though the Amateur Boat Club Association, founded in 1834, with boat houses at Castle Garden, was first to render the sport popular. Famous in their day were the Wave, the Gull, Gazelle, Cleopatra, Pearl, Halcyon, Ariel, Minerva, and Gondola—all of which had numerous partisans; though for years the Wave always carried off the golden fleece, until at last, in an unlucky hour, vanquished by the Annie, of Peekskill. Then came the Independent Boat Club Association, with its Disowned, Wizard Skiff, Laffitte, Masanielo, Vivid, Spark, Metamora, Triton, D. D. Tompkins, Sylph, Erie, Duane, Eagle, Thomas Jefferson, Fairy, Washington, Brooklyn and Edwin Forrest. But the two clubs passed away, and, in 1859, the New York Regatta Club, under the presidency of Mr.

C. M. Coy, absorbed most of what had once been their membership. It should be understood, however, that, under the old associations, every crew was reckoned as a club, and there existed, consequently, as many clubs as there were boats; while, under the later system, the crews taken together constitute the club, and thus a more closely articulated organization of boating men has been effected. The Atalanta is now, perhaps, with the exception of the University associations, the most famous of American boat clubs; but boating as a sport seems to be ill adapted to the American organization, which is really less aquatic than the parent English, and takes none of the fostering pride of Englishmen in dexterity of oar.

Though not a club, strictly speaking, because having no formal organization, yet as a sort of nursery of clubs, the Stable Gang, having quarters over the horse-hotel of Mr. George W. Butt, corner of Bayard and Elizabeth streets, is entitled to mention. For more than twenty years a coterie, of which William M. Tweed—before that fall, my countrymen—was the leading spirit, has met here. It consists in the main of members of the Oriental, Blossom, and City Clubs—organizations of pronouncedly Democratic type; and has for its distinctive feature the celebration of the birthdays of its members. On these occasions the member's portrait, decorated with floral garlands, is suspended in the club-room, and a bountiful feast is served. They have a way, too, of brewing a beverage in the thousand-dollar porcelain bowl belonging to the organization, which is really fascinating to lovers of a symposium, not of philosophical drinks as was that of Plato, but of authentic and imbibable liquids. Judge Edward J. Shandley, C. H. Hall, Judge Scott, Superintendent Kelso, Marshal Tooker,

Hon. David L. Miller, Daniel Berrian, James L. Harway, Daniel S. Foster, M. J. Shandley, and other well-known politicians are members of the Coterie, and take part in its festivals, at the last of which, in honor of Mr. George W. Butt, a gold-headed cane, with a tiger's head protruding a tongue of rubies, was presented by Judge Shaudley on behalf of the organization. The eyes of the tiger were a couple of real emeralds, teeth so many diamonds—for those were days, in the spring of 1871, when Tammany politicians could afford to be ostentatious; and for long had the Coterie been famed in its circle for the magnificence of its gifts and the reckless conviviality of its reunions.

A few smaller clubs must be noted *en masse* before proceeding to take up the larger ones. The Allemania, of which A. Wormser has for several terms been president, is probably the most powerful German club in the city, having splendid quarters at No. 18 East Sixteenth street, with a fine hall for public exercises. The first anniversary of the then feeble, but now prosperous, Palette Club, was celebrated in this hall; though the second took place in the new and elegant building of the Arion Association, in St. Mark's Place. The German Club—Dr. E. Krackowizer, President—is younger than the Allemania, and has rooms at No. 104 Fourth Avenue. The Harmonie, a third and semi-Teutonic club, under the presidency of Mr. M. Simonfeld, Jr., is, on the other hand, old, wealthy, and prosperous. The club-house is situated in West Forty-second street, a few doors from Fifth Avenue, and is one of the most elegantly appointed in the city. A fourth club, distinctively German, under the presidency of Mr. Gustav Matzke, occupies the premises, No. 14 East Fourth street. Taken together, these clubs, with a membership of a couple of thousands, are

representative of powerful and active social forces. Indeed, the German element appears to be endowed with what the English call the clubbable disposition more bountifully than the native American, who, though eminently gregarious in his instincts, is not so eminently social. That *gemüth* of disposition, for which English has not even a name, accounts, no doubt, for the German's love of the club. Then, too, the German clubs of the city are arranged with a regard to cosiness, homelikeness, and comfort; while the Americans run mad after that vague something termed stylishness, to the loss of all substantial comfort and ease; and hence, German associations are not addicted to dying of insolvency.

While speaking of the modern tendency in the direction of club-life, the sable citizens of the Fifteenth Amendment must not be omitted. Imitative always, they have imitated their paler brethren in this also; and, of naturally social disposition, their clubs are models of sociability and harmony of feeling. Thus far, they are represented by two clubs only, embodying the wealth and social position of the sables in the city; and that they really have an aristocracy of their own, everybody who has looked into the social condition and ideas of the class, is aware. They have their millionaires, their heiresses, their oratorical, political, and musical celebrities, their social lions, and their old families—and, of course, their social rivalries, jealousies, and bickerings. Strange to say, a sort of *esprit de corps*, or rather, *esprit de gens*, is prevalent to an extent that would not be credited by an ordinary observer. They manifest little or no inclination to intermarry with white people; and, in their best circles, a negro is more respected than a mulatto. The little intermarriage that occurs is between negroes and Irish women, in the lower classes of both.

Political emancipation appears, in short, to have vaccinated the negro not only with self-respect, but with a sort of race-respect; having thus put an effectual bar to amalgamation, and solved the problem more perfectly than any prohibitory statutes could have done. This race-respect finds its legitimate out-cropping in clubs of exclusive membership, in which the two existing are unique. Their initiation fees are not so very small either—forty dollars in one, and sixty in the other—and their club rooms are really cosy and luxurious. One would not expect to find clubs of luxurious appointing in Thompson and Sullivan streets; but here they are. The membership of the two organizations is a little over three hundred, and, as might be supposed, they are as exclusively republican in their ideas as the Union League.

It would not be proper, perhaps, to call the Arion and Liederkrantz associations clubs, principally because social intercourse is not the leading purpose of their organization; but the Beethoven, with a similar musical intent, has the club form, and, though only a few months old, has just erected an elegant club house on lots Nos. 14 and 16 East Fifteenth street. The plans exhibit a structure four stories in height, with a Mansard roof. The frontage is fifty feet; the depth of the building, ninety-six feet. The *façade* is of Nova Scotia stone. A broad balcony, supported by pillars, runs the whole length of the front on the second story, constituting a splendid location for a summer evening's smoke. Four bowling alleys and the culinary department occupy the basement; on the first floor is a billiard room, forty-seven feet by sixty; also, the bar-room, and a vestibule of magnificent proportions. The sitting-room is on the second floor, forty-seven feet by sixty. Here, also, is the reading-

room, with numerous closets, lavatories, and a second bar taking the remainder of the space. The third floor is occupied by a ball-room, forty-seven feet by eighty, with a ceiling of the dizzy height of twenty-five feet. A gallery runs round three sides of this grand hall, and provides quarters for bands, by the half-dozen if necessary. The janitor's and servants' rooms occupy the fourth floor. The interior is finely frescoed.

The Andrew Jackson Club—Leander Buck, President—occupies quarters in Lexington Avenue, corner of East Thirty-third street; the Cosmopolitan, Stephen A. West, at 220 Sullivan street; the Invincibles, L. O'Brien, at No. 397 Hudson street. These are clubs of small membership and special purpose.

The City Club, of which Mr. S. Crocker is president, is, on the other hand, a strictly social body, though it has a considerable sprinkling of politicians, and now ranks very high for fashionable and stylish membership. James H. Ingersoll, once a leading society man, but carried under by the whirl of Tammany, was, ere his fate overtook him, a member and a *habitué* of the club rooms. The roll is not large, however, as compared with the Union League and Union, though large enough for weight as a club-body. In fact, from two to four hundred represents the average membership of what may be termed the lesser clubs, which, however, are the cosier and more exclusive on that account. The Gotham Club occupies elegant quarters at the corner of Union Square and Fourteenth street; and, for others, there are the Oriental, and Standard, and Old Guard—the former two of strictly social intent; the latter composed of gentlemen who make it a yearly penance to lament over the political degeneracy of the age, with the best in edibles and imbibables that the St. James can afford. The offi-

cers of the Seventh Regiment have curdled into a club under the name of the Morning Glories, (of which—happy return to the old system—the roll is limited to fifty) and leased a commodious club house on Madison Avenue. The association already numbers over forty members, among whom are Colonel John Oakey and Colonel John Fowler, of General Shaler's staff; Captain Wiley, of the Washington Grays; Mr. David D. Holdridge, and Mr. W. H. Kipp. The recently projected United Service Club has also taken objective form, and is modelled pretty closely after the club of the same name in London. Thus far, our military and naval heroes have had to be content with becoming army and navy members, on half dues, at the Union, and regulars or honoraries at the Union League. Hence, the project has a mission in the provision of a home frequented only by kindred spirits, for officers of the army and navy. The military system engenders habits and modes of thought—an *esprit*, so to speak—which is sadly un-at-home with civilians, with the methods of whom it has few points of sympathy. The Union League, during the war, filled very amicably, and with not a little *éclat*, the position that would ordinarily have been occupied by a United Service Club; and its honorary names included the lions of the service, like grand, antique Farragut, brilliant Sheridan, mastiff-like Thomas, General Grant, and others. But since the conclusion of the war, it has receded into a purely civilian club, with a semi-political purpose; and it is now, of course, impossible for it to hold the attitude toward the veterans of the service that it then held. Hence, the new club, which starts with the present prospect of a membership of a couple of hundred, thus beginning with that success which it is the aim of every association to attain. The moving spirits in the matter have been

Generals Burnside, Wright, Cullum, Shaler, and others—good names all. The details of organization have been settled, and they have leased an elegant club house, with more than ordinary accommodations for members and guests.

The organization provides for stated receptions, and nothing spared to cover it with an *éclat* like that adhering to its prototype, the United Service Club, of London. The club begins with over a hundred members, under the presidency of Rear-Admiral Godon; and the splendid mansion corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth street has been taken at an annual rental of four thousand one hundred dollars. The same rented in 1870 for seven thousand, but, in consideration of permanent occupancy, the club renews at fifty per cent. discount, or nearly that. The organization takes the name of the Army and Navy Club.

The Liberal Club, the discussions of which have attracted a great deal of popular attention, has rooms in Plympton Building, on Stuyvesant street. Its membership is over one hundred, consisting mostly of scientists and amateurs in science, and including names like those of Dr. T. H. Van Der Weyde, D. T. Gardner, Alexander Delmar, and Professor Youmans. John Stuart Mill, Professor Huxley, and George Henry Lewes are honorary members, and in correspondence with the club. Initiation fees and dues are the same as at the Palette.

The Standard Club, Broadway, near Forty-second street, though the youngest of all the strictly social clubs, has very elegant and expensive quarters, a membership of from three to four hundred, and appears to be firmly established: albeit there is no knowing when a club, manifesting all the signs of prosperity both in appurtenances and reports, may collapse, so thoroughly unknown

to the general public are the transactions and exigencies of the treasury and superintendence. The Standard, however, ekes out a tolerable income by letting its splendid hall-parlors for receptions and the like, and to be a member is considered very stylish, if not indicative of solidity.

The Arcadian, the youngest of all the semi-social, semi-æsthetic clubs, is really too new to have any history to recount, beyond the single fact that it is an off-shoot from the Lotos, and had its origin in one of those feuds which periodically occur in social aggregations of professionals. Not less than half a dozen attempts to found such institutions have been made by leading City Hall Square journalists; but all have dragged a feeble existence or have been nipped in the bud by dissensions. The Press Club, founded in 1866, constituted the latest endeavor of the literary guild to form an aggregation which should have some practical weight; but the members of the staff of the *Herald* were estopped by a decree issued by Mr. Bennett, commanding withdrawal from the club or resignation; some few well-known journalist were blackballed for reasons of personal malice; and, after making some noise in the world, the thing dropped dead of its lack of vitality. There was never, I believe, any formal funeral: it was simply agreed, though tacitly of course, to abandon all formal organization. Horace Greeley was first president of this club, which started under very favorable auspices, only to waste into nothing from sheer lack of vital energy.

The Arcadian—to return from reminiscence to present facts—starts under favorable conditions, and with a large number of literary notabilities on the roll, among them Max Maretzek, the veteran *impresario*; J. M. Bundy, of the *Evening Mail*; Mr. Bowker, of the same journal, a

gentleman whose literary criticisms have lifted him to the first rank in his profession; Mr. Wells, of the same, whose musical and dramatic criticisms are independent, analytic and discriminative; George A. Hows, of the *Evening Express*, son of the late Professor Hows, and of eminent talent, both as critic and lecturer; Mr. Wheeler, the acute and brilliant "Nym Crinkle" of the *World*, and many more of the coming men in journalism, the drama, music and art. Hon. H. G. Stebbins is the president of the organization, as well as one of its leading spirits. The club-house is No. 52 Union Place, where fine receptions are stately held.

There is, also, a Commercial Club far down-town at Nos. 104 and 106 Leonard street, which numbers two hundred and fifty members; but, in common with the Arcadian and others, it is too modern to be regarded as permanently established.

Dividing the clubs of New York into two great classes—those in which a thorough amalgamation of materials and something like a social crystalization have taken place, and those in the different stages of formation—it may be premised that in the first class the officers and membership remain the same from year to year with merely sporadic accessions and a few losses by death, expulsion and resignation. Elections are simply farces per constitution; admissions are quite limited to the filling of vacancies; and the writer has known persons to wait year after year patiently, after being proposed for membership, before an actual ballot took place. Of this class, therefore, as comparatively permanent the rolls of officers and members are incorporated. At the Manhattan, for example, the members of the Directory hold for life, electing president, secretary and committees from among themselves. At the Century, Mr. Bryant is a sort

of fixed president; and, generally, in the larger clubs, which, with the exception of the Union are corporate bodies, the incorporating members direct.

There are a few fallacies extant as to club-life that need correction. With nervous wives and mothers a club is synonymous with extravagance and temptation. By men in the middle ranks belonging to a club is looked upon as giving one a position. By that large class of social paupers, lawyers without briefs, doctors without patients, clerks on attenuated salaries, a club is often regarded as an expensive luxury, only suitable for magnates or the wealthier orders.

In all these instances, the light in which clubs are viewed is incorrect. A club is not a haunt of dissipation; it neither adds to nor detracts from social standing, nor is membership beyond the means of poor men. Indeed, with regard to the last point, the contrary is rather the fact.

Clubs are essentially English. Though every continental city in Europe has imitated the institution, yet the English club still remains *sui generis*. The clubs and *cercles* in Paris, in Vienna, in St. Petersburg, and those flabby transplantations called English and American clubs, which flourish in every city in Europe, are as different from their English and American namesakes as wine-bibbing is from total abstinence. On the continent the *café* takes the place of the club; there men eat, drink, smoke, and read the papers; while those who belong to clubs have generally some claim to wealth or distinction, and use them as a fashionable lounge where bets are made in the day-time, and high play is the rule of the evening. The light in which a Parisian, Austrian, or Russian views his club is not that of a *home*. And here lies the great difference between club-life abroad and

club-life in London and New York, where a man's club is his home. It is there that he sees his friends, writes his letters, dines, and spends the greater part of the day. Respectability, in its most severe moments, can wish for no more decorous haunt for husbands and sons to enter and take up their abode. As long as men are within the walls of their club they must conduct themselves as gentlemen. Should a member behave himself in an objectionable manner, and to the annoyance of his fellows, most assuredly he will be reprimanded by the secretary, or, if his offence be very reprehensible, be requested by the committee to take his name off the books. With the exception of certain clubs instituted especially for gambling, the committees of a club, as a general rule, forbid all games of hazard to be played under its roof, and limit the points at whist. Where, then, is the occasion for the nervous apprehension in the female mind that clubs are calculated to lead their sons and husbands astray?

Apart from the admirable manner in which the table is provided for, a club possesses advantages. The library is a splendid collection of rare and interesting books, and on the different tables are the various monthly magazines and the latest works from the circulating library. To literary men this room is invaluable, and one of which they take full advantage. Jenkins, the fashionable novelist, looking through a county history, finds out here a good description of some noble country-seat in order to transfer it to the pages of his novel as the baronial residence of his hero's father; and Brown, the great dramatist, hunts out the materials for another new and original drama.

In the writing-room are various little tables replete with writing materials—note-paper, envelopes, foolscap,

sealing-wax, etc., and for aught the club cares, you may make as free use of those materials as you please. Jenkins writes all his novels on the club paper, and Brown his tragedies, and these gentlemen must find it extremely convenient not to have to pay for stationery.

And then, in addition to the above rooms, there are the well-ventilated smoking-room, with its after-dinner stories and cigars of the finest brands; the large handsome morning-room, with its sofas and *fauteuils*, and all the leading papers, aired, cut and temptingly laid out for perusal; the dressing and bath-rooms; in short, everything that luxurious tastes can demand except bed-rooms; most clubs considering that they have had quite enough of your company during the day, and done enough for you, to be exempt from your society during the night. All you need, therefore, if you are unmarried, is an attic in some eligible quarter. The club comes to your rescue in all the remaining amenities of stylish living.

II.
CENTURY CLUB,

NO. 109 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET, NEAR UNION SQUARE.

ON the evening of January 13, 1847—Wednesday, as the almanac indicates—an important though very unpretentious meeting was held in the rotunda of the New York Gallery of Fine Arts in the Park. Not the Park which is now-a-days the Park *par excellence*, but that triangular bit of ground until lately barricaded at all strategic points by hucksters and apple-women—in a word, City Hall Square. In those days the collection of the late Guy Bryan occupied a sort of grotto-like edifice at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth street, and, saving the New York Gallery of Fine Arts and the collection of the Historical Society, was the only accessible gallery of studies—the old New York Art Union and the old Düsseldorf excepted. The meeting was not far from contemporary with the advent of Malibrán, under bent old Bagioli, father of the late Mrs. Daniel E. Sickles, and that of the Italian Opera, under superannuated Palmo.

Eheu fugaces! A century turns its glass ten times—every turn marking a decade—and a great city scarcely seems to notice it, with the exception that new cemeteries have to be staked out, and the statistics of funerals wax larger and larger, until the dead are more than the living.

There was an old man in those days, or before, who did some business in paintings at auction, where the

Astor House now stands, forgetful of the ancient reminiscences of its situation. This old man was the first who ever imported a Corregio—upon which, if tradition saith aright, he lost money, the ancient canvas really bringing him twenty dollars, or thereabouts.

The recently deceased Halleck, and the long since dead J. Rodman Drake, who wrote the "Culprit Fay," were the coming *littérateurs* just then. Morris, the song writer of America, and Willis, the pet-poet of fashionable New York, had already put on their laurels and started the *Home Journal*; and Bryant, the venerable president of the Century Club, is the last living of the brilliant literary galaxy that then twinkled pretty near together in the firmament of New York letters. Irving and Poe were in the zenith of their glory—the former in his first humorous crayons, the latter as the fierce critic of the *Broadway Journal* and the author of strange tales and stranger poems. Dead—dead all except the author of "Thanatopsis," who still toils at his desk as the veteran editor of the *Evening Post*.

The lounge about City Hall Square is familiar with the physiognomy of an odd little building among that cluster constituted by the Hall of Records, Court House, Croton Aqueduct Department, and Hook and Ladder No. —, which looked like the crown of a somewhat enlarged Derby hat. This squatty little imp of a public building—taken down a few months since—bore once the ancient dignity of the New York Gallery of Fine Arts, and was late inhabited, if paintings have ghosts, by the pigmentary ghosts of other days. It was here that the meeting was held, which resulted in the foundation of the Century Club.

There had existed before a small and rather informal art club, of which H. T. Tuckerman, A. B. Durand, and

others eminent in the annals of the decade, were members. At a meeting of this club in December, 1846, a proposition was started and canvassed. The necessity for an association of larger scope, with permanent rooms for its meetings, had already been felt. Art, in those days, like Queen Elizabeth in hers, was supposed to have no feet to walk upon, and, it must be confessed, was rather gradual in its locomotion. Artists then, as now, often found themselves deficient in that protoplasm which Professor Huxley regards as a necessary physical basis, and, consequently, in that molecular activity which, according to the same eminent professor, is necessarily the basis of all intellectual conception. The venerable S. F. B. Morse, since famous as the inventor of the electric telegraph, then best known for his "Mort d'Her-cule," and as the founder of the National Academy of Design, was a member of this embryo "Century." So, too, the genial Irving, from whom its name, the Sketch Club, was taken.

At this meeting a resolution was offered inviting members to propose names; and at a subsequent meeting one hundred names were presented, and a committee appointed to call a meeting of the proposed members. This committee issued the following notice:

"NEW YORK, January 9, 1847.

"The first general meeting of the association of gentlemen engaged or interested in letters or the fine arts, will be held on Wednesday next, the thirteenth instant, at eight P. M., in the rotunda of the New York Gallery of Fine Arts, in the Park. As a member, your attendance is particularly requested.

| | |
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| JOHN G. CHAPMAN, | } Committee." |
| A. B. DURAND, | |
| C. C. INGHAM, | |
| A. M. COZZENS, | |
| F. W. EDMONDS, | |
| H. T. TUCKERMAN, | |

The now forgotten rotunda was pretty well congested; and the meeting was nucleated, as a scientist would say, by appointing David C. Colden President, and Daniel Seymour Secretary.

In the time-honored way of *pro tempore* presidents, Mr. Colden stated the object of the gathering, and entered, with the enthusiasm of the true president from time immemorial, upon the explanation of benefits to art and letters which were to result. Then the committee reported, recommending a list of one hundred names by them proposed as members, suggesting the election of a managing committee, and begging, in conclusion, that dissolution which is the last prayer of all comitinary bodies.

A constitution was now framed; and, on motion of Edgar S. Van Winkle, the name of the *Century* (from *centum*, a hundred, and meaning, no doubt, the select hundred) was adopted. A single extract from the old constitution—the club has since adopted a new one—will illustrate the intent with which the club was started:—

“The name of the association shall be the *Century*. It shall be composed of authors, artists, and amateurs of letters and the fine arts, residents of the city of New York and vicinity. Its objects shall be the cultivation of a taste for letters and the arts and social enjoyment.”

Election of officers ensued; and a managing committee, composed of two authors, two artists, and two amateurs, a treasurer and secretary, was balloted for. The managing committee was thus composed: Gulian C. Verplanck, John L. Stephens, A. B. Durand, John G. Chapman, David C. Colden, Charles M. Leupp. Thomas S. Cummings was first Treasurer and Daniel Seymour Secretary.

The few initial, or rather formative, meetings of the club were held in the old rotunda, but at length the committee reported that they had taken rooms at No. 495 Broadway, and, the rooms having been put in order and modestly upholstered, the old rotunda was left to wax desolate, and at length to become a hive of politicians. Once comfortably settled, the club waxed strong and lusty. Its meetings were punctually attended, and a great deal of *esprit du corps* marked the action of its members. Artist members hung the walls with paintings from their studios; newspapers and periodicals were provided; and presently a *Century* journal was established, to which authors and amateurs in letters contributed with emulative zeal. A list of the original members includes many of the best names of the old metropolitan art and letters. All told they were as ensuing: William C. Bryant, Rev. Henry W. Bellows, Henry K. Brouen, John G. Chapman, A. M. Cozzens, David C. Colden, J. D. Campbell, L. G. Clarke, T. S. Cummings, A. B. Durand, Rev. Orville Dewey, F. W. Edmonds, C. L. Elliott, Thomas Addis Emmett, Dudley B. Fuller, Thomas H. Faile, George Folsom, Allan Goldsmith, John H. Gourlie, Henry Peters Gray, Daniel Huntington, Ogden Haggerty, W. J. Hoppin, Charles C. Ingham, Gouverneur Kemble, William Kemble, Shepherd Knapp, Robert Kelly, Charles M. Leupp, Samuel E. Lyon, Christian Mayr, Dr. McNeven, Eleazer Parmly, T. P. Rossiter, Daniel Seymour, Jonathan Sturges, John L. Stephens, Joseph French, H. T. Tuckerman, H. P. Tappan, Gulian C. Verplanck, and Edgar S. Van Winkle.

The judges, lawyers, artists, men of letters, amateurs, and commercial men of the New York of 1847 are well represented in this list; and some of its names are among the brilliant of well-remembered stars. At the

second mon'hly meeting four members were admitted by election—Russell H. Nevins, J. W. Glass, Charles S. Roe, and Thomas S. Officer. At the third, Major T. S. Brown, then at the head of the engineering staff of the New York and Erie Railroad, and since celebrated as having been appointed to the head of that bureau in connection with the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railroad by the Russian emperor, was duly elected: and, in all, thirty-eight members were added during the first year, making an aggregate of eighty. At the first annual meeting, after paying all expenses, the treasurer reported a balance of three hundred and sixteen dollars.

At this meeting, held January 13, 1848, a somewhat important suggestion was offered and adopted, or rather, having been moved by Daniel S. Seymour, was referred to a special committee. This was nothing less than the publication of a volume of contributions by the literary members, to be illustrated by the artists. The committee reported favorably at the next meeting, and a resolution inviting members to contribute was adopted. Some few articles were submitted to the committee; but, for obvious reasons, the project was never carried into effect. Three years after, in January, 1851, the literary department of the club was invested in the editors of the journal, which thus far has been the only substitute for the original project, though latterly even this has fallen measurably into disuse.

The well-known humorist, Frederic S. Cozzens, and John H. Gourlie were first editors of the journal, which, for some years, was read at monthly meetings—Cozzens contributing some of the very best of his peculiar Hoodisms in prose and verse. It was here, in fact, that his reputation as an essayist was made; and from his monthly *morceaux* to the journal was selected the matter

of his volume of "Prismatics." C. P. Cranch and Peter A. Porter were also leading contributors. Here the former first attracted attention as a poet by his "Graces of Art," in its way a clever production. Porter's "Spirit of Beauty" was also fortunate in securing general encomiums, rather, perhaps, by reason of its keen humor than on account of any uniquely poetic merit.

The artist member, first to give an impulse to the foundation of a gallery, was Mr. Paul P. Duggan, to whom the club is indebted for a large number of the portraits of members, now deceased or superannuated, which adorn the walls, and keep green the memory of the dead in the hearts of the living. Duggan was first to suggest the collection of these as the kernel of an art-gallery, and first to commence the work. Others have, from time to time, made valuable additions. Specimens of the styles of the Giffords, Kensett, Bierstadt, Gignoux, Cropsey, McEntee, and others are scattered and grouped among examples of the older artists, like Durand and his co-workers in founding the National Academy. In a word, as might be supposed, the gallery of the club is rare and valuable—though not so valuable as one might imagine it would be—and almost a history of New York art and a biography of New York artists for the past twenty years. Rossiter, Hicks, and Darley deserve special mention as having been liberal contributors to the pigment wealth of the institution—beg pardon for the Americanism—while the moneyed members, amateur collectors most of them, have added materially, from time to time, from the works of foreign and American masters.

One of the purposes in starting the Century was to entertain and introduce eminent strangers; and, though this has latterly fallen a great deal into the hands of the

Travelers' Club, the practice is still continued. Hon. J. R. Foinsett, then a lion in circles of statesmanship—there were giants in those days, too—was the first to be invited to the hospitalities of the club. The late Fitz-Greene Halleck, at first a member, Major Brown, and, in fact, most of the bright lights of poetry, art and science, resident as well as non-resident, have been complimented with the hospitalities of the Century—most of the former having been members. The semi-annual festivals, participated in by ladies, were commenced during the first year, and very early was begun the custom of celebrating Twelfth Night, which has now fallen into partial disuse. The festivals or receptions are still continued occasionally, and are generally attended with brilliant social gatherings.

The Broadway rooms of the club were occupied just two years. It was at first proposed to enter into a sort of partnership with the National Academy, then about to remove to the new Broadway building; but, the negotiations miscarrying, rooms were engaged at No. 435 Broome street, where it remained one year. At the expiration of the year's probation, 575 Broadway was fixed upon as its temporary home, and, packing paintings a few, books a few, and articles of *virtu* a great many, thither it gypsied in the spring of 1850. Here it remained two years, when a second attack of migratory fever supervened, and not until comfortably settled at No. 24 Clinton Place was the patient pronounced convalescent. In May, 1852, the club removed hither, the rooms having been elegantly fitted up under the superintendence of Henry L. Pierson. The copies of the casts from the original works of Thorwaldsen, forming a part of the art gallery, were collected by the latter gentleman, or rather obtained from Mr. Unnewehr, then in possession of them. Ogden Haggerty and Andrew Binniger also presented valuable bits of

statuary to adorn the new rooms. These few presentations were the original kernel of the now large collection of works of sculpture since aggregated by contributions of the members.

The portrait of Daniel Seymour was presented by C. M. Leupp; the very admirable portrait of Henry Inman, painted by Elliott, was obtained by subscription of the members and presented to the club.

Mr. David D. Colden, the first president of the club, was rather a patron of the fine arts than an artist, and had the honor of being one of the original six commissioners named in the act organizing the emigration commission, of which Mr. Verplanck was for some years an honored member, and one of the trustees of the House of Refuge. He died in June, 1850, after three years in the service of the club as an indefatigable laborer in its interests. R. Cary Long, well-known as an American pioneer in the builder's art; C. Mayr, celebrated as an artist; Daniel Seymour, whose efficient services as a manager contributed greatly to render the Century successful; Major Thompson S. Brown, the engineer, and George C. Smith, were among those whose deaths occurred during the first decade of its existence, and, in some sense, consecrated it as a club having reminiscences of the past. The latter was lost at sea on the ill-fated *Arctic*, upon the bell of which, tolling as it went down, the late Mrs. Sigourney composed her stanzas, somewhat in imitation of Cowper's elegy on the death of Admiral Kempenfeldt:

“Toll, toll, toll,
Thou bell by billows swung;
And night and day these warning words
Repeat with mournful tongue.”

The stanzas, with those of Cowper, their original, running:

“Toll for the brave,
For the brave who are no more,
All sunk beneath the wave,
Just by their native shore”—

will be remembered in detail by all who have been so fortunate as to hear them repeated by her nephew, the Rev. Mr. Russell, long celebrated in eastern universities as the first elocutionist of his day.

In the spring of 1857, the Century entered upon existence as a corporate body; Gulian C. Verplank, William Cullen Bryant, C. M. Leupp, Asher B. Durand, John F. Kensett, William Kemble, and William H. Appleton appearing in the act as first members of the corporation, the rest being designated in the very legal phrase, *other persons*. Its corporate name is the Century Association; its corporate purpose, the promotion of art and literature, by establishing and maintaining a library, reading-room, and gallery of art. By statute, the seven gentlemen above-named were constituted trustees and managers until others should be elected in their places; and the corporation was empowered to hold or lease any personal or real estate, but not to hold in excess of the sum of fifty thousand dollars.

The club thus entered upon its second decade, not as a mere ephemeral association of artists, men of letters, and amateurs, but as a corporate literary and artistic body with the power to have a local habitation and a name, to hold property, and perform other functions quite necessary to the utmost efficiency of a body having a distinct and elevated popular purpose. Thus, the meeting which the squatty little rotunda in City Hall Square remembered for years as a recollection of its artistic days, has

in ten years eventuated in a powerful association with corporate functions.

A new removal was now about to occur, and presently the historian finds the Century well settled and its own *major domo* in the elegant building in Fifteenth street, a couple of doors east of Union Square. In a word, it sets up an establishment and assumes the importance which Dickens laughs at Americans for dignifying as an institution. Now begins the collection of those large literary and artistic aggregations which give value to the library and gallery of art.

Owing to increase of membership and greater social homogeneity, it was found, at the January meeting of 1870, expedient to adopt a new constitution and an extended code of by-laws for practical government. The new document recounts that the society shall be composed of authors, artists, and amateurs of letters and the fine arts. The managing committee is composed of seven instead of six, three amateurs appearing instead of two, as formerly. An annual meeting for election of officers is held, the president of the managing committee being also president of the Association. First and second vice-presidents, a treasurer and secretary, complete the corporate organization. The association still keeps up its monthly meetings; its initiation fee is still one hundred dollars, as formerly; the annual dues for membership being thirty-six dollars. Two black balls reject a candidate for admission; but members intending to be absent from the city for a year or more, are exempted from the payment of yearly dues upon notifying the treasurer, and without loss of membership. Card-playing and betting in the rooms of the Association are strictly prohibited. Monthly meetings, for the election of members, are held on the first Saturday of every month (January, July, and

August excepted), at eight P.M.; and a regular yearly meeting is held on the second Saturday in January.

The by-laws forbid any book, journal, paper, picture, statue, or other work of art, to be taken from the rooms on any pretext, except by the authority of the managing board. No accounts are kept with members; no restaurant is connected with the rooms. Members may personally introduce visitors to the rooms, but, in all cases, parties doing so enter their own names and the names of parties introduced on the visitors' book. Nor can any member introduce more than one person, except by consent of the managing board. A house committee employs stewards and looks to supplies; a committee on literature superintends the conduct of library and reading-room; a committee on art manages the art gallery, arranges for exhibition at monthly and annual receptions, and keeps the catalogue of the art properties.

Naturally, as the club has waxed fatter in body corporate, it has waxed a little leaner in *élan* and social soul; though, as compared with other clubs, it is still eminently free and informal in the social intercourse of its members. Always aristocratic in its way, it is now a trifle more aristocratic than formerly, in the way of other people. Its membership is now over six hundred, affording an annual income, from current dues alone, of \$22,000, which is yearly augmented by initiations from eight to ten thousand, giving an aggregate, say, of rather more than thirty thousand.

It is now twelve years since the club has celebrated Twelfth Night, which of old was its night of festivities; and, very gradually, a more formal spirit has crept in as the members have waxed hoarier with the rime of years. Many of its leading spirits have dropped out—not ostensibly, of course, but really, so far as actual club-life

is concerned—by marriage. The monthly meetings have, however, always been well attended; and considerable of the old social spirit has marked the intercourse of members on these occasions. The dinners are frugal—quite so, as compared with those of the Union and other leading clubs. Oysters and lighter restauration, with the inevitable bowl of brandy-brew, form the staple; but members wishing wines, order them at their own expense. The traditionary mush and milk has, however, long since disappeared.

The monthly gatherings have latterly, more than formerly, been made the occasion of art exhibitions, to which the artist members contribute from their studios.

The usual routine of these occasions comprises a formal business meeting of members in the council room, and the discussion by members and guests in the reception rooms, of new art and literary works, and such general topics as may suggest themselves to the groups of talkers. Later in the evening comes the *déjeuner*, and, frugal though it be, the members rush for it in a style that reminds one neither of luxurious Epicureans nor yet exactly of Mr. Longfellow's "dumb driven cattle." The feast is performed like most burial ceremonies, the company standing, with uncovered heads.

The last Twelfth Night Festival (1858), was commemorated by the late Gulian C. Verplanck, whose humor, considering that the club never met at another festival, somewhat illustrated John Van Buren's famous phrase, whistling at a funeral. Then, for twelve years, the Century fares on, without any salient social event to mark the footsteps of years, that tell off the decade.

Last year an attempt at *renaissance* was made by some of the younger members educated in Germany, and having a fondness for German social customs. The

resurrection of the old festal spirit was effected in the form of a Germanism incident to the holidays, but did not take place on the eve of December 24th, owing to the fact that married members could not be reasonably expected to neglect the demands of home at the very beginning of the season of Santa Claus. So the Kris Krinkle tree was postponed to the evening of Thursday, December 29th, when the Century rehabilitated itself in its old festal dress. The tree was prepared by subscription; members drawing numbers entitling them to presents quite at random. The incongruity of the presents afforded the pegs upon which to hang puns, witticisms, and hearty laughs by the hundred. A box of vesuvians here, to somebody rather vesuvian in temper; a bundle of cigars there, to somebody who didn't smoke; a doll elsewhere, to somebody hopelessly single; and so on with a punctuation of bon-bons of wit, joke, and hearty laughter. Launt Thompson disported himself with a terra-cotta baby, emblematic of a recent domestic happening. Stoddard read some nonsense-verses, hitting off in clever doggerel, the salient foibles and weaknesses of the master spirits, and eliciting a great deal of that internal convulsion which the poet declares to be heathful, in

“Care drives our coffin-nails, no doubt;
But mirth, with merry fingers, plucks them out.”

The sensation of the evening—if the grave and reverend seigniors of the Century will permit the term—was constituted by J. W. Ehninger's caricature illustrations of the Seven Ages of Shakespeare, in which the leading members of the club figured in caricature at once so good-natured and telling, that even the venerable and sedate author of “Thanatopsis,” could not find it in his heart to play Philip and be offended.

The affair was concluded with a festal dinner, and will, no doubt, owing to infusion of younger blood, become a permanent feature; contributing not a little to give the Association social unity; for, latterly—so rumored—cliques have sprung up in the process of that inevitable segregation into social groups, which in clubs of large membership cannot be avoided, if there is any truth in Darwin's hypothesis of natural selection. A quarter of a century, too—and the Association is verging now upon that mark—has dried up the spirits of the elder members who began the world together, and rendered the institution an excellent illustration of Mr. Spencer's theory of progressive differentiation.

The present membership includes of publishers, authors, lawyers, artists, judges, and professionals of all sorts, the best names in the metropolis—names familiar as household words in literary, artistic, and legal circles. George P. Putnam, William H. and John A. Appleton, of the firm of the Appletons; and Van Nostrand, the scientific publisher, are members. Staid and courteous Judge Daly, learned Evarts, David Dudley Field, the eloquent and dignified O'Connor, C. F. Sandford, of the old aristocracy, and John A. Graham, the great master of criminal jurisprudence—all are names that would give *éclat* of the legal sort to any association; and, as to authors, poets, artists, and amateurs, they are numbered by the score. Alex. T. Stewart and John Jacob Astor are probably its wealthiest members. William Cullen Bryant, R. H. Stoddard, E. C. Stedman, and Bayard Taylor are its best known poets. H. T. Tuckerman now dead, Eugene Benson represents art criticism as well as art, and will be remembered by patrons as having been once connected with the collection of Guy Bryan. Minister and historian Bancroft represents history. Prof. E. L.

Youmans, the pupil of Huxley, and Egbert L. Vielé, of repute in engineering circles, are its present sponsors in science. Of clergymen, Dr. Bellows is a member, and Dr. Francis Vinton was. Parke Godwin, whose effort in history is at once the most powerful and most Macaulayan of all Americanisms in that direction, G. W. Curtis, William Allan Butler, author of "Nothing to Wear;" C. A. Bristed, Henry Sedley, the last knight of the brilliant Round Table band, and now of the *Times*; S. S. Conant, of *Harper's Weekly*; and Manton Marble, editor of the *World*, are also to be remembered, with Adam Badeau, the biographer of General Grant. Edwin Booth stands as the representative of the drama.

In its legal and poetic groups the Century is supreme. Four lawyers like William M. Evarts, Charles O'Connor, John A. Graham, and David Dudley Field, the list of no other club presents; four poets like Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Stedman, and Stoddard, it would be equally difficult to find. Not that it is impossible to overrate the mission of poetry in this age, when the poetic consciousness has been wholly outrun by the scientific, and when the disgrace of not being able to write a good poem is only equalled by the disgrace of writing one and supposing it to be remarkable. In fact, taking poetry in its profoundest sense—creation,—the scientists and thinkers are the true poets. In creation, what is Tennyson to Herbert Spencer, Browning to Prof. Huxley? The age is an age of feeling forth for the real in the old metaphysical sense, the potential in the sense of Hegel; and the conviction that there is little of this in the poetic toy-houses erected by versifiers, has had no little part in the determination of the general discredit into which poetry has fallen, and the proximate contempt implied in the term poet—for, as Carlyle puts it, why

should a man—a real man, with humanity strong within him—spend his time in writing poetry when he might better act it in his daily life? Why, indeed, except that to build word-palaces is easier than to fill them with action? Verily, there must come a new revelation of the poetic consciousness.

It is seldom, except on official evenings, that Bryant is seen at the Century; though Stedman and Stoddard—both poets of the formal type—are *habitués*. Bayard Taylor drops in occasionally; but, on the whole, the evenings at the Century are not what they were when the weird-voiced and weird-faced Duggan sang those strange Irish ballads, the music of which was part of him, with George William Curtis and a few kindred spirits to listen. As the club has advanced in age, it has lost vitality, having in the literary respect become the *rendezvous* of a clique of men afflicted with the fancy that they carry the world on their shoulders—a pardonable egotism, certainly, for some of them were Atlases in the day of them. In this regard, indeed, the club needs young blood—a need which is not likely to be answered, since, long snubbed and denied, the rising representative men of journalism, art, and literature have identified themselves with the Lotos and Arcadian, which, though boasting of no legal, poetic, or even artistic groups like those of the Century, will not be long in raising them up, as new men come forward and the old pass away.

If ever, in the course of an evening's saunter at the Century, your eye encounters a bland gentleman, of clerical appearance, and looking as if he ought to part his hair in the middle, you may be sure that the gentleman is George W. Curtis—a man of temperament too poetic to be a great master of prose fiction, and of tempera-

ment too prosaic ever to produce more than a kind of prose poetry. As you scan the gentleman, whose "How-adj'i" and "Prue and I" are famous in their way, you observe that he walks, talks and moves in curves, and probably thinks in curves also, and draw the conclusion, if you happen to be in the critical mood, that he is exactly the man to make an elegant essayist of—an Addison a century out of time, with a dash of the wit and fecundity of Steele. Graceful, you say, grace itself; and grace is the only word exactly descriptive of the man. Not a powerful face, except in the way of that slumbrous strength that indicates what the nature might have been, had it ever been so stung to the quick as to have opinions, convictions, instead of tastes. A man, you speculate, whom a little more adversity would have made a Titan, who has really been too prosperous in life to have brought up rare things from the deeps of the human soul, whose greatest powers have slumbered on from year to year, their possessor regardless of the possession. A gentleman of five-feet-ten he is, whose bow is something to be remembered, so thoroughly courtly is it, yet massive in physique, with a massive head well set on the shoulders of an Atlas. English whiskers shade a handsome and even noble face; darkish light locks, a massive forehead in which perception and imagination predominate over causality and comparison. The height of the head is indicial of strong moral qualities; its length, or lack of length, betokening an intellect quick to assimilate and reproduce, festooned with rhetorical rainbows and set off with rhetorical *bric-à-brac*, but not an originative or inventive mind. It is the head of a man who can say the largest number of beautiful things on an ordinary topic, and who can make the ordinary look extraordinary and novel; of one who can gossip, recall reminiscences,

and fairly fascinate with exquisite nothings, until you begin to wonder why, with all his powers of description, he is so unjust to himself as to waste them on ephemeral topics. But here lies his limitation: as a journalist, he has dealt too long in mere mental millinery to attempt higher work. His successes at the beginning were too pronounced for progress. Why should I investigate, think, he seems to say in his essays, when I can express the thinking of others far better than they themselves can? Why should I delve to bring up new things, when I can make the old appear new? Why explore for nuggets when I have a special talent for coinage. Thus, though lacking in fertility, the literary career of Mr. Curtis has been brilliant. Like "Timothy Titcomb" in quite another field, he has the art of saying well what has been said before—of dressing a truism in a costume imported from Paris; and as in manual industry there must be milliners as well as manufacturers or producers, so in literary industry there must be the men of ideas and the men of expression, whose business it is to distribute, whose function to costume: and though not a great one, the function is a necessary one to popular progress. In his dress Mr. Curtis is unobtrusively elegant. A brilliant orator, he is in great demand as a lecturer on topics connected with modern culture, though lacking in the kind of magnetism that moves masses, because of the porcelain work with which he embellishes, and of that talking in curves which, though elegant and graceful, begets an impression of insincerity. Yet, at times, he can cut directly home, with a rarely electric stroke, though generally preferring to nip off a head gracefully and with the nicety of a Turkish expert. Had his nature ever been profoundly stirred, he might, perhaps, have been an original in a deeper sense than he now is; but he would not have been the brilliant,

the adroit, the gossiping, graphic and *dégagé* Curtis, whose "Manners on the Road," a deeper insight and a more impressive earnestness would have converted into sermons; and this to his after critics may prove useful—appreciate the essayist for what he is, not for what he might have been, but is not. Great in his field, his field is unique and one that no other intellect and no other experience could have tilled successfully. What if he has produced tuberose, dahlias and rare floral exotics only? The land has corn and wheat enough, and to spare, and somebody must cultivate the exclusively color side of life. "Take care of the beautiful," Willis used to say, in the way of *Home Journal* motto, "the useful will take care of itself;" and if one prefers to fret the hard, stony facts of life with a few mosses, and now and then a blossom, who shall find fault that the aridness of the facts is shaded a little? And besides, in doing so, Mr. Curtis brings unity into his life, and establishes a harmony between himself and his literature, that renders workman and work parts of the same individuality. The same sympathy between the man and his creations, taken as a whole, exists in the case of Bryant, who more than any other poet, living or dead, Shelley excepted, merits the epithet of the bulbul-hearted, that is, who sings because it is in his nature to sing, not because of any stirring of the deeps—for Bryant, like Curtis, never had the hard wrestle with the world, with life, necessary to bring out the deepest in the man. The former has a strong hold on nature, and sees poetically by instinct; the latter has, to a greater degree than any living master, the quality of mind that Coleridge terms the secondary imagination, a definition preserved and engrafted upon American criticism by that Nestor of the profession, Mr. George Ripley, whose *Tribune* reviews have settled the comparative stand-

ing of nearly every living poet, Bryant excepted. The writer well remembers being indebted to him for his first real opinion of Alice Cary, of Bayard Taylor, of R. H. Stoddard, of Margaret Fuller, of Longfellow, of Lowell—of how many more recollection saith not: for Mr. Ripley has had more hand in the formation of American literary taste, probably, certainly in giving direction to American criticism, than any one living American. Poe, acute and analytical as he was, lacked both in candor and perception of the higher beautiful; Lowell, the Curtis of criticism, has too little sympathy with the popular heart to be very influential in the formation of the popular taste; Margaret Fuller's career was too brief to be very productive; and, as to rising critics, there are none, critical opinions being now governed mostly by considerations of advertising patronage, criticism having degenerated into what is aptly termed giving notices, except perhaps in the single instance of the *Nation*.

In person, Mr. Ripley is a solid man, as Mr. Bryant is a poetic man, Mr. Curtis a man of Addisonian type. Neither too idealistic nor too realistic for criticism, Mr. Ripley has the capacity in eminent degree to put himself in the centre of the literary circle and compare the candidates occupying it. Hence, he gives his man his just relief, his groups of men their exact relative perspective, properly graduating their relative distance from the foreground—no one exalted at the expense of the other.

Occasionally he writes around a subject when reasons exist for not using the scalpel too freely—for even in criticism on a journal so eminent as the *Tribune*, commercial considerations will make themselves felt, and business principles will force recognition to a limited extent. Indeed, in a city of commercial ideas, like New

York, it is scarcely possible that it should be otherwise.

Than Mr. Evarts and John A. Graham stronger physical contrast could not well be imagined—the one tall, slender, lantern-jawed, and lean, as well as somewhat awkward; the other of medium height, suave in manners, grace itself in carriage. Mr. Evarts dresses in a rather slovenly way, with a collar rolled, not turned, over his neckcloth; and should you meet him on the street, though distinguished in appearance, scarcely less so than was the late James T. Brady, you would never take him for the master intellect he is. But wait till he doffs his hat to some passing lady, and you will see a real seven-story head, and one as long as it is high—a cranium that must hold a tremendous battery of brains, and reminds of a powerful ganglion continued in a spinal column, or rather, set on the apex of a tall, lank, supporting *vertebræ*. O'Connor, on the other hand, looks the legal lion he is, while you would sooner take Graham for a gentleman of the old *régime*, rather fastidious in his dress, and with curious little labyrinths of eccentricity of his own, than for the wonderful silver-voiced orator he presents at the bar.

The club-house, though not at all *bizarre* in appearance, except in having a very high Mansard roof, which, the building being rather low, causes it to resemble a jockey's head with a jockey cap on it, has a certain individuality both in front and entrance, that renders it somewhat noticeable. Entering you find yourself in a large roomy hall, with medallions here and there in artistic profusion; on this hand, a cosy reading-room stocked with the latest periodicals; on that, an artistic reception-room; at the rear, looking like a crypt, with shadows flickering about, the art-gallery—a veritable

grotto of the beautiful, arranged as only artistic hands, guided by the suggestions of many an artistic head, can arrange, and so grouped that the grouping is an art-study in itself. An interior it is that grows upon you as you linger, and fills your brain with troops of pleasant fancies, dodging in and out as pleasant fancies will.

To attempt enumeration of eminent names in art would be to sound the whole gamut. Kensett, Bierstadt, Cropsey, the two Giffords, Gignoux, Darley, Elliott, Durand, Hicks, Hart, Launt Thompson, and the weird Weir are perhaps as popularly familiar as any others. For others socially, politically, legally, judicially, artistically, and otherwise celebrated, the reader can pick them out at leisure from the perfected catalogue of members.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Agnew, C. R.; Agnew, John T.; Albinola, G.; Alexander, H. E.; Allen, William M.; Allen, Richard H.; Amory, Arthur; Ammidown, E. H.; Anderson, H. H.; Andrews, E. F.; Andrews, J. B.; Anthony, A. V. S.; Anthony, Henry T.; Appleton, D. Sidney; Appleton, John A.; Appleton, William H.; Arnold, Frank R.; Arthur, Chester A.; Aspinwall, W. H.; Astor, John Jacob; Auchmuty, Richard T.; Aufermann, William; Austin, S. F.; Avery, Samuel P.

Badeau, Adam; Baker, N. F.; Baker, John S.; Balestier, Joseph N.; Bancroft, George; Banyer, Goldsborough; Barker, Fordyce; Barnard, F. A. P.; Barnard, John G.; Beardslee, R. G.; Beard, William H.; Beckwith, N. M.; Beeckman, Gilbert L.; Beekman, James W.; Beekman, Gerard; Bellows, H. W.; Bellows, A. F.; Benson, Eugene; Betts, G. F.; Betts, William; Bierstadt, Albert; Bigelow, John; Billings, Frederick; Bininger, Andrew G.; Bispham, Henry C.; Black, Charles N.; Blake, Charles F.; Blatoford, Samuel; Blodgett, W. T.; Bond, William; Bond, Frank S.; Bonnell, Lewis; Booth, Edwin; Booth, George; Bosworth, Joseph S.; Botta, Vincenzo; Bowman, Francis C.; Bowne, Richard H.; Boynton, John H.; Brace, Charles L.; Bradford, William; Bristed, C. Astor; Bridge, William F.; Bronson, Isaac; Brown, Addison; Brown, H. K.; Brown, J. G.; Brown, Walter; Bryant, William C.; Buckingham, —; Buckley, Joseph E.; Bull, B. W.; Bull, A. B.; Bumstead, F. J.;

Burrill, John E. Jr.; Butler, Charles; Butler, Charles E.; Butler, Wm. Allen; Butler, Richard; Butler, B. J.; Butenschon, B.

Cadwalader, John L.; Camp, H. N.; Carter, James C.; Cary, William F.; Catlin, N. W. S.; Center, A. J.; Chambers, William P.; Chanler, J. Winthrop; Chandler, Charles F.; Chapin, Edwin H.; Chapman, John G.; Chauncy, Henry; Cheever, J. H.; Choate, Joseph H.; Choate, William G.; Church, Frederick E.; Church, William C.; Church, F. P.; Cisco, John J.; Clark, E. V.; Clift, Smith; Cochrane, David H.; Coddington, T. B.; Colles, James Jr.; Collins, N. B.; Collins, Charles; Conant, S. S.; Cooley, James E.; Cooper, Edward; Cowdin, Elliott C.; Cranch, C. P.; Crane, J. J.; Craven, A. W.; Creerar, John; Cropsey, Jasper F.; Cullum, George W.; Curtis, G. W.; Curtis, William E.

Daly, Charles P.; Dana, William P. W.; Dana, Samuel B.; Darley, Felix O. C.; Davis, J. C. Bancroft; Davison, Edward F.; Day, James Geddes; Delano, Edward; Delano, F. H.; Derby, J. C.; Detmold, C. E.; De Visser, Simon; Dix, Charles T.; Dodge, William E. Jr.; Dorr, George B.; Dorr, Henry, C.; Dorsheimer, William; Douglas, Andrew E.; Draper, William H.; Drisler, Henry; Dudley, Henry; Dunning, E. J.; Dunster, Edward S.; Durand, Asher B.; Dwight, T. W.; Dwight, J. F.

Eaton, D. Bridgeman; Edgar, Jonathan; Edwards, Ogden; Edwards, Jonathan; Egleston, Thomas Jr.; Ehninger, John W.; Eidlitz, Leopold; Elliott, D. G.; Elliott, Charles W.; Ely, Smith Jr.; Eno, Amos F.; Evarts, William M.

Faile, Thomas H.; Fawcett, Frederick; Fellowes, Frank W.; Fellows, R. C.; Field, Benjamin H.; Field, Cyrus W.; Field, Dudley; Fisher, Joseph; Fish, Nicholas; Fitch, John L.; Fithian, F. J.; Ford, J. K.; Forrest, George J.; Forster, George H.; Fuller, George; Fuller, W. H.

Gaillard, Joseph; Gambrill, C. D.; Gandy, Sheppard; Gavitt, John E.; Geary, H. S.; Gibbs, Wolcott; Gibert, F. E.; Gifford, S. R.; Gifford, R. Swain; Gignoux, Regis; Godkin, E. L.; Godwin, Parke; Goddard, C.; Goodridge, Francis; Goodridge, Frederick; Goodwin, James J.; Gordon, Robert; Gould, Charles; Gouley, John W. S.; Gourlie, John H.; Graham, J. L. Jr.; Graham, John A.; Graham, Wm. Irving; Gray, G. G.; Gray, H. Peters; Gray, H. W.; Gray, Horace; Gray, J. F. S.; Greene, George S.; Grinnell, W. F.; Griswold, George.

Habicht, C. E.; Haight, Benjamin I.; Hall, George H.; Hall, Elial

F.; Hamersley, John W.; Hamilton, William G.; Hammond, Henry B.; Hart, Joseph M.; Harrison, Henry G.; Harland, Edward; Haseltine, William S.; Haseltine, Albert C.; Hawley, D. Edwin; Hawley, E. Judson; Hawkins, B. W.; Hays, W. J.; Hegeman, William; Hennessy, W. J.; Henry, E. L.; Herrick, Jacob H.; Hewitt, Abraham S.; Hibbard, George B.; Hicks, Thomas; Higgins, A. Foster; Hilton, Henry; Hitchcock, Thomas; Hoe, Robert; Hoffman, P. R.; Holly, Alexander S.; Holt, Henry; Holyoke, George O.; Homer, Winslow; Hoppin, William J.; Hoppin, F. S.; Hoppin, William W.; Howe, Frank E.; Howland, Alfred C.; Hubbard, R. W.; Hunt, Charles H.; Hunt, Leavitt; Hunt, Richard M.; Hunt, Wilson G.; Huntington, Daniel; Hutton, B. H.

Irving, P. M.; Iselin, Adrian.

Jay, John; Jay, William; Jenness, John S.; Jessup, M. K.; Johnson, Eastman; Johnston, James B.; Johnston, John Taylor; Jones, Alanson S.; Jones, P. H.; Joy, Charles A.

Keller, C. M.; Kemble, Gouverneur; Kemble, William; Kendrick, Henry L.; Kennedy, J. S.; Kensett, John F.; Kernochan, Frank E.; Kernochan, Frederick J.; Kilbreth, James T.; Kimball, James P.; Kinnicut, Thomas; Kirkland, Charles P.; Kitchen, William K.; Knapp, Charles; Knoedler, Michael; Knower, Benjamin; Kuetze, E. J.

Lambdin, George C.; Lane, Frederick A.; Lane, Josiah; Lane, Smith E.; La Farge, John; Lang, Louis; Lapsley, Howard; LeClear, Thomas; Lee, D. Williamson; Lee, Gideon; Lee, William P.; Lefferts, Marshall; Lewis, Charlton T.; Linton, W. J.; Livingston, R. J.; Loop, H. A.; Low, A. A.; Ludington, C. H.

Macdonough, Aug. R.; Macmullen, John; Macy, Charles A.; Marble, Manton; Marbury, Francis F.; Markoe, Thomas M.; Marquand, H. G.; Marshall, Charles H.; Martin, Charles; Martin, Homer D.; Mathews, Albert; Maverick, Augustus; Mayo, William S.; McCready, Benjamin W.; McElrath, Thomas; McEntee, Jervis; McKewan, John P.; McLean, James, M.; McLean, Samuel; Melville, Allen; Metcalfe, John T.; Mignot, L. R.; Miller, Edmund H.; Miller, George M.; Milnor, Charles E.; Morgan, J. P.; Morgan, William D.; Morton, Levi P.; Moss, C. D.; Mott, A. B.; Myers, T. Bailey.

Nash, Stephen P.; Newberry, John S.; Nicol, Robert; Noyes, H. D.

O'Connor, Charles; Ogden, Charles H.; Ogden, William B.; Ogden,

Gouverneur M.; Olmstead, F. Law; Olyphant, R. M.; Oothout, Edward; Osgood, Samuel; Osgood, J. R.; Otis, F. N.; Otis, G. K.

Palen, George; Paris, Irving; Parker, Willard; Parkin, William W.; Parsons, John E.; Paulding, James N.; Pearson, Isaac Greene; Peaslee, E. R.; Pearson, Henry R.; Peck, William G.; Pell, Duncan A.; Pellew, Henry E.; Pepoon, Marshall; Perkins, C. L.; Perry, E. W.; Peters, G. A.; Phœnix, S. Whitney; Pierrepont, Henry E.; Pierson, Henry L.; Pierson, Henry L. Jr.; Pinchot, J. W.; Platt, John H.; Pomeroy, George; Porter, John K.; Post, George B.; Post, A. K.; Potter, Henry C.; Potter, Clarkson N.; Potter, Edward T.; Poits, George H.; Prentice, James H.; Prentice, W. P.; Priestly, John; Pruyv, J. V. L.; Pumpelly, Raphael; Putnam, George P.

Rappalo, Charles A.; Raymond, Robert R.; Raymond, R. W.; Read, John Meredith, Jr.; Redmond, James M.; Renwick, James; Rich, Edward S.; Robbins, H. W. Jr.; Roberts, Marshall O.; Robertson, Touro; Robinson, E. R.; Roelker, Bernard; Roemer, Jean; Rogers, Charles H.; Rogers, J. H.; Rood, Ogden N.; Roosevelt, R. B.; Roosevelt, Theodore; Roosevelt, James A.; Rossiter, T. P.; Ruggles, Samuel B.; Ruggles, H. M.; Ruggles, James F.; Russell, John E.; Russell, Charles P.; Rutherford, Lewis M.

Sackett, Adam T. Sanderson, James M.; Sands, H. B.; Sands, Mahlon, D.; Sanford, Charles F.; Sanford, H. S.; Satteriee, George B.; Satterlee Edward; Schell, Augustus; Schenck, N. H.; Scudder, Hewlett; Scudder, Henry J.; Sedgewick, Henry D.; Sewell, Robert; Seyton, C. S.; Sheldon, Frederick; Sherwood, John D.; Sherwood, Thomas D.; Schiff, Gustavus; Short, Charles; Silliman, Augustus E.; Skiddy, Francis; Slosson, Edward; Smith, Augustin; Smith, Charles D.; Smith, E. Delafield; Smith, Charles S.; Smith, Norman; Smith, Augustus F.; Southmayd, Charles F.; Speir, A. W.; Spier, Gilbert M.; Staigg, Richard M.; Stanfield, Mark M.; Stansbury, E. A.; Starr, Peter; Stedman, Edmund C.; Stewart, A. T.; Stewart, D. Jackson; Stickney, Albert; Stoddard, R. H.; Stone, William Oliver; Stoughton, E. W.; Stout, F. A.; Strang, Samuel A.; Strong, Peter R.; Strong, George T.; Strong, Charles E.; Stuart, Robert L.; Sturges, Frederick; Sturges, Jonathan; Stuyvesant, Rutherford; Stuyvesant, Robert; Sutherland, Josiah; Suydam, D. Lydig; Swan, Otis D.; Swan Benjamin L.

Tallmadge, Frederick S.; Taylor, Bayard; Taylor, Alfred J.; Terry, Eliphalet; Thompson, Launt; Thomson, James; Thomson, William Leupp; Ticknor, B. H.; Tilden, Samuel J.; Tillinghast,

Wm. H.; Tinker, James; Titus, George N.; Toppan, Robert N.; Toppan, Charles; Tracy, Charles; Tracy, William; Tuckerman, Lucius; Tuckerman, Gustavus; Turner, George W.; Turney, Paschal W.

Vail, H. F.; Van Amringe, J. H.; Van Nostrand, David; Van Vorst, H. C.; Van Winkle, Edgar S.; Vanderlip, G. M.; Vanderpoel, Aaron; Vanderpoel, A. J.; Varnum, Joseph B.; Vaux, Calvert; Vermilye, Jacob D.; Verplanck, Gulian C.; Vielé, Eghert L.; Vinton, Alexander H.; Viuton, Frank L.; Von Hoffman, Richard.

Wagstaff, David; Wainwright, J. Howard; Walecott, B. S.; Wallack, J. Lester; Walker, F. T.; Walsh, Thomas; Ward, George Cabot; Ward, J. Q. A.; Ward, Samuel G.; Ward, Samuel B.; Ward, Thomas W.; Ward, John E.; Warren, James S.; Washburn, E. A.; Weeks, John A.; Weeks, Francis H.; Weir, John F.; West, Charles E.; Westervelt, Tompkins; Weston, Theodore; Wetmore, Samuel; White, James F.; White, A. D.; White, J. C.; Whitehead, Charles E.; Whitney, W. C.; Whittemore, W. T.; Whittredge, W.; Wilkins, G. M.; Wilkinson, W.; Willard, John H.; Williams, Stephen C.; Willis, Richard S.; Winthrop, Benjamin R.; Winthrop, H. R.; Winthrop, Buchanan; Wisner, W. H.; Wolfe, John; Wood, James R.; Wood, C. B.; Wood, Wilmer S.; Wood, T. W.; Wright, William P.; Wright, J. Entler.

Youmans, E. L.

Zimmermann, J. E.

The officers of the club for the year are the following:—
President—William Cullen Bryant.

Vice-Presidents—First, Gilbert M. Speir; second, F. E. Church.

Secretary—Augustus R. Macdonough.

Treasurer—John Priestley.

Trustees—Henry Drisler, William E. Curtis, John F. Kensett, W. Whittredge, J. W. Beekman, J. C. Carter, H. R. Winthrop.

Committee on Admission—W. T. Blodgett, T. M. Murkoe, B. F. Butler, S. P. Nash, C. F. Chandler, W. W. Parkin, Charles Collins, R. Stuyvesant, A. W. Craven, Launt Thompson, E. L. Godkin, James Tinker, G. H.

Hall, Charles Tracy, A. S. Hewitt, Lucius Tuckerman, John La Farge, H. C. Van Vorst, Jervis McEntee, Calvert Vaux.

House Committee—Theodore Weston, William H. Wisner, Charles D. Gambrill.

Committee on Art—Louis Lang, H. G. Marquand, J. Q. A. Ward.

Committee on Literature—E. C. Stedman, John H. Van Amringe, Parke Godwin.

III.

UNION CLUB.

TWENTY-FIRST STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

THE year 1836 will be remembered as having been a year of meteorological oddities. The oldest inhabitant avers that oats did not turn with the strange gray of maturity until the middle of September; and the tall, rustling regiments of the Indian corn forbore to wear tassels at least a month longer than usual. The times seemed to be out of joint in some way, and the months of mid-summer, which ought properly to have dripped with perspiration, crawled past-ward shivering.

Tradition preserves the record of the season under the designation of the cold summer. Weird auroras did not forbear to lift themselves in mountains of fire along the north, even in July; and more than once the canopy-aurora hung like a mock sun in the very centre of the heavens. People predicted strange things; but the strange things did not happen. The hyena of pestilence, the wolf of want, and the red death of war were conjured, but emerged not, nevertheless, from the vasty deep supposed by Shakespeare to be inhabited by their spirits.

The harvest, though late, was not stinted: Jack Frost kindly omitting to nip the half-shivering vegetation until almost November, thus silencing the deep-throated forebodings of the croakers, and quite impairing their repute as prophets.

It is not pretended that the gestation of the Union Club, then in progress, had any material influence in the evolution of these omens, or that the weather was

affected by the parturition of the great social event. The fact is merely noted as one of those coincidences which will happen occasionally, in spite of learned scientific protest, and which men will interpret grotesquely, though rhyme and reason should both enter their *nolle prosequi*.

1836. New York was then a bit of village, of rather more than 350,000 inhabitants. Houston—then North—street, Bleeker and Bond streets were particularly up-town, and thoroughfares of fashion and aristocracy. The old *régime* was still in its glory; and real counts, in plaid pantaloons, were sensational occurrences to be petted, set up as lions, and finally entrapped into matrimony, just by way of improving the blood of the first families. The little white-faced hotel now termed the Tremont was kept by a real foreign count—the Count Charles Plinta—expatriated for political reasons, but afterward restored to titles and estates. Having come to this country, the count concluded to marry, and start a hotel; accordingly, espousing a niece of the then commercial prince, David Dunham, known in society as the handsome Spaniard, and founding the Bond Street House. After his restoration, the Count and Countess Plinta returned to Bavaria, the beautiful American becoming one of the stars of the court circle.

The Broadway lounge might have observed a year ago, in passing the Bond street corner, a pyramid of *débris*, representing the wreck of No. 1, now replaced with a japanned tin box in the form of a business structure; but he is not aware that this same No. 1 was once the local habitation of the wealthiest and most exclusive of New York clubs—the Union—whose black ball is simply indelible, and murders a man, socially, quite as effectually as a defalcation might, provided it were detected.

Fact, nevertheless. Early in June, 1836, an informal meeting of a number of gentlemen of social distinction was held at this same number, at which the founding of a purely social club was mooted. These gentlemen mapped out the *ensemble* of an association, adopting a sort of provisional constitution, and evolving the germ of that organization which terminated in the Union. As contrasted with the call of the Century, there was something of formal, dignified gravity in the very document framed and transmitted to certain select parties as an invitation to become members.

As preserved in its gilded frame at the Club Palace, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first street, it reads thus:—

“NEW YORK, June 30, 1836.

“*Sir*,—The Committee of Formation of the Union Club, appointed at a meeting at which the accompanying constitution was adopted, are authorized to invite you to become a member.

“The constitution is adopted provisionally, subject, of course, to the approbation of the club, when formed; and the committee are desirous of obtaining immediately a general expression of opinion on some points considered debateable. They will thank you, therefore, to give the subject your consideration, and to signify your intention as to joining the club, by a note addressed to the secretary, at No. 1 Bond street, or through the post-office.

“The general ideas and objects are set forth in the preamble to the constitution, but on the subject of economy it may, perhaps, be well to remark here, that it is intended to adopt the principle that everything called for at the club-house is to be paid for by the person ordering, at its actual cost only; the current expenses of the establishment being defrayed by the annual dues.

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| “Samuel Jones, | E. T. Throop, |
| Thomas P. Oakley, | B. E. Brenner, |
| Philip Hone, | G. M. Wilkins, |
| Beverly Robinson, | S. C. Williams, |
| W. B. Lawrence, | F. Sheldon, |
| Charles King, | J. Depeyster Ogden, |

Ogden Hoffman.

“By order, JOHN H. L. McCrackan, Secretary.”

Of these names, that of Ogden Hoffman will be remembered popularly as that of the star of the New York bar, both for fervid eloquence and profound learning. He was a bald-headed, dreamy-eyed man, whom the present Governor (Hoffman) reproduces singularly in face and physique, though the latter is less fervidly imaginative. For the rest, in their day, they were of social distinction; but Greenwood—that metropolis of the dead, almost as large as this metropolis of the living—has long since recorded their names in its awful and ever augmenting city directory. C. Fenno Hoffman, next to Morris the sweetest song-writer America has produced, and now an inmate of a *maison de santé*; became later a member of the association, which soon came to represent the social *crème de la crème* of the then developing metropolis.

From its inception it was the representative organization of the old families. Livingstons, Clasons, Dunhams, Griswolds, Van Cortlandts, Paines, Centers, Vandervoorts, Van Rensselaers, Irelands, Stuyvesants, Snydams, and other names of Knickerbocker fame, filled its list of membership with a sort of aristocratic monotony of that Knickerbockerism which has since, in solemn and silent Second Avenue (the faubourg St. Germain of the city), earned the epithet of the Bourbons of New York. Hence, sprang up that contest of the old magnates of New York society with the new Napoleons of wealth by trade, which for years agitated the club, and has occasionally threatened to rend it asunder; for these Vans, of whatsoever final syllables, have always made a sort of grand fetish of pedigree, insisting that a man, like a horse, ought always to be blooded. A sort of hankering for foreign counts marks the daughters of the old stock even to this day, though not so distinctly as it once did; and regularly at luscious and rosy sixteen,

having been kept immured, lest some unfortunate affair should spring up with some low American—good-enough fellow, but mere common clay, you know, not porcelain—to be put, like Circassians, in the foreign market: and seldom, indeed, are they brought back, until some sprig of the *sangre azul* has been hooked, or they have passed the twenty-five; gotten well and safely by the impressible age, you know. Happen occasionally it will, of course, that some representative of the old Knickerbocker family of Van Dunderhead sees and is conquered, or conquers, before the young lady is taken to the Parisian market; and then a compromise is effected—for though a real count—Italian, German, or sad Polish—is preferable even to a Van Dunderhead, yet a Van Dunderhead is preferable to a possible count. Opulent are the Van Dunderheads; and it takes a deal of investigation sometimes to ascertain whether the most dashing count can count on anything except what he borrows or wrings from that friend of counts in distress—unreliable Sir Faro. So, as I have implied, when a true Van Dunderhead enters the lists he is apt to win—a Van Dunderhead *in esse* being reckoned ten per cent. better than a count *in posse*, with all the untried and, hence, exaggerated difficulties in the way of entrapping him. But let moneyed Mr. Parvenu bid for the alliance—Mr. Petroleum Parvenu is as opulent as old Dunderhead's heir—and he will find that his stock is not only below par, but not to be taken on any terms. It is not money alone, not the man alone, that leads captive the paternal imagination of the old *régime*, but money and the man, either separately considered being valueless without the supporting presence of the other, which is a better state of things than that which prevails in the new *régime*, where it is money and a dummy to carry it. *Vive l'ancien régime!*

But time works metamorphoses stranger than pagan Ovid ever dreamed of. A few years slip by, and No. 1 Bond street reverberates no more to the tread of Livingston or Van Cortlandt, and if the ghost of the old revisits the new, it can be only to repeat Moore's bounding stanza:

"I seem like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

Paupers steal in and out where once was heard the sound of revel, and once resided the secretary; and No. 1 Bond street reappears as the office of the superintendent of the out-door poor. As the old Rotunda, where the Century was born was given over to politicians who plotted and planned beneath its squatty dome, regardless of ancient dignities, so No. 1 Bond street, as intimately associated with the inception of the Union, became a sort of hive of paupers of another and more respectable sort; and, oddly enough, both have been pulled down almost contemporaneously—two landmarks in the annals of club-formation thus disappearing within a few weeks of each other.

But to return. The old *régime* still maintains its supremacy—still guards as its Elysium the portals of the Union. The aristocracies since evolved have but triflingly affected its membership, and old names are yet enumerated in monotony of Knickerbockerism throughout its now long catalogue. To the petitions of codfish and shoddy, and oil and parvenu, its ears are as deaf as ever, and perhaps a little more so, as, by constitutional limitation, the association can now afford to be exclusive. Of the

one thousand members permitted by that document, nine hundred and sixty-seven already appear upon the books, leaving a possible admission of only thirty-three more. Of course social struggles and bickerings of the bitterest sort have been engendered by this exclusiveness, and occasionally contemptuous snubbing by the representatives of the first families, of applicants and candidates of wealth, though of undemonstrated pedigree: it being a canon and proverb of *habitués* that a man is to be black-balled, unless he has not only a father but a grandfather, and is a *hidalgo* in the old Castilian sense. Some few deficient in grandfathers have been admitted, but only with great misgivings as to precedent.

The club has had its scandals, as well as its triumphs in the occasional espousal of its daughters by foreign counts. Some of its members, with that fine egotism common to old blood, have taken unpleasant liberties with the physiognomies of offending persons. One of its present members once went all the way to Newport to slap the face of a foreign count, who, having married his sister, had had the ungentlemanly impudence to abet her appearing in opera at the Academy of Music; and one member of the present managing committee has had the honor of breaking his walking-stick over the shoulders of a prominent journalist.

To his kindness of heart be it said, the same member had the forbearance, having disbursed a few hundreds for the luxury of so using his rattan, to insist upon the admission of the injured gentleman's son as a member of the club; but, though a stylish young man, being only a journalist, he was promptly black-balled.

Incidents like this serve to illustrate that antagonism between the old *régime* and the new, which has for years marked the internal struggles of "our best society"---

an antagonism which began with the commercial success of men of comparatively obscure families, and has continued with more or less virulence for the past half a century.

In old days—the times when the *duello* was regarded as the honorable thing—the association could boast of more than one member who had tried his hand at fence. Reuben Withers, whilom President of the bank of the State of New York, initially a member, and Mr. Belmont, have tilted in the tournament of honor. However, since the duel has waxed unfashionable, the members of the club are peaceful enough; though they number a pretty large delegation of army and navy officers—at least enough of them to have given a little of the fighting habit to the association.

Though a great deal of effort was made to effect a formal organization, it was not until 1837 that the Union became settled in a local habitation apart from the residence of its secretary, Mr. McCrackan, whose widow afterwards became Mrs. Charles O'Connor, at No. 1 Bond street. At length, in that year a building on the west side of Broadway, near the corner of Leonard street—in fact, the second door from the corner—was secured, and the club moved into it. Here it remained three years, when an attack of migratory fever prevailed generally; and in 1840 it flitted, bag and baggage, across the street, occupying a building owned by John Jacob Astor, one door from the corner of White street, on the east side. For seven years this edifice constituted its local habitation, but, at length, in 1847, it obeyed the prevalent impulse up-town-ward, and shifted its quarters to Broadway above the then aristocratic Bleecker street. At that time A. T. Stewart resided in the palatial mansion which is now known as Depau Row, where, it will be remem-

bered, Mr. Dickens was received and *fêted*. This removal placed the association in the house formerly occupied as a residence by Joseph Kernochan, on Broadway, one door from the Fourth street corner. The house was afterward occupied by Maillard as a hotel and restaurant, previous to his occupancy of the present premises, formerly the property of Peter Stuyvesant, and still owned by the Stuyvesant family.

The club still continued to prosper and wax wealthy in its new Broadway quarters, and was soon to own a palace as a corporate body, though not as a body legislatively incorporated—for, unlike the Century, it has never applied for legislative sanction to be a body and hold property.

In 1852 the question of building began to be mooted. The association was now worth half-a-million; and to what better use could it be put than that of acquiring real estate and improving thereupon?

In 1854 the voice of the majority prevailed, and a committee was appointed to secure an eligible situation, and erect thereon a suitable building. The corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first street was fixed upon, and, receiving the approval of the club, work was immediately begun. The result was the splendid brown-stone palace on the west side of the avenue at the upper corner of Twenty-first street, where the association is now domiciled.

The edifice, which was erected at a cost of \$250,000, fronts on Twenty-first street, and is still one of the most solid and imposing of that regiment of palaces, which walls the Avenue from Waverly Place to the Broadway junction. However, it is at present scarcely equal to the wants of the club, which has over fifty employés, and needs, therefore, considerable house-room. The two up-

per stories are not available for club purposes, being inaccessible except by ascending the wearisome Alps of half a dozen flights of stairs; and it is contemplated during the present year to put in an elevator, thus assimilating the building to a first-class hotel.

The new structure was completed in 1855, and the club occupied it in May of that year, thus fulfilling one of the primary conditions of stability—that of owning its own property: so that as a coherent body the association dates from 1855, and is a year or two older than the Century in the capacity of a property-holder. At this date, it numbered over five hundred members; but during the last fifteen years of its existence it has aggregated membership still more rapidly than during its first twenty years of migratory and rather unsettled Bohemianism.

The Union approximates more nearly in organization to the European club than any other in this country—has certainly greater social coherence, and more of that *distinction* which is peculiar to the leading London associations of similar intent. Literature is scarcely represented at all, and journalism only by Manton Marble, of the *World*, whose admission was secured by the strenuous determination of a gentleman who for years has been a member of the directory and one of its leading spirits. Having been balloted for and black-balled in the person of Mr. Marble, journalism would not have been admitted as eligible even, had not the gentleman indicated boldly declared that not a single member more should be admitted until the black-balls were withdrawn, which secured for the daily press a representation in the person of one of its most talented editors; heads of other newspapers, and of great dailies at that, have indeed, fared worse, having been mercilessly black-balled. J. Lester Wallack is the only leading member of the dramatic pro-

fession who appears on the books. Law is, on the other hand, fairly represented. Mayor Hall, the wit of the bar (since Brady), and its humorist as well, was until recently a member. William M. Evarts; the urbane, able, and popular Judge Bedford (Gunning S.), the intimate of James Gordon Bennett, Jr.; Judge Garvin; impracticable and hobby-riding, but eloquent and long celebrated O'Connor; Eli P. Norton, and John E. Burrill fill the list of legal names. Of names well known in politics, August Belmont, lately President of the Democratic National Committee; Samuel J. Tilden, and Peter B. Sweeny are familiar as nursery legends. Ex-Collector Henry A. Smythe and Ex-Mayor George Opdyke are also *habitués*. Also, Moses H. Grinnell, whose portrait in oil decorates the walls of the reception-room; Isaae Bell, and Andrew H. Green, whose admirable administration as Comptroller of the Central Park has earned for him a lasting reputation as an able and efficient public officer. Robert J. Dillon, at present an officer of the Park, and probably the best master of landscape gardening in this country, General Vielé excepted, and J. H. Lazarus, one of the pet portrait-painters of Fifth Avenue, are almost the sole representatives of art.

Of people familiar in the financial world, the list numbers such as August Belmont, John J. Cisco, Henry Clews, A. T. Stewart, John Jacob Astor, and others whose names may be hunted out from the catalogue without special indication. In fact, financiers are the strength of the club, though in the person of the Baron C. R. Osten Saeken it can boast of at least one titled representative. There are seven Livingstons, six Griswolds, and four Appletons—one of them, Daniel S., of the publishing firm of the Appletons—connected with the association. William H. Paine, President of the

Washington Club, Paris, whose wife and daughter will be recollected in fashion annals as being the guests of the Empress Eugénie at Compeigne in the summer of 1870, is one of the leading spirits of the club, and had that same summer the honor of refusing a titled son-in-law in the person of an Italian count.

The club has had its *désagrémens*, as most clubs have; and in the summer and fall of 1871, when the great anti-Tammany crusade was at its height, an event occurred which was not easy to settle. Mayor Hall having been roundly assailed by the *Times*, certain members, not a few in number by the way, became impressed with the notion that the interests of the club demanded his withdrawal, in default of which expulsion was mooted. But here intervened a difficulty. To have been libeled in a newspaper was not exactly synonymous with conduct unbecoming a gentleman; and it was thus questionable whether there existed any constitutional right to expel. It was barely possible, too, that, in event of arbitrary proceedings, the libeled Mayor might see fit to protect his rights with an injunction. However, the knot was at last very generously cut by Mayor Hall in a note of resignation addressed to the directory, but not until considerable angry discussion had taken place between the partisans of either cause.

Than Lester Wallack, of the Union Club, the gay, gallant, and fastidious *farceur* of the drama, and Edwin Booth, the lion of the Lotos and a member of the Century, a stronger contrast could not be imagined. Wallack—and he is the same Wallack on the stage or off—is thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of the old satirical and comedy masters. He is a brilliant and polished Gil Blas, who adventures for the fun of it, farces himself as a glass to see humanity in, and thinks he sees humanity

in it, whereas he only sees a single side of it. He is not a cynic, because even under the farce of living his acute sensibilities detect the tragedy; nor is he a man to be smitten with visionary projects of reform, because in the tragedy of living, with all its awful sublimity, all its terrible earnestness, all its infinite struggling after the true and the real, his keen scent of the ridiculous snuffs the odor of a comedy strangely intermixed with the seriousness. Hence, he lives (as he acts) the brilliant *farceur* of the Sheridan type, and his theatre, taking its individuality from him, represents the comedy of the Sheridan age—a comedy that by no means dips into the deeps of human nature, even on the humorous side, as did that of Shakespeare, with a humor akin to tears, but rather skims the surface and personifies society foibles and the whims and eccentricities of an age—a comedy that is rather witty than humorous, rather clever than natural in its situations—a comedy with a kind of relation to folly as it flies, not to human life as it is. This comedy of manners, not of man, Mr. Wallack represents. By courtesy it may be termed comedy, but in elementary analysis it is farce; and it is to be regretted that, taking their cue from the popularity of dramas of this type, young writers like Mr. Bronson C. Howard, who is really able, should not have attempted something deeper and more abiding.

In person, Mr. Wallack is a fine example of physical manhood, or rather, of physical aristocracy; in manners a polished gentleman, with a flavor of the farcical and sarcastic in address and conversation. A face and head of extremely patrician type, massive yet delicate, rest upon broad and massive shoulders, and complete a *tout ensemble* which, for elegance and grace, is not exceeded on the Avenue, and which unites felicitously the distinc-

tion and quietude of the patrician with an individuality now regarded as almost incompatible with good breeding, the Paris code of which insists that a gentleman should have no angles about him.

Edwin Booth—to complete the contrast—is a man of Hawthorne type. Naturally taciturn, slightly sardonic, acute, and somewhat imaginative, in his better moods he is Hamlet; in his bitter, Iago. A man who can live tragedy as well as play it, there is, as with Wallack, a peculiar sympathy of his stage individuality with that of his real life. No man, however conventional in his art at times he may be, has ever caught and interpreted the mood of Hamlet's soliloquy as Edwin Booth has. Not Bogumil Davison, without superior as Lear and the greatest tragedian New York has listened to for the past ten years or twelve years, equals Booth in this particular; and would the latter but break loose from the conventional, adherence to which renders him a consummate artist in a somewhat imperfect style of art, and give his individuality freer play, he might take his place among the great Shakesperian masters of the age, instead of figuring ephemerally as the lion of the ladies—for the conventional and traditional dicta of a criticism, founded solely upon observation of previous models, hamper his really fine and original powers.

In person, Mr. Booth is about five-feet-eight and rather slender, with the student's stoop. Lacking vitality in himself, his dramatic creations have a similar lack, and are thus spectral and rather unsympathetic: unvitalized phantoms of Shakespearian originals. In manners, a thorough gentleman, and very quiet, dreamy, and taciturn, though full of kindliness.

In Judge Bedford, who must not be forgotten in speaking of the lions of the Union, you have a fine exam-

ple of the man who, with all the exclusiveness of the old *regime*, and its high sense of honor and of *noblesse oblige*, has outgrown its unprogressive traditions. A man of the vital-moral type one might term him; of keen, comprehensive intellect and quick sympathies, vividly feeling the pulses of the humanity about him; yet with a high moral sense, giving judicial balance to his opinions, and peculiarly fitting him for the administration of justice.

In person, Judge Bedford is about five-feet-six, of Saxon type of physique. His face indicates a rare union of strength with emotion, of firmness and fine sensibilities—qualities which, in the difficult position of City Judge, his conduct has thoroughly exemplified. Of frank, pleasant address, genial and companionable, always in earnest, yet wholly unaffected in his earnestness, Judge Bedford is naturally one of the pets of the club.

Army and navy members are not liable to annual dues, and enjoy special privileges. The army contributes to membership in the way of generals and lesser dignitaries the subjoined: Ulysses S. Grant, P. St. George Cooke, John H. Coster, Samuel W. Crawford, George W. Cullum, William B. Hazen, Rufus Ingalls, Julian McAllister, Albert J. Meyer, John G. Parke, Jared L. Rathbone, Isaac U. D. Reeve, Justus Steinberger, Howard Stockton, Z. B. Tower, and Stewart Van Vliet.

The navy is represented by James B. Breese (lately deceased), James Alden, Charles H. Baldwin, Edward C. Gratton, James Glynn, William C. Le Roy, Henry O. Mayo, Aulick Palmer, Thomas M. Potter, L. M. Powell, James E. Tolfell, and John H. Wright.

The Union is governed somewhat less than the Century in some respects, and somewhat more in others. Incorporated, of course its property is vested in trustees. The government is conducted by a committee of twenty-

four members, who elect President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer, appoint the superintendents and clerks, and prescribe the duties of servants. This committee appoints a sub-committee of five, to direct and control expenses, receive and consider complaints, and report upon any communications addressed to it by members, officials, or servants. The committee of twenty-four meets on the first Wednesday of every month, August excepted, at eight o'clock P. M., its business being the election of members, who are not voted upon by the club at large. A member of the committee cannot propose or second a candidate, but can only vote on names proposed and seconded by members at large. The sub-committee meets weekly, that is, on Monday evenings. The management of the club, the regulation of prices, the auditing of account, redress of complaints, and dismissal of employès, when necessary, are among its practical duties.

Admissions to the club are very strictly regulated. Non-member residents in or within fifty miles of the city can be admitted only to the private dining-rooms. By invitation of a member, a gentleman may be the guest of the club, and have the use of it for two weeks, but no member can have more than one guest at a time. Upon written assent of a member of the committee, the invitation may be extended two weeks, or may be repeated if the stranger has been absent from the city three months. Names and residences of guests, and of members introducing, must be recorded, and hosts are held responsible for their guests. The entertainment of members of the diplomatic corps, the election as visitors of officers of the army and navy, and the fixing of penalties for violation of the rules, as well as the responsibility of admission and expulsion, are lodged with the committee.

Accounts are kept with members, but when the liability of any member exceeds twenty-five dollars, it becomes the duty of the clerk to notify him and demand payment. If payment is not made within three weeks after the date of the notification, the member so notified is regarded as having forfeited his membership, and is dropped from the books. The association is governed by excellent rules. In the first place, any member making a profit from the club, is liable to summary expulsion. If a member fails to pay the yearly due of seventy-five dollars within three months after the first of May, when it is due, he ceases to be a member; and the club is not entitled to make a profit exceeding twenty-five per cent. on articles dispensed, that is, on wines, cigars, and edibles, served in the restaurant, or at the private dining-rooms. Servants and employés are not permitted to receive fees, and an employé thus receiving is summarily dismissed, while any member feeing an employé is liable to be reprimanded, suspended, or even expelled. Leading hotels and restaurants, please copy; and gentlemen at hotels and restaurants, please remember that high social authority dis-countenances the practice of feeing, as unworthy of the dignity of the complete gentleman. Again, a member may be expelled for social conduct unbecoming a gentleman and prejudicial to the interests of the club, as well as for offences under the jurisdiction of the formal rules—which renders membership, in some respects, an obligation to good morals and upright private conduct.

Games are not prohibited; but whist, all-fours, *ecartè*, *béziq*ue, *cribbage*, *enchre* and billiards are the only games allowed, and stakes must, in no instance, exceed twenty dollars. A splendid billiard room, a reading room, and a library belong to the appurtenances of the club, but it has no gallery of art, and owns very few

paintings, engravings, and bits of statuary—scarcely enough, in fact, for the proper decoration of the walls of its different apartments, which are rather too bare for taste.

The club has never, as a body, given more than a couple of dinners to celebrities. The son of Jerome Bonaparte, familiarly nick-named the Prince Plon-Plon, was, during a visit to this country, the recipient of its hospitalities. Members can, under given limitations, give dinners at the club to persons of social or political distinction. Of this kind was the dinner given in honor of Mr. Ashbury, victor in the late ocean race over James Gordon Bennett, Jr. The club, however, holds itself in no way officially responsible for these ovations, except to take precautions that disreputable parties are not introduced, over which a careful supervision is maintained by the committee.

The initiation fee is two hundred dollars; and the annual dues being seventy-five dollars, the income from the latter source alone is about seventy thousand: from initiations, profits, and the like, about thirty thousand more. There are now eleven absent members, whose annual dues are suspended, to wit: Robert Birney, James Comte, James Drake, William Liddendale, Charles Melitta, Jotham Post, C. G. H. Schlotner, G. E. Townsend, William Urquhart, Alfred D. Withers, and Le Eugene Vail.

There are two life members, to wit: Jonathan Meredith, and Edward N. Perkins. Life members form a rank of honor, and are elected from the ordinary membership as a mark of appreciation, by the club. They are exempt from the payment of the regular dues. The statistics of membership at date stand, therefore, thus:—

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| Full members..... | 927 |
| Army and navy members | 28 |
| Absent..... | 10 |
| Life members..... | 2 |
| Total..... | 967 |

The completed list of paying members includes names of wealth and of ancient standing almost in monotony. Some few new names, which have, more recently, come to the surface socially, are interlarded; but, in general, no one without a coat of arms is eligible.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Abbot, J. Lloyd; Adams, John J.; Adams, Thatcher M.; Agostini, Joseph; Alburtis, Edward K.; Alexander, Henry M.; Allen, George C.; Allen, George B.; Alvord, Alwyn A.; Ames, Adams P.; Amidown, Henry P.; Amory, George W.; Amsinck, Gustav; Anderson, Henry H.; Anderson, John F.; Anthony, Charles L.; Anthony, James L.; Appieton, Daniel Sidney; Appleton, Nathan; Appleton, William H.; Appleton, William W.; Arnold, Charles H.; Arnold, Frank B.; Asch, Joseph J.; Aspinwall, Lloyd; Aspinwall, William Henry; Astor, John J.; Astor, William; Auchmuty, Richard T.; Austen, David; Austin, William.

Babcock, Henry C.; Babcock, Samuel D.; Backman, Charles; Bailey, Nathaniel P.; Bailey, James Muhlenberg; Baldwin, Christopher C.; Baldwin, George V. N.; Baldwin, Nathan A.; Baldwin, T. B.; Baldwin, Theodore E.; Bangs, Nathan D.; Banker, James H.; Banyer, Goldsborough; Barbey, Henry J.; Barclay, Harrison Smith; Barclay, Henry A.; Barger, Samuel F.; Barker, Fordyce; Barlow, Samuel L. M.; Barnes, Charles; Barney, Danford N.; Barreda, Francis L.; Barrow, John W.; Barry, Horace M.; Bartholomew, J. O.; Bartlett, Frank; Baxter, Henry H.; Bayard, James A.; Bayard, James A., Jr.; Bayley, James R.; Beadel, Henry; Beckwith, Nelson M.; Bedford, Gunning S., Jr.; Beecher, John S.; Beeckman, Gilbert L.; Beekman, James H.; Bell, Edward R.; Bell, George; Bell, Isaac; Bell, Isaac, Jr.; Belmont, August; Bend, George H.; Benkard, James; Berdell, Robert H.; Berdell, Theodore; Beresford, John G.; Berryman, Charles H.; Berthoud, Frederick; Bickley, Howell Wharton; Biddle, Edward J.; Biddle, Henry W.; Bininger, Abraham; Bishop, David W.; Bishop, T. Alston; Bissell, George H.; Blake, Arthur W.; Blake, Charles F.; Blake, Stanton; Blatchford, Richard M.; Blatchford, Samuel; Bliss, George; Blodgett, Daniel C.; Blodgett, William T.; Blood, Henry; Bond, Frank S.; Bond, William; Booraem, Hugh Toler; Booth, D. A.; Börs, Christian; Borrowe, Samuel; Bowdoin, George S.; Bowen, Henry B.; Boyd, Hugh C.; Bradford, John H.; Braem, Henry M.; Brevoort, Henry W.; Bridge,

John; Brodhead, John Romeyn; Bronson, Isaac; Bronson, Robert D.; Bronson, Willett; Brown, Clarence S.; Brown, Francis G.; Brown, Lewis M.; Brown, Thomas E.; Brown, Vernon H.; Bruce, David W.; Brugiere, Jules E.; Brush, Stephen; Bryce, James; Buckley, Thomas C. T.; Bull, Isaac M.; Bull, Wm. Lanman; Bulkley, Edward H.; Bunker, William E.; Burden, I. Townsend; Burden, James A.; Burnham, Gordon W.; Burns, Walter Hayes; Burns, William C.; Burnside, Ambrose E.; Burrill, Charles D.; Burrill, John E., Jr.; Busk, Joseph R.; Butler, William A.; Butterworth, Samuel F.; Butterfield, Daniel.

Cadwalader, John L.; Caldwell, W. S.; Calhoun, Phio C.; Camblos, Henry S.; Campbell, John; Campell, R. L.; Carnes, Lewis M.; Carpenter, Edward P.; Cary, William F.; Cary, William F., Jr.; Cater, Aymar; Catlin, Charles M.; Catlin, N. W. Stuyvesant; Centre, Robert; Chanler, J. Winthrop; Chapman, Henry G.; Chauncey, Frederick A.; Chickering, Charles F.; Church, Richard; Church, Walter S.; Cisco, John Jay; Clarke, George C.; Clarke, Luther C.; Clarke, William M.; Clason, Augustus; Clason, Augustus W.; Clendenin, James W.; Clews, Henry; Clift, Smith-Clymer, E. M.; Coffin, Julian R.; Coggill, Frederick W.; Colburn, George C.; Coleman, William T.; Collius, Charles B.; Colt, Robert O.; Constable, William; Constable, William, Jr.; Cooper, Johnson D.; Cooper, Edward; Cooper, Henry W.; Cooper, William B.; Corse, Israel; Cowdrey, Nathaniel A.; Cowles, Edward P.; Cox, James F.; Cozzens, Edward C.; Craig, Benjamin D. K.; Crane, John J.; Crawford, David, Jr.; Crerar, John; Crocker, Augustus; Crocker, Henry H.; Cross, John Walter; Cross, Richard J.; Cruger, Stephen Van-Rensselaer; Cryder, Duncan; Cryder, Edward; Cummins, Thomas A.; Currell, William; Curtis, Benjamin L.; Curtis, N. B.; Curtis, William E.; Cushing, Thomas F.; Cutting, Heyward; Cutting, James D'W.; Cutting, Robert L.; Cutting, Robert L., Jr.; Cutting, Walter L.; Cutting, William.

Da Costa, Charles M.; Dale, J. G.; Dana, Benjamin; Dana, Charles; Dash, John B.; Davies, Robert K.; Davis, Thomas E.; Davis, O. Wilson; Dayton, Isaac; Dean, John; D'Hauteville, F. S. G.; Delafeld, Edward; Delafeld, Lewis, L.; Delafeld, Maturin L.; Dela o, Edward; Delano, Franklin H.; De Neufville, Jacob; Denison, George; De Visser, Simon; D'Wolf, William B.; Dibble, Edward D.; Dickerson, Edward N.; Dickinson, Howard C.; Dickinson, John B.; Dillon, Robert J.; Dodge, Charles C.; Dolan, Henry; Dorr, George B.; Dorr,

Samuel; Douglas, James; Douglas, William P.; Dows, David; Duer, Denning; Duer, Edward A.; Duer, William; Duer, William A.; Dunbar, James M.; Duncan, Alexander; Duncan, David; Duncan, Henry P.; Duncan, William Butler; Duraut, Charles W.; Dutilh, Eugene; Dwight, Daniel A.

Eaton, D. Cady; Edgar, Daniel M.; Edwards, Ogden E.; Egleston, William C.; Elliott, George T., Jr.; Ellis, Mathias; Emmet, Richard S.; Endicott, William; Evans, Cadwalader; Evans, Frank H.; Evans, Manlius G.; Everts, William M.; Eyre, Henry.

Fahnestock, Harris, C.; Fanshawe, George A.; Fanshawe, Henry A.; Fargo, William G.; Farish, John T.; Farnum, George B.; Faruum, William W.; Fearing, Charles F.; Fearing, Charles N.; Fearing, Daniel B.; Fearing, George R.; Fearing, Henry S.; Fearing, William H.; Fellowes, Cornelius, Jr.; Fergusson, Robert C.; Fessenden, Charles B.; Fesser, Edward; Field, Franklin; Field, Maunsell B.; Fitzhugh, Henry; Fischer, Charles P.; Fitzhugh, William A.; Flint, Austin, Jr.; Florance, William; Foote, Thomas M.; Forbes, Paul S.; Forrest, Charles R.; Forrest, George J.; Forrest, Molton H.; Forsyth, Russell; Foster, J. P. Giraud; Foster, William; Fowler, John, Jr.; Franklyn, Charles G.; Freeborn, William; French, S. Barton; Fryer, Greville E.

Gaillard, Joseph, Jr.; Gandy, Sheppard; Gardner, John R.; Garland, John R.; Garner, James G.; Garrison, William R.; Garvin, Samuel B.; Gebhard, William H.; Gæuet, George C.; Gerard, James W., Jr.; Gillilan, Hercules E.; Gilman, Arthur; Goddard, R. H. J.; Goodwin, James J.; Goold, Edmond L.; Gordon, George; Gordon, Robert; Gourlie, John H.; Gracie, Charles King; Grafton, John Gurley; Grafton, Joseph; Graham, William H. J.; Graham, William Irving; Grain, Frances H.; Grant, R. Suydam; Graves, Arthur B.; Gray, George Griswold; Gray, Henry Winthrop; Green, Andrew H.; Green, Charles R.; Green, Edward H.; Green, George T.; Greene, Martin E.; Greenleaf, A. Warren; Grinnell, George B.; Grinnell, Moses H.; Grinnell, William F.; Griswold, Almon W.; Griswold, Burr W.; Griswold, George; Griswold, James C.; Griswold, J. N. Alsop; Griswold, William; Grymes, C. Alfred; Guion, William H.; Gunari, Pantoleon; Gurnee, Walter S.

Habicht, C. Edward; Hadden, John A.; Haight, D. Henry; Haight, David L.; Hall, George W.; Hall, John H.; Hall, Peleg; Hall, William F.; Halsey, William L.; Hamersley, A. Gordon; Hamersley, John W.; Hamersley, Lewis C.; Hamilton, Alexander, Jr.; Hamilton,

James Augustus; Harris, Townsend; Hartly, William M. B.; Harvey, Alexander W.; Haskell, Thomas H.; Haswell, Charles H.; Haven, G. Griswold; Haven, J. Woodward; Hawley, Daniel E.; Hawley, E. Judson; Hayward, James Waldemar; Heard, Albert F.; Heard, John; Hecksher, John G.; Hendricks, Joshua; Heinemann, Emil; Henry, Morris H.; Herbert, George F.; Heslop, Joseph Stitt; Hewitt, Abram S.; Higgins, Elias S.; Hoffman, Charles Burrall; Hoffman, Lindley Murray; Hoffman, William B.; Holladay, B.; Holland, Thomas; Hone, Charles R.; Hone, Robert S.; Howes, Reuben W.; Howland, Gardner G.; Howland, Meredith; Hoyt, Goold; Hoyt, Henry S.; Hunnewell, Hollis; Hunt, Wilson G.; Hunter, John; Hurlbut, Henry A.; Hurst, Francis W. J.; Hutton, B. Henry; Hyde, Henry B.

Ireland, Andrew L.; Ireland, John B.; Irving, Richard, Jr.; Iselin, Adrian; Iselin, Adrian, Jr.

Jackson, Charles Carroll; Jaffray, William P.; James, D. Willis; James, Frederick P.; Jenkins, Moses B.; Jerome, Lawrence R.; Jerome, Leonard W.; Johnson, Bradish; Johnson, Francis L.; Johnson, George W.; Johnson, Hezron A.; Johnson, Theodore; Johnson, William M.; Jones, David; Jones, Edward R.; Jones, Frederick M.; Jones, Frederick R.; Jones, H. Le Roy; Jones, John D.; Justh, Emil.

Kane, De Lancy; Kane, De Lancy Astor; Kane, J. Grenville; Kane, Walter L.; Kane, William H.; Kellogg, George G.; Kennard, Thomas W.; Kennedy, John S.; Kernochan, James P.; Keteltas, Eugene; Keteltas, Eugene M.; Keteltas, Henry; Keteltas, John Gardner; Kimber, Arthur; King, A. Gracie; King, J. Howard; King, John L.; King, Oliver Kane; Kingsland, Ambrose C.; Kingsland, Ambrose C., Jr.; Kingsland, George L.; Kingsland, William M.; Kip, Lawrence; Kirkland, Charles P.; Kirkland, William R.; Knap, Charles; Knapp, Gideon L.; Knapp, William K.

Laight, William E.; Lamb, David; Lambard, Charles A.; Lamson, Charles; Landon, Charles G.; Lane, Smith E.; Lanier, Charles; Lansing, Arthur B.; Lapsley, Howard; Lathrop, Alfred G.; Lathrop, Francis S.; Lawrance, Francis C.; Lawrence, A. Gallatin; Lawrence, A. R., Jr.; Lawrence, Frederick N.; Lawrence, James G. King; Lawrence, William Beach; Lazarus, J. H.; Lazarus, Moses; Learned, Edward; Leary, Arthur; Leary, Daniel D.; Leavitt, Henry S.; Leavitt, Henry Y.; Lee, Benjamin F., Jr.; Lee, David B.; Lee, John B.; Lee, John Lawrence; Leroy, Herman R.; Leverich, Charles P.; Leverich, Edward; Lewis, George M.; Linder, Joseph; Littell,

Enlin T.; Livingston, Carroll; Livingston, James Boggs; Livingston, Joseph; Livingston, Lewis H., Jr.; Livingston, Robert C.; Livingston, Robert J.; Livingston, Van Brugh; Lockwood, Alfred; Lord, Henry C.; Lorillard, George L.; Lorillard, Jacob; Lorillard, Louis L.; Lorillard, Pierre; Lorut, Louis; Low, James; Lowery, John A.; Luling, Charles.

MacFarland, William W.; MacKay, William; Macomb, Alexander S.; Maitland, Robert; Mali, Henry W. T.; Manice, Edward A.; Manice, William D. F.; Manley, Reuben; Marble, Manton; March, John P.; Marié, Peter; Marsin, John A.; Marshall, Charles H.; Marston, Charles E.; Marston, William H.; Martin, Isaac P.; Masten, Joseph G.; Mauran, Joseph; Maxwell, George L.; Maxwell, James E.; Maxwell, John D.; McAllister, Ward; McCreedy, Nathaniel L.; McIlvaine, A. Emerson; McIlvaine, Reed; McIntosh, John E.; McJimsey, Joseph M.; McKean, Thomas; McKim, Robert V.; McLane, Allen; McLean, James M.; McVicar, William H.; Mehaffy, J. B. McPherson; Melcher, John L.; Meyer, Frederick W.; Meyer, Henry; Meyer, Thomas C.; Milbank, Samuel W.; Miller, A. F.; Miller, Edmund H.; Miller, Frederick A.; Miller, George M.; Miller, George N.; Milnor, Charles E.; Milton, William F.; Minturn, Edward; Mitander, Nils; Mitchell, Alexander; Moke, George; Monson, Alonzo C.; Monson, Marcena; Montagne, D. P.; Montant, Alphonse P.; Moore, Jacob Bridgway; Moore, T. W. C.; Moran, Daniel Comyn; Morell, Edward; Morell, George W.; Morgan, Charles; Morgan, Henry T.; Morgan, J. Pierpont; Morgan, William D.; Morris, A. Newbold; Morris, Coles; Morris, Gerard W.; Morris, John B.; Morton, Levi P.; Mott, John B.; Mott, William F., Jr.; Moulson, John; Mount, Richard E., Jr.; Mowry, Sylvester; Munn, O. D.; Munroe, E. S.; Murdock, Uriel A.; Murray, William S.; Myers, T. Bailey.

Nathan, Frederick; Nathan, Robert W.; Neill, Edward M.; Neill, J. De Lancy; Newhall, Gilbert H.; Newton, Isaac W.; Nicholas, Harry I.; Norrie, Gordon; Norris, William; Norton, Eli P.; Noyes, Samuel M.

Oakley, H. Cruger; O'Connor, Charles; Oelrichs, Henry; O'Fallan, James J.; Ogden, Alfred; Ogden, Charles H.; Opdyke, George; Osborn, John J.; Osborn, Percival; Osgood, Franklin; Osgood, George A.; Osgood, William H.; Osten Sacken, Baron Charles R.; Otis, Frank A.

Paine, John; Paine, William H.; Palmer, George H.; Parish,

George; Parker, Harleston; Parker, James V.; Parsons, Edwin; Parsons, L.; Parsons, William; Payson, Charles; Payson, Francis; Pearsall, Thomas W.; Pell, Alfred; Penniman, George H.; Penniman, Charles R.; Penniman, James F.; Penniman, Samuel J.; Penniston, James A.; Perkins, Charles L.; Phelps, Royal; Philips, John C.; Phillips, Arthur Edward; Phoenix, Lloyd; Phoenix, Phillips; Phoenix, S. Whitney; Pierrepont, Edwards; Platt, James N.; Plock, Otto; Porter, Timothy H.; Post, Charles A.; Post, Edward C.; Post, Edwin A.; Post, George B.; Potter, Edward E.; Potter, Robert B.; Potter, William A.; Potts, George C.; Prime, Frederick, Jr.; Prime, Rufus; Prince, John D.; Proudfit, James O.; Pruy, John V. L.; Purdy, John E.

Quintard, George W.

Randolph, Edmond Dutilh; Rawle, William H.; Redmond, Gould H.; Redmond, Roland, Jr.; Redmond, Rowland; Redmond, William, Jr.; Reed, Edgar; Reed, Isaac H.; Reed, John H.; Remsen, Phoenix; Remsen, Robert G.; Remsen, William R.; Renwick, William R.; Reynolds, Augustus W.; Reynolds, W. H.; Riach, Alexander F.; Rice, William B.; Richardson, J. G.; Richmond, Henry A.; Riggs, Elisha; Robb, James; Robb, James H.; Robbins, George A.; Robbinst, S. Howland; Robert, Christopher R., Jr.; Robert, Frederick; Robert, Howell W.; Roberts, Isaac K.; Roberts, Marshall O.; Robinson, Beverly, Jr.; Robinson, Douglas; Robinson, Edmond Randolph; Robinson, John A.; Reelofson, William F.; Rogers, N. Pendleton; Roome, Charles; Roosevelt, Henry L.; Ross, William B.; Routh, H. De Beauvoir; Russell, Charles H.; Russell, Harry; Russell, Henry G.; Russell, Jonathan.

Sage, Russell; Sandford, Henry S.; Sands, Philip J.; Sands, Matlon; Sanford, Milton H.; Sauer, Emile; Schell, Augustus; Schell, Richard; Schermerhorn, Frederick Augustus; Schermerhorn, William B.; Schieffelin, George R.; Schieffelin, William H.; Schieffelin, Charles M.; Schuyler, George L.; Schuyler, Philip; Scott, George S.; Scott, James; Scott, William; Seaver, William A.; Seaver, Clarence A.; Shaw, Edward H.; Sheldon, Frederick; Shepard, Oliver H.; Sherman, Frederick; Sherman, Gardner, Jr.; Sherman, Isaac; Sherman, William W.; Sherry, Charles, Jr.; Shipman, Edgar I.; Sibley, Alexander H.; Skiddy, Francis; Slidell, William J.; Sloan, Samuel; Smith, Augustus F.; Smith, Daniel Henry; Smith, Desha; Smith, E. Delafield; Smitn. George; Smith, James R.; Smith, La Roche Jacquelin; Smith, Murray F.; Smith, Samuel

B.; Smith, William Farrar; Smythe, Henry A.; Snelling, Edward T.; Snelling, Frederick G.; Soutter, William K.; Spear, Charles; Spofford, Gardiner S.; Spofford, Joseph L.; Spofford, Paul N.; Sprague, Henry E.; Sprague, Joseph A.; Stagg, Charles T.; Stanfield, Henry; Stebbins, Charles H.; Stebbins, Henry G.; Steinberger, A. B.; Stephens, Edward; Stephens, John L.; Stevens, Byam K., Jr.; Stevens, John B.; Steward, John; Steward, John, Jr.; Stewart, Alexander T.; Stewart, John A.; Stewart, William H.; Stimson, Edward; Stone, Joseph Foulke; Stone, William O.; Stoughton, Edwin W.; Stout, Francis A.; Strang, Samuel A.; Strong, Charles E.; Strong, Joseph M.; Strong, William E.; Struthers, Robert; Stuart, Alexander; Stuart, W. Whitewright; Sturgis, Appleton; Sturgis, Frank K.; Stuyvesant, A. Van Horne; Stuyvesant, Robert R.; Suydam, Charles C.; Suydam, Ferdinand; Swan, Benjamin L., Jr.; Swan, John W.; Swan, William L.; Sweeney, Peter B.

Tailler, Edward N., Jr.; Talboys, William P.; Talman, George F.; Taylor, Moses; Taylor, Stuart M.; Thayer, Nathaniel; Thompson, Charles H.; Thomsen, Christian; Thomson, George A.; Thomson, James; Thorne, Eugene; Thorne, George Winthrop; Thouron, E. A.; Tiffany, C. L.; Tilden, Samuel J.; Tillinghast, Crawford T.; Tillinghast, Philip, Jr.; Tillotson, Gouverneur; Toler, James B.; Townsend, Edward M.; Townsend, Effingham; Townsend, John J.; Townsend, J. Jackson; Townsend, Peter; Tracy, John F.; Travers, William R.; Trudeau, Edward L.; Tucker, John; Turnbull, William.

Ulschoffer, William Gracie.

Vail, Henry F.; Van Buren, Abraham; Van Buren, Singleton; Van Buren, Smith T.; Van Buren, W. H.; Van Courtlandt, Peter J. M.; Vanderbilt, Cornelius; Vanderbilt, William H.; Vanderhoof, E. W.; Vandervoort, Peter H.; Van Renssalaer, Philip L.; Van Renssalaer, Philip S., Jr.; Von Hoffman, Louis; Von Sachs, William; Vose, Francis; Vyse, Thomas A., Jr.

Wadsworth, James W.; Walbridge, D. M.; Walker, Thomas G.; Wallack, J. Lester; Ward, Edmund A.; Ward, Henry H.; Ward, John E.; Warren, George B., Jr.; Warren, George H.; Warren, J. Kearney; Watson, Lewis Grant; Webb, James Watson; Webb, William H.; Webster, Sidney; Weed, Thurlow; Welch, D. N.; Wells, Benjamin S.; Wells, John; Wells, Lawrence; Wendel, J. G.; Weston, R. W.; Weston, Theodore; Wetmore, George P.; Wharton,

William F.; Whipple, John; Whitaker, James K.; Whitaker, Thomas A.; White, Charles E.; White, Edward P.; Whitewright, William, Jr.; Whitney, Stephen; Wight, Edward; Wilcoxson, Martin V. B.; Wilks, Matthew; Willard, Edward K.; Williams, Coleman; Williams, Howell L.; Williams, Howell L., Jr.; Williams, Stephen C.; Williamson, Richard, Jr.; Wilmerding, George G.; Wilmerding, John C.; Wilmerding, Thomas A.; Wilson, George W.; Windle, James B.; Winterhoff, Albert; Winthrop, Benjamin R.; Winthrop, Benjamin R., Jr.; Winthrop, Charles F.; Winthrop, Egerton L.; Wistar, Francis; Withers, Alfred D.; Withau-, Rudolph A.; Wolf, Edward; Wood, James Dennistoun; Wood, John D.; Wood, Wilmer Stanard; Woodhull, Maxwell; Woodward, James T.; Woolsey, Theodorus B.; Woolsey, Edward J., Jr.; Worrall, Thomas H.; Worth, Francis W.; Wotherspoon, James; Wright, Edward H.; Wright, Edward M.; Wright, John S.; Wright, Eben.

Yelverton, Henry; Young, Mason; Yznaga, Juan.

The club holds its annual meeting on the evening of the first Wednesday in May, at which one-third of the committee are replaced with new officers. The members hold three years, one-third of the terms expiring annually. The committee elects and expels—one black-ball in ten ballots excluding, and a two-thirds vote of the committee expelling. The club is thus officered: President, Moses H. Grinnell; Vice-President, Denning Duer; Treasurer, Henry L. Fearing; Secretary, Oliver King; Trustees of the Club House, John J. Astor, William Edgar, John Steward; Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, George F. Talman and Denning Duer.

The Managing Committee is thus composed: August Belmont, Denning Duer, G. J. Forest, Joseph Gaillard, Jr., J. Grenville Kane, Alonzo C. Monson, C. H. Ogden, Isaac Bell, John Romeyn Brodhead, A. W. Clason, William Cutting, Moses H. Grinnell, Peleg Hall, Oliver K. King, Edwin A. Post, William H. Appleton, William Constable, David Crawford, Jr., Henry L. Fearing, G. G. Gray, H. R. Le Roy, James U. Parker, Edward E. Potter.

The Sub-Committee consists of the subjoined names: A. W. Clason, William Constable, Henry S. Fearing, G. G. Gray, Alonzo C. Monson. A grand dinner and ré-union always accompanies the annual election; but, at other times, members meet and entertain quite without restraint, that is, in knots, groups, and cliques, to their own satisfaction. In fact, the club has a home life not incident to the more formal and less distinctively social Century. Ease and freedom, within limits of courtesy, are its sole operative rules.

IV.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

CLUB-HOUSE, CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND.

WITH a curious sort of appropriateness, the initial meeting of this club was held on board a small vessel lying in New York harbor, in days when the universal introduction of steam had not vitiated the force of the classical quotation,

“Nos agimur tumidis velis,”

which has since been adopted as its motto. As far back as 1844, eight years after the foundation of the Union at No. 1 Bond street, three years before the formation of the Century, and when the existing clubs of the city were constituted by the Hone, Kent, and Union Clubs, and a sort of embryo Century, half a dozen gentlemen began to discuss the formation of a club for the cultivation of naval science, and had several informal meetings for the debating of preliminaries, on board the little vessel aforesaid. History names Edwin A. Stevens as one of the first movers in the matter, seconded by Robert S. Hone, William McVicker, and Hamilton Morton, who acted as the secretary of the club for many onerous and struggling years. Commodore Stevens has dropped out of the race since then, and his name has been added to the mortuary roll; and the rest, then in meridian manhood, are now almost at its sunset, though still as enthusiastic as ever. The club was not at first very successful, and numbered for years but few members. Three or four members were

added in 1845; half-a-dozen, among them Moses H. Grinnell, in 1846; as many more in 1847; and so on, by gradual accretion, until, in 1850, the membership was nearly one hundred.

During this period the association struggled bravely to keep its head above water. A taste for the sport had to be created: for wholly as a sporting club it was regarded, and men of wealth could not see that it was to produce any great results in naval science. Men of sense, they were, too—for naval science has out-run all its promoters, long since, and the naval pretensions of the service, except as a training, have long since been abandoned. Still, there were those who dreamed that the wind was faster than steam, and that by-and-bye the world would return to its old romantic system; but the world will probably disappoint them by adhering to the method of Fulton. It is conceded that when steam came in, the poetic phases of the matter were snuffed out. There was no talking about herons of sloops and white-winged ships, and the like, wings becoming quite a secondary consideration; and, instead, a ship at sea became a sort of nondescript dragon, puffing hot breath and cinders from its tremendous nostrils. The revolution wrought by steam in commercial matters, very soon extended to naval, and, presently, naval science no longer depended uniquely upon questions of build and speed, as formerly, but upon questions of heavy metal and invulnerable ribs of iron: and thus the problem which had engaged the attention of thinkers, from Pythagoras down, was solved at a single *coup*, or rather flanked and left behind in the onward tramp of progress.

However, Congress was appealed to, and, thinking well of the intent of the club, in 1848 enacted a special statute, instructing the Secretary of the Navy to permit the ves-

sels of the club, employed exclusively as pleasure craft, and intended as models of naval form, to be licensed on terms allowing them to proceed from port to port of the United States without entering or clearing at the Custom House, provided said vessels should not be allowed to transport goods or carry passengers for pay, and the owner of said vessel was required to give a bond of amount prescribable by the Secretary of the Treasury conditional that no unlawful trade should be engaged in, and that the revenue laws of the United States should in no way be violated. In case of violation, it was enacted that said vessel so violating should be liable to forfeit; and so on, with many quips of legal phrase and many barriers of words intended to mean something, but meaning nothing whatsoever.

This act was approved August 7, 1848—the Secretary of the Navy being further instructed to prescribe the form and color that should seem to him proper for signal and flag of said vessels excepted from the purview of the general shipping law; and owners were required at all times to permit men in the employ of the United States, if desirable, to copy the models of vessels in their possession or by them in process of construction.

A pretty long network of law, one might imagine, to cover so small a matter; but law-makers, having no other business than the combination of words, are prone to prolixity.

Thus protected and fostered, the work of the club was pressed bravely on. Given over to money making, the city had fewer men of inherited wealth than at present, and afforded, consequently, slender material for the support of an association of the intent specified. There were a few old Knickerbocker families of large property and *dolce far niente*, to the scions of which the club

appealed, and to the pockets; and thus, in its first constitution, it was as really a resort and pet of the old *régime* as was the Union, or then existing Hone Club.

The progress of popular taste in this direction was, however, very gradual. In 1850, the whole fleet connected with the club could be counted on one's fingers. It had its regattas, but they were not the popular events they have since become; its lions, too, but they were popularly uncelebrated. Perhaps some part of this languor was due to the popular lack of interest in the matter, some to the exclusiveness of the old *régime*; but more was due to the fact that the club could not be regarded as a success, and was still struggling for position.

A few years longer, having its annual regattas, but attracting no great deal of attention, the association pulled on steadily. Members came in as isolated stragglers, a dozen or so per year, and some years not even as many as that. In 1857, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., then a mere stripling, was admitted to membership; but it was not until 1860 that members began to join in numbers. The annual regattas, always affairs of *éclat* and spirit in their way, now began to attract more attention from the newspapers than formerly—hence more popular attention than formerly; and very soon the order went forth to Jenkins to make his mark in reporting them, which he did in a way less intelligibly wordy than that of Congress in framing a law. However, Jenkins answered the purpose—that of filling columns and making a spread—and though his reports were not altogether remarkable for brevity of phrase, they were at least remarkable for the skill by which the writer succeeded in covering his ignorance of the whole subject: for Jenkins had not then tried his hand at that sort of thing, and was sadly mixed in his ideas of nautical terms.

A few occasions, nevertheless, developed a set of reporters who understood the subject; and thus a way was found, not only to fill space with regatta reports, but to fill it intelligently, intelligibly, and with honor to all parties.

The great event in the history of the club took place in 1866-7, and was constituted by the first ocean race, in which James Gordon Bennett, Jr., with the famous *Henrietta*, Pierre Lorillard with the *Vesta*, and George Osgood with the *Fleetwing*, crossed the Atlantic, and after a brief but satisfactory trip demonstrated the feasibility of a feat which had before been regarded as impossible. The *Henrietta* was the winner of the race; and from that date James Gordon Bennett, Jr., became the lion of the club, and a lion in European circles as well. There were not wanting those (when the adventurers put to sea in the cockleshells, like so many modern Jasons) who predicted that they would never be heard of again; and prigs of newspaper wits, too indolent to attempt original epigrams, parodied Mother Goose:

“Three young men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
The bowl it broke,
And the men got a soaking,
all for going to sea in a bowl.”

But, by-and-bye, was whipped across the Atlantic, through a nerve known as the cable, the news of the arrival of the *Henrietta* in England; and then those who had predicted, qualified by muttering thanks to a wonderful Providence, and quoting that it was more of a hit than any good wit, that the cockleshells three and contents had not started on an exploring expedition to the bottom of the sea. They rather regretted, too, I fancy—for prophets hate to be proved in the wrong—that the contingency

had not occurred, by way of verifying their infallibility; but, as it had not, and could not be made to occur, they saddled Providence with the responsibility, and declared that those cockle-shells three would never get back again. They did get back, nevertheless, having won for the club that international reputation which it has since enjoyed; the three adventurous mariners were peppered with woodcuts and biographies in the illustrated papers, and with witticisms in engraving, more or less pointed, in the so-called comic journals, and overpowered with columns in the leading dailies; and since then, the lightest motions of the magnates of the association have been regarded as matters of news.

In the summer of 1870 the race between Mr. Bennett, now owner of the *Dauntless*, and Mr. Ashbury, of the Royal London Club, was undertaken. Nearly a year was taken in settling the preliminaries, during which some sharp discussion occurred between the principals and the respective clubs they represented; but at last a basis was agreed upon, after Commodore Henry G. Stebbins had exhausted a great deal of valuable erudition in proving, to his own satisfaction at least, that the American was right in all the positions taken. The papers of Mr. Stebbins, though appearing in the form of correspondence, were, in fact, substantially valuable in their thorough mastery of all the points discussed, and reflected great credit on the literary ability of the American organization. They were instrumental, too, in facilitating the completion of the pending negotiations, with satisfaction to the American parties interested.

Well, Bennett was beaten, after all, and the palm of supremacy was transferred to London once more, now adorning the head of Mr. Ashbury; though the race is not regarded, either in American or English circles, as

having really settled the question of supremacy between the American and the English method of building, and, ere long, the world will hear of another international race, by way of determining it. In fact, though Mr. Ashbury was first to pass the stakeboat, Mr. Bennett had out-sailed him by several hundred miles, having, for reasons deemed satisfactory, adopted the longer route, and a route so varying from direct that, at one date pending the voyage, the two vessels were over three hundred miles apart. By the adoption of this route the Dauntless was defeated, and not by any superior sailing on the part of the adversary; and as soon as possible, no doubt, a second trial will be made, with, it is fondly hoped, a different result.

The club-house of the association, bought in 1868, is a villa-like structure, located at Clifton, Staten Island. It has its restaurant, bar, and billiard-room, after the manner of the Jerome Park club-house, and is conducted under house rules varying in no substantial particulars from those of the great city-environed clubs.

The present fleet consists of fifty-five vessels: thirty-six schooners, fifteen sloops, and four steamers, the best known of which are thus described and owned. The schooners most famous are the Alarm, A. C. Kingsland, of 2,490.8 feet in area; tonnage, 225.3; number of crew, 30; of the regulation length of 12 feet; port of New York. Alice, George W. Kidd; area, 1,425.1 feet; tonnage, 83.3; crew, 18; required length, 12 feet; port of New York. Calypso, A. S. Hatch; area, 1,694; tonnage, 109.7; crew, 22; required length, 12 feet; port of New York. Dauntless, James Gordon Bennett, Jr.; area, 2,899; tonnage, 268; crew, 37; required length, 12 feet, which is the stipulated length of vessels of the class, belonging to the club; port of New York. Edith, G. O. Hovey; area, 1,107.6; ton-

nage, 47.9; crew, 14; port of Boston. Eva, Mahlon Sands; tonnage, 1,561.8; crew, 20; port of New York.

For the rest, having habituated the reader to details of specification, they may be tabulated thus: Fleetwing, George A. Osgood; 2,208.7; 206.1; 28; New York. Fleur de Lis, John S. Dickerson; 1,429.3; 92.5; 18; New York. Halcyon, James R. Smith; 1,923; 121; 25; New York. Idler, Thomas C. Durant; 1,934.6; 133.5; 25; New York. Josephine, B. M. C. Durfee; 1,935; 143; 25; Fall River. Julia, Crawford Allen, Jr.; 1,432.2; 85.3; 18; Providence, R. I. Madeleine, Jacob Vorhis; 1,787; 148.2; 22; New York. Madgie, R. F. Soper, (not measured,) Stonington, Conn. Magic, Franklin Osgood, (not measured,) New York. Nettie, D. H. Follett; 1,540.7; 109.9; 20; Boston. Palmer, Rutherford Stuyvesant; 2,371.9; 194.2; 30; New York. Phantom, H. G. Stebbins and C. H. Stebbins; 2,063.4; 123.3; 26; New York. Rambler, James H. Banker, (not measured,) New York. Resolute, A. S. Hatch; 110; New York. Rebecca, John Heard; 1,306.5; 76.4; 17; Boston. Restless, Phillips Phoenix; 1,478.6; 95.4; 19; New York. Sappho, William Douglas; 3,254.9; 274.4; 41; Little Neck, L. I. Sea Drift, A. Major; 1,204; 64.3; 16; New York. Silvie, E. Dodge; 1,807.8; 106.2; 23; New York. Sprite, S. W. Galloupe and S. D. Nickerson, (not measured,) Boston. Tarolinta, H. A. Kent and H. A. Kent, Jr., (not measured,) New York. Tidal Wave, William Voorhis; 1,879; 153.5; 24; Nyack-on-the-Hudson. Vesta; R. Baker, Jr.; 1,512.5; 201; 32; Boston. Widgeon, C. C. Dodge and G. G. Haven; 1,616; 105.9; 21; New York. Wivern, T. D. Boardman, (not measured,) Boston.

The sloops in connection with the club (of which the length required is ten feet) are owned and described thus:

Alice, Thomas G. Appleton, (not measured,) Boston. Annie, Franklin Burgess; 805.4; 26.9; 9; Boston. Breeze, A. C. Kingsland, Jr.; 658.2; 25.7; 9; New York. Coming, W. B. Nicol; 1,150; 53.1; 12; New York. Sallie E. Day, N. B. Palmer; 641.2; 32.5; 7; Stonington, Conn. Elaine, G. B. Durfee; 936; 37.9; 10; Fall River, R. I. Gracie, H. W. Johnson and W. Krebs; 1,094; 54.5; 11; New York. Jessie, J. Van Schaick; 678.4; 30.9; 8; New York. Josie, R. F. Soper, Jr., (not measured,) Stonington, Conn. Kate, Robert Dillon; 884.3; 33.1; 9; New York. Narragansett, F. G. Dexter; 740.6; 30.2; 8; Boston. Sadie, J. B. Herrishoff; 743; 42.1; 8; Bristol, R. I. Storm King, Peter Voorhis; 470.8; 21.6; 5; Nyack. White Cap, Ludlow Livingston; 485.3; 17.5; 5; Staten Island. White Wing, J. J. Astor and William Astor; 1,034; 55.1; 11; New York.

The four steamers are the Emily, P. Lorillard; Minnehaha, T. C. Durant; Mischief, Jacob Lorillard; and Wave, J. D. Maxwell—all belonging to the port of New York.

Compare this brilliant list with that of 1850, when the New York Club was for the first time admitted into Hunt's list, and there were only fourteen vessels of the kind in America; or rather compare 1850, and its lone fourteen, with the now thirty-five clubs and their fleets; the sport in this country, exclusive of owners not associated with clubs, standing as follows:

New York Club, James Gordon Bennett, Commodore, 55 vessels; Eastern Club, John Heard, Commodore, 38 vessels; Brooklyn Club, Jacob Voorhis, Commodore, 38 vessels; Atlantic, William Peet, Commodore, 26 vessels; South Boston, F. S. Wright, Commodore, 22 vessels; Bayonne, W. W. Duryea, Commodore, 8 vessels; Harlem Club, Manhattan Club, Pensacola Club, C. L. Le Baron,

Commodore, 4 vessels; Crescent City Club, New Orleans; Lynn Club, Mass., E. C. Neal, Commodore, 35 vessels; Hoboken Club, Dorchester Club, Coolidge Barnard, Commodore, 48 vessels; Oceanic, Jersey City, George F. Shearman, Commodore; Jersey City Club, S. P. Hill, Commodore; Cooper's Point Club, Philadelphia; Madison Club, Madison, Wisconsin; Bunker Hill Club, W. F. Bibrien, Commodore, Boston; Oshkosh Club, Oshkosh, Wisconsin; Stapleton Club, Staten Island, 10 vessels; Columbia Club, New York, Mr. Noble, Commodore; Flushing Club, Long Island; Franklin Club, Philadelphia; Portland Club, Maine, J. M. Churchill, Commodore, 15 vessels; Shrewsbury Club, New Jersey; San Francisco Club, California; Kensington Club, Philadelphia; Ione Club, New York; Quebec Club, Canada; Royal Halifax, Nova Scotia; Sewanhaka, W. L. Levan, Commodore, 12 vessels; Tom's River Club, 8 vessels; Beverly Club, Boston, Edward Burgen, Commodore, 10 vessels.

Twelve of these clubs are contiguous to New York Bay; seven have their cruising ground in Boston Bay. It is estimated by experts that the vessels of the New York Club must have cost nearly \$2,000,000; the fleets of the whole country not less than \$5,000,000—for one of these cockle-shells is an expensive thing now-a-days, a Fifth Avenue residence being scarcely more so. Many of them are fitted in a style of unsurpassable elegance, and maintained at an annual cost of thousands.

As a rule, says a leading journalist, they contain under the quarter-deck spacious saloons in which the tallest seaman can stand erect. They are almost invariably paneled in ebony, maple, or like costly woods, and upholstered and carpeted in velvet. Large mirrors, ample sofas, enticing lounges, and inviting *fauteuils* form the furniture. State-

rooms, several in number, furnished in equal elegance, accommodate ten or twelve guests. Pantries, store-rooms, closets, patented cooking ranges, designed especially for the purpose by a firm which makes furnishing a specialty, electric bells communicating between the cabin and fore-castle, and latterly even gas (produced by passing a current of air through a small box containing the proper decomposing agents), are among the modern improvements of the model craft of the day. And, to complete all, the larder and wine-closets are usually filled with food and wines fit for princes.

Indeed, a vessel of the first-class cannot be built and equipped for less than \$150 a ton, or about \$5,000 for a sloop of 35 tons, the smallest craft which can be constructed, with due regard to comfort and convenience in a cruise. Builders state that a roomy cabin, large enough to accommodate the average grown person, cannot be attained in vessels of smaller tonnage. A crew of five men is necessary to man such a vessel, and these cost, during the summer cruise of four months, at least \$150 a month. It is necessary to employ one of the crew as steward during the whole year, in order that the craft may be taken care of. The expenses for food are to be added to all this, so that the amusement is dearly bought. But as the vessel at the same original outlay will accommodate say from seven to ten guests, the cost compares not unfavorably with expenses at a crowded hotel at the springs or sea-side, and the accommodations of the tiny *salon* are immeasurably superior to those of the hotel in the season.

These figures give only an indistinct idea of the cost of larger vessels. The *Henrietta* was sold, after her triumph in 1866, when quite an old vessel, having seen rough service in the civil war, for \$15,000. Her former owner, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., immediately bought

the Fleetwing, one of the vessels which he had beaten in the famous dead-of-winter ocean race, for \$65,000, and dubbed her the Dauntless. It was this magnificent vessel which was beaten in the ocean race of 1870 by the English-built Cambria, which was sold the same year for \$30,000. The Resolute, owned by Mr. A. S. Hatch—the smallest and one of the most elegant of the schooners of the New York Club, being 110 tons burden—cost \$30,000. The largest schooner in the country, the Sappho of Mr. Douglass, cost considerably less than this, proportionately.

The lion of the club, by common consent as well as by right of triumphs won, boldness and devotion to the Viking sport, is James Gordon Bennett, for whose portrait you are to imagine a tall, slender, graceful young man, with a willowy sort of motion, though rapid and nervous, and a manner at once imperious, magnetic, suave and abrupt. His face is of the type so familiar in the portraits of the elder Bennett—a face that secretes lightning, and dispenses it too, when occasion demands. His air is that of a man accustomed to be obeyed; and there is the repressed positiveness in his manner of speaking, that always accompanies executive ability. Bold, daring, he is not reckless: hence, his victory in the first ocean race, with the least promising vessel of the three. Dresses neatly, even elegantly, but with an absence of everything that tends to gaudiness; and hides a great deal of native humor and quaint poetry of feeling under the domino of a face marvellously controlled: but belongs to the order of men of acts, not words—which accounts for his present position as the foremost of the world in the noble sport. As commodore of his club, he presides with dignity, and conducts its sometimes divided meetings with consummate address.

The club holds five general meetings every year, at the first of which, in February, first Thursday, the annual election takes place. General rules and details of organization are on the model of the most approved city clubs; but the rules governing races, uniforms and signals, are special. The signal of the club is a pointed burgee, its width being two-thirds of its length; the device, a white five-pointed star in the centre of two red stripes, which are of one-fifth the length of the signal, one running lengthwise through the middle, the other crosswise, at one-third of the length from the head—all on a blue field. The commodore, when afloat, sports a broad pendant with a naval emblem and thirteen five-pointed stars in white, on a blue field; vice-commodore, same device, on a red field; rear-commodore, same device, but in red, on a white field; acting-commodore, broad pennant, blue field, without device. The code of signals adopted by the club is "Rogers' Commercial Code of Signals for the Use of all Nations," with supplemental code specially adapted to the purposes of the association. Any member selling his vessel must give notice to the secretary; and the annual regatta is prescribed for the month of June, at a day to be determined at the first annual meeting. The model of any vessel entered for a regatta becomes the property of the club, and no person other than a naval constructor in the service of the United States can copy from it.

In 1865, the club was incorporated. The uniform consists of full-dress and undress. The full-dress coat is frock, of navy blue cloth, faced with same, with lining of silk serge; double-breasted, with two rows of the largest club buttons, nine in a row; skirts with one large button on either hip, and one near the bottom of either fold; cuffs to be closed and deep. Pantaloon is of navy blue or white drill; vest of white drill, single-breasted, with

standing collar, buttoning high, with nine small buttons. Necktie of black silk. Cap of navy blue cloth, of prescribed height and proportions. Shoulder-straps of navy blue cloth, of prescribed pattern, and edged with gold lace.

The device in the commodore's strap is that of his pennant, with three silver stars, instead of thirteen. Vice-commodore wears two stars; rear-commodore, one; captains, same device, without stars; secretary, same, with an S, in old English, instead of stars; treasurer, same, with a T instead of stars; measurer, same, with M instead of stars; members, same, without other mark. Cap ornaments are similarly graduated.

The undress differs from the full-dress in the adoption of the single-breasted coat, and pantaloons of blue flannel may be worn instead of white drill. The vest is of navy blue, or blue flannel; and straw hats are admissible. Necktie must be of black silk. The service dress is the round jacket of navy blue, with same straps and lace as in full dress; sailing masters wearing full suits of navy blue, with the black tie, but without ornament. Brooks Brothers, clothiers, are the purveyors of the club.

A description of the pennants of the leading vessels belonging to the club may not be uninteresting: those of the commodore, vice-commodore, rear-commodore, and acting commodore having been already specified. The Alarm floats a burgee of red and blue—the former occupying the third of the field next the staff, the latter the rest—with a device of two full moons in white, one on the red field, the other on the blue field. The pennant of the Alice is slashed crosswise into three stripes—one red, next the staff, and occupying one-fifth of the length; the next white, occupying two-fifths of the length; the third blue, occupying the same space. A red five-

pointed star dots the white field. The Alice (sloop) carries a red burgee, with a red and white diamond in the centre of the field; the Annie, a red burgee, slashed diagonally with a single broad white stripe; the Breeze, a red burgee, with a large blue and white diamond in the centre. The Burgee of the Calypso has a field of white, red, and blue, slashed after the manner of a sergeant's sleeve ornaments, with a large five-pointed blue star on the white ground; that of the Coming has a blue field, bearing a white St. Andrew's cross; that of the Sallie E. Day, an orange field, slashed lengthwise with a red stripe, bearing the initials S. E. D. in white; that of the Edith, a red field, centered with a white diamond, which is centered again with a blue disc, holding the initial E. in white. The Eva floats a red burgee, with a white cross, filled in at the angles with blue; the Elaine, a blue one, with a white heart slashed diagonally with red; the Emily, a white burgee, with a broad red border; the Fleetwing, a blue burgee, with a red border and a white moon having a blue E. in the centre of the field; the Fleur de Lis, a red burgee, tipped with blue, having a white five-pointed star in the centre. The burgee of the Gracie is slashed diagonally with thirteen stripes of blue and white. The Halcyon carries a blue field, slashed with a huge white cross from tip to tip; the Idler, a red field, with a white diamond in the centre, holding a capital I. in blue; the Josephine, a red field, slashed with a large white cross; the Julia, a red and blue field, with a large white five-pointed star; the Jessie, a field slashed with three broad stripes of blue, white, and red. The Josie flaunts a blue field, with a small white St. Andrew's cross; the Kate, a field slashed lengthwise, half blue and half white, with a full moon of blue and white, similarly slashed, in the centre; the Madeleine, a red field, with a

white M. in the centre; the Madgie, a red field, with a small white St. Andrew's cross. The Magic has a white burgee, with a red border, and a red disc in the centre; Minnehaha, red field, with white diamond, holding the letter I. in blue; Mischief, blue field, with white diamond; Nettie, blue field, with large white diamond holding a red F.; Narragansett, blue field, with border of four stripes of white and red alternating; Palmer, field of red, white and blue, slashed triangularly; Phantom, field of blue, white and red, alternating, and slashed diagonally; Rambler, blue field, with white R.; Rebecca, red field, with white diamond; Sappho, blue and red field, with large white diamond; Sea Drift, white field, with red cross; Sylvie, blue field, with white diamond, slashed with red stripe; Sprite, blue field, with crimson ring, picked out with four small yellow rings, and enclosing a monogram; Sadie, blue field, with red cross, and a white centre; Storm King, white field, bordered with red, holding a blue cross; Tarolinta, white and red field, slashed lengthwise with a broad blue stripe; Tidal Wave, white field, with a large picked out blue circle holding T. W. gules; Vesta, white ground, bordered with red, holding a black B.; Widgeon, blue field, holding a large white cross; Wivern, blue, white, red and blue, slashed together in blocks and banks of color; White Cap, blue, white and red, slashed into three triangular stripes, the middle white one holding a disc of red and blue; White Wing, white field, slashed lengthwise with one blue stripe; Wave, white ground, slashed with a large blue cross; Restless, ground, gules, holding a small white cross with opening, fan-like arms. The Dauntless, now carrying the commodore's arms, formerly carried the red, white and blue—the blue appearing as a large central diamond. The flag of the club is a blue field, in triangle of length

twice the width, slashed with a large red cross, holding in the centre a small white five-pointed star. The flag prescribed for vessels of the kind in this country is a broad sheet of thirteen stripes, seven red and six white, with a blue field square in the upper corner, holding the device of the commodore in white, encircled by thirteen white stars: and thus the vessels belonging to the club fly three flags, to wit, the general flag prescribed, the flag of the club, and the burgee adopted by the owner.

The membership list is about six hundred, with an honorary list, thus distributed:

Honorary *ex-officio*, the Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Treasury, Collector of the Port of New York, United States Circuit Judge of the Southern District of New York, Admiral of the New York Station, and Commander of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. By election, Silas H. Stringham, Rear-Admiral United States Navy; C. H. Davis, Rear-Admiral United States Navy; James Glynn, Commodore United States Navy; John Faunce, Captain United States Revenue Service; His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; Earl of Mount Charles, Great Britain; Lord Dufferin, Great Britain; R. W. Hellas, Vice-Commodore Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland; J. O'Connell, Rear-Commodore Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland; Andrew Arcedenckne; I. L. Braine, Commander United States Navy; David G. Farragut, (deceased); David D. Porter, Admiral United States Navy, and George B. Rollins, Glenwood, Iowa. *Ex-officio*, the Commodores, Vice-Commodores, Rear-Commodores, Secretaries, and Treasurers of the two great English clubs.

The admission fee is forty dollars; the annual due, twenty-five dollars; and the finances of the association are not in the most favorable condition. The Commodore, last

year, gave a new *éclat* to the June regatta by offering special cups to be contended for. The organization is thus officered:—Commodore, James Gordon Bennett, Jr.; Vice-Commodore, George P. Douglas; Rear-Commodore, Franklin Osgood; Secretary, C. A. Minton; Treasurer, Sheppard Homans; Measurer, Alfred W. Craven. Regatta Committee, Stewart M. Taylor, Philip Schuyler and Mahlon Sands. House Committee, M. S. Fowler, Thomas E. Davis, Jr., Courtland M. Taylor, W. B. Bend, and Frederick White.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Allen, Crawford, Jr., Providence, R. I.; Allen Crawford, Providence, R. I.; Allen, Vanderbilt, New York; Appleton, Daniel S., New York; Appleton, John A., New York; Appleton, Thomas G., Boston; Aspinwall, Lloyd, New York; Astoin, C., New York; Astor, J. J., New York; Astor, William, New York; Austen, John H., Stapleton, S. I.

Babcock, Henry, New York; Babcock, Samuel D., New York; Bailey, Nathaniel P., New York; Baker, Richard, Jr., Boston; Baldwin, G. V. N., New York; Banker, James H., New York; Barger, Samuel F., New York; Barker, Isaac, New York; Barlow, S. L. M., New York; Barns, Charles, New London, Conn.; Bartlett, L. G., New York; Barton, Samuel, Staten Island; Baxter, John R., New York; Bayley, John P., Boston; Bayley, J. Roosevelt, New York; Bayley, William A., Staten Island; Bedford, Gunning S., Jr., New York; Beackman, G. L., New York; Bell, Isaac, New York; Belmont, August, New York; Bend, George H., New York; Bend, William B., New York; Benkard, Henry R., New York; Bennett, E. R., Staten Island; Bennett, J. G., Jr., New York; Bird, John H., New York; Bishop, D. W., New York; Bishop, T. Alston, New York; Blair, General Frank, New York; Boardman, T. D., Boston; Bonner, George T., New York; Bonner, John, New York; Bowdoin, George S., New York; Bowdoin, James, New York; Brevoort, Henry W., New York; Brewer, H. O., New York; Bristed, J. A., New York; Brown, George, New York; Brown, George, Jr., New York; Brown, John W., New York; Brown, L. M., New York; Bull, Isaac M., New York; Burdett, D. H., New York; Burgess, Franklin, Boston; Busk,

Joseph R., Staten Island; Butler, Richard, New York; Butler, William A., Paterson, N. J.; Byrne, Joseph, New York.

Cahoone, A. M., New York; Cameron, R. W., New York; Carnes, Lewis M., New York; Carrol, J. F., New York; Cater, James E., Portland, Me.; Cary, W. F., Jr., New York; Carter, Aymar, New York; Ceccarini, Dr. G., New York; Center, R., New York; Chadwick, Henry D., New York; Chapman, H. G., Staten Island; Cheney, Arthur, Boston; Cipriaut, Alfred J., New York; Clark, Arthur, Boston; Clark, F. E., New York; Clason, A. W., New York; Cleemann, B. O., New York; Clews, Henry, New York; Cockein, S. M., New York; Collins, C. B., New York; Connolly, Charles M., Jr., New York; Cooper, E., New York; Craven, Alfred W., New York; Crawford, David, Jr., New York.

Davies, J. T., New York; Davidson, W. H., New York; Davis, J. M., New York; Davis, J. W., New York; Davis, Thomas E., New York; De Coppet, Henry, New York; De Haas, M. F. H., New York; De Luze, Francis A., New York; De Peyster, G. B., New York; Dexter, F. G., Boston; d'Hauteville, F. L. G., Boston; Dibble, E. D., New York; Dickerson, John S., New York; Dillon, John Henry, London, England; Dillon, Robert, New York; Dodge, Charles C., New York; Dodge, Edward, New York; Dolan Henry, New York; Dorr, E. P., Buffalo, N. Y.; Doremus, F. M., New York; Douglas, William, Little Neck, L. I.; Draper, Henry, New York; Draper, John H., New York; Duncan, Alexander, Providence, R. I.; Duncan, David, New York; Duncan, William Butler, New York; Durant, Thomas C., Brooklyn, L. I.; Durant, William W., Brooklyn, L. I.; Durfee, B. M. C., Fall River, Mass.; Durfee, George B., Fall River, Mass.

Edey, C. C., New York; Edgar, D. M., New York; Edgar, Le Roy, New York.

Fanshawe, W. S., New York; Fellows, Birney, New York; Fellows, Cornelius, Jr., New York; Ferry, Theodore S., New York; Fitch, John, New York; Fithian, Freeman J., New York; Follett, D. H., Boston; Forbes, P. S., New York; Foster, J. P. G., New York; Fowler, Francis D., New York; Fowler, M. L., New York.

Gaillard, Joseph, New York; Galloupe, Charles W., Boston; Gandy, S., New York; Garesche, Edward D., New York; Garrison, W. K., New York; Gibbs, Franklin, New York; Gibert, F. E., New York; Gimbernat, J. R., New York; Gliddon, John M., Boston; Graham, William Irving, New York; Gray, H. W., New York; Grin-

nell, Irving, New York; Grinnell, Moses H., New York; Grinnell, Robert M., New York; Griswold, George, New York; Griswold, John N. A., Jr., New York; Grubb, E. Burd, Burlington, N. J.; Grymes, C. Alfred, New York.

Haight, Gilbert L., New York; Hall, A. Oakey, New York; Hamilton, Alexander, Jr., New York; Harrison, Thomas D., New York; Hartley, W. M. B., New York; Hatch, Alfrederick S., New York; Haughton, M. G., New York; Haven, G. G., New York; Havens, N. Parker, New York; Heard, George F., Boston; Heard, John, Ipswich, Mass.; Hedden, Josiah, New York; Herrishoff, John B., Bristol, R. I.; Hicks, Samuel, New York; Hildreth, David M., New York; Homans, Sheppard, New York; Hone, Robert S., New York; Hooper, Robert, Jr., New York; Houston, J. B., New York; Hovey, Henry S., Boston; Hovey, George O., Boston; Howland, G. G., New York; Hadson, W. Holley, New York; Hurlburt, W. Henry, New York.

Ingalls, General R., New York; Irvin, Alexander P., New York; Irvin, Richard, Jr., New York.

Jerome, Lawrence R., New York; Jerome, Leonard W., New York; Jerome, R. H., New York; Johnson, G. P., New York; Johnson, Henry W., New York; Johnson, Theodore, New York; Johnson, William M., New York; Jones, Joshua, New York.

Kane, John G., New York; Kane, W. H., New York; Keep, Charles W., New York; Kennard, T. W., New York; Kent, Henry A., New York; Kent, Henry A., Jr., New York; Ketchum, Charles J., New York; Ketchum, F. M., New York; Kidd, George W., New York; Kimber, Arthur, New York; Kingsland, A. C., New York; Kingsland, A. C., Jr., New York; Kingsland, D. C., New York; Kingsland, George L., New York; Kingsland, Henry P., New York; Kingsland, William M., New York; Kirkland, W. R., New York; Knapp, A. M.; New York; Krebs, William, New York.

Lambert, Edward, Brooklyn, L. I.; La Montagne, Augustus, Staten Island; La Montagne, Edward, New York; Lawrence, T. T., New York; Leary, Arthur, New York; Leavitt, George A., Staten Island; Leaycraft, Jeremiah, New York; Lee, D. Bradley, New York; Lentilhon, Joseph, New York; Livingston, Anson, New York; Livingston, Carrol, New York; Livingston, Ludlow, New York; Loper, R. F., Stonington, Conn.; Loper, R. F., Jr., Stonington, Conn.; Lorillard, George L., New York; Lorillard, Dr. G., New York; Lorillard, Jacob, New York; Lorillard, Louis L., New York; Lorillard, P., New York; Loubat, F., New York; Lounsbury, R. P., New York; Luling, Charles, New York; Lyon, Samuel E., New York.

Macalester, Charles, Jr., Philadelphia; Major, Alexander, New York; Major William H., New York; Manning, Thomas, Boston; Marshall, Charles H., New York; Marston, W. H., New York; Maxwell, John D., New York; McCracken, Ernest L., New York; McGown, Henry P., New York; McKewen, J. P., New York; McKim, Robert V., New York; McLean, G. W., New York; McLean, James M., New York; Miller, Edmund H., New York; Minton, Charles A., New York; Minturn, Robert B., New York; Moncrief, James, New York; Monell, C. L., New York; Morgan, Charles, New York; Morgan, D. P., New York; Morris, Francis, New York; Morris, Harry M., New York; Morris, T. F., New York; Morton, Hamilton, New York; Morton, W. Quincy, New York; Motley, James M., New York; Murray, David C., New York; Myers, Julian, New York; Myers, T. Bailey, New York.

Neill, J. De Lancey, New York; Newcombe, H. V., New York; Nichols, Le Roy, New York; Nichols, William B., New York; Nickerson, S. D., Boston; Norris, John B., New York.

Oddie, J. V. S., New York; Osgood, Franklin, New York; Osgood, George A., New York; Osgood, Wilham H., New York; Otis, William C., Boston.

Paine, William H., New York; Palmer, George H., New York; Palmer, Nathaniel B., Stonington, Conn.; Parkin, W. W., New York; Peabody, Joseph, Salem, Mass.; Pendleton, William H., Staten Island; Penniman, Charles R., New York; Penniman, George H., New York; Penniman, James F., New York; Penniman, S. J., New York; Phillips, Arthur E., New York; Phoenix, Lloyd, New York; Phoenix, Phillips, New York; Potter, Howard, New York; Potter, General Robert B., New York; Purdy, Belmont, New York.

Remsen, Robert G., New York; Roberts, Isaac K., New York; Robinson, Beverly, Jr., New York; Rogers, Jones, New York; Rollins, John T., New York; Roome, Charles, New York; Roosevelt, Henry L., New York; Roosevelt, Robert B., New York; Rowan, Colonel H. S., C. B., England; Russell, Harry, New York; Russell, Henry G., Providence, R. I.; Rutherford, Lewis M., New York.

Samuels, Captain S., New York; Sands, Mahlon, New York; Sanford, A. W., New York; Sanford, E. S., New York; Sanford, Henry S., New York; Schell, Augustus, New York; Schell, Richard, New York; Schenck, Frederick, New York; Schermerhorn, William B., New York; Schieffelin, Charles M., New York; Schieffelin, G. R., New York; Schuyler, George L., New York; Schuyler, Philip, New York; Scott, James, New York; Sears, David, Jr., Boston; Selye, W.

W., Rochester, N. Y.; Seward, Clarence A., New York; Seymour, William Deane, Queenstown, Ireland; Shader, W. E., New York; Shippen, W. W., Hoboken, N. J.; Skiddy, Francis, New York; Sloat John D., New York; Slote, Daniel, New York; Smith, Charles B., Staten Island; Smith, D. Henry, New York; Smith, James R., New York; Smith, Wesley, New York; Snelling, E. T., New York; Spaulding, E. B., New York; Stanton, E. D., New York; Starr, F. R., Philadelphia; Stebbins, Charles H., New York; Stebbins, Henry G., New York; Steers, Henry, New York; Stone, W. O., New York; Stuyvesant, A. V. H., New York; Stuyvesant, Rutherford, New York; Swan, Benjamin L., Jr., New York.

Talbot, W. P., New York; Taylor, Courtland M., Staten Island; Taylor, Stuart M., New York; Thomas, William H., New York; Thompson, T. A., New York; Thomson, James, New York; Tiffany, Charles L., New York; Townsend, Captain C. H., New York; Townsend, H. D., New York; Townsend, Peter, New York; Trafford, C. R., Astoria, L. I.; Travers, William R., New York; Twombly, H. W., New York.

Van Alen, General James, New York; Van Alen, J. J., Jr., New York; Vanderbilt, Jacob H., Staten Island; Vanderbilt, W. H., New York; Van Schaick, J., New York; Van Schaick, W. M., New York; Von Hoffman, Louis, New York; Voorhis, Jacob, New York; Voorhis, Jacob, Jr., New York; Voorhis, John, New York; Voorhis, Peter, New York; Voorhis, William, Nyack, N. Y.

Wainwright, J. Howard, New York; Waldo, F. W., Staten Island; Wallack, J. Lester, New York; Walton, Henry C. S., New York; Ward, George Barclay, New York; Ward, Henry H., New York; Ward, General W. G., New York; Warren, J. Kearney, New York; Warren, Walter P., Troy, N. Y.; Waterbury, James M., Williamsburgh, L. I.; Waterbury, James M., Jr., New York; Waterbury, Lawrence, New York; Weld, George W., Boston; Westray, Fletcher, New York; White, A. C., New York; White, Edward P., New York; White, Frederick, New York; White, John Morris, New York; Willetts, Daniel T., New York; Williamson, D. B., New York; Wilmerding, George G., New York; Wilson, G. W., New York; Winston, Gustavus S., M.D., New York; Wolfe, J. B., New York; Wolfe, N. H., New York; Wolfe Udolpho, New York; Wolff, Edward, New York; Wood, Alexander G., New York; Wood, Charles B., New York; Work, Frank, New York; Wright, E. M., New York.

Young, William, New York.

V
UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

CLUB-HOUSE, MADISON AVENUE AND TWENTY-SIXTH STREET.

It is now nine years since a rather informal meeting occurred in the rooms of the Sanitary Commission in this city, to discuss the preliminaries of a club having for its object the perpetuation of the Union. 1862 had been a year of disaster to the armies of the Republic. There was division of sentiment at home—division of sentiment was in the ranks of the Republican party itself—and a general gloom and depression had settled upon the spirits of even the most steadfast. In January, 1863, a number of gentlemen of prominence resolved in some way to effect a crystalization of the elements supporting President Lincoln, in their united strength; and out of this resolve was developed the Union League, with Robert B. Minturn as president. There was some talk at the beginning in favor of naming the organization the Loyal League, but the present name was at last adopted in preference.

The first work performed by the club was the organization of colored troops in this city. On the twelfth of November, 1863, a committee on volunteering was appointed, and the attempt was initiated. Three weeks were spent in efforts to procure Governor Seymour's authority or sanction for the actual beginning of the experiment; but the courage of the negro was doubted by high authorities, as his humanity had once been, and

the Governor, supported by all the Democratic and some of the Republican journals, laughed at the idea of the negro as a soldier as an excellent joke, and continued to withhold his sanction. At length, weary with waste of objurgation where it was useless, the committee sought an interview with the iron Stanton, Secretary of War, and was empowered to give the negro the benefit of an experiment practically determining the question of his manhood. This permission was accorded on the third day of December, 1863, and work was immediately begun. Thus originated the Twentieth Regiment of United States colored troops. Mr. Vincent Colyer superintended the practical business of recruiting, which was prosecuted with energy from its very inception; and as early as the twentieth of the same month, the regiment was full. On the nineteenth of December, in fact, application was entered with the Secretary of War for permission to enlist a second regiment of colored men; and after a delay of a couple of weeks, on the fifth of January, 1864, it was accorded. Ere the opening of February—on the twenty-seventh of January, to be exact—the second regiment was full. It was styled the Twenty-sixth Regiment of United States colored troops. A third was immediately enlisted, under authority from the Secretary of War, and was designated as the Thirty-first Regiment of United States colored troops.

Some delay in the forwarding of arms occasioned tardiness in sending forward these recruits; but at length, all difficulties overcome, the Twentieth Regiment left for New Orleans—exactly three months and two days having elapsed since the date of the permit from the Secretary of War. The occasion was embraced for a grand demonstration at the club-house, then at the old Parish residence in Seventeenth street, corner of Broadway. A

stand of colors was presented to the regiment (in Union Square, in front of the club-house), on behalf of the ladies of New York, and an address commemorative of the occasion was delivered by President King, of Columbia College. Three weeks later, the Twenty-sixth Regiment was sent forward with similar honors.

It was at the rooms of the Union League Club, also, that the great Sanitary Fair was first proposed, and here that it opened its bazaar, with the result of raising the princely sum of one million one hundred thousand dollars, to be expended in furthering the purposes of the Sanitary Committee.

On the eleventh of February, 1864, a committee was appointed to recruit for Hancock's corps, then sadly depleted; and, on the nineteenth of October, the committee reported a sending forward of over six thousand men, at a cost of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, defrayed by subscription.

These were days of work—days of sharp and vigorous struggle, and yet of brilliant realization: for, in addition to the sending of men to the field, a great deal of trouble and money was expended in relieving the wants and redressing the grievances of the troops stationed in the city and vicinity. The Presidential canvass also bore heavily upon the resources of the association. Upon it devolved the work of organization, and of conducting the canvass, and it was perhaps more immediately instrumental in securing Mr. Lincoln's re-election than all the orators of that most orator-burdened campaign.

Later, its political history has been less marked, though perhaps not less eventful, having been more particularly identified with State than National politics.

The first reception ever given by the Union League was that accorded to Lieutenant Cushing, the hero of

the *Albemarle*. The evening of November 12, 1864, its second was given in welcome of Professor Goldwin Smith. In May, 1865, General Butler was the guest of the association; and in June, 1865, General Sherman was tendered the honor of a reception, and accepted. In October, 1865, Governor Fenton was received with great *éclat*, so far as *éclat* can be supposed to cluster about purely political occasions; and Preston King, then Collector King, whose tragic end will be remembered, delivered the address of welcome. In November of the same year, General Grant was the guest of the association. General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, was present; as, also, were General Ingalls and Admiral Ringgold.

Receptions have also been given in honor of Farragut, Dupont, Winslow, Hooker, and Franklin; but that which attracted most attention, perhaps, was in honor of Sheridan, on the evening of September 29, 1867, on his return from New Orleans. Union Square, in front of the clubhouse, was densely packed with the populace, over which fell the glitter and glare of calcium lights by the half dozen, blinding here, and there leaving almost wholly in the dark. Swaying, surging, seething, the crowd occupied the square until nearly midnight, when, having feasted to their content, the lion and his keepers appeared on the balcony and roared. Then, having seen the lion, as if a great breath had come suddenly, these atoms of humanity were all whirled away different ways, and the square was suddenly as empty as if the crowd of a few minutes before had been the mere conjuration of a magician. On the evening of November 28, 1867, Rev. Dr. Newman Hall was received by the members of the club, Mr. John Jay, the president, welcoming the reverend gentleman with an address alike remarkable for length and abundance of compliment.

These have been the principal receptions given by the club since its organization in 1863. It has had, as well, its eras in other respects than that of social re-union: its eras of controversy and wordy combat, mostly conducted in the very dignified and formal shape of resolutions, which are to political organizations what pellets are to a homœopathic doctor. First came the great controversy with President Johnson, on the policy question; next, that with Mr. Greeley, on the propriety of his going bail for Jefferson Davis, which the members very strongly doubted,—Mr. Greeley retorting that they were a pack of blockheads, in terms more remarkable for vituperativeness than force. Lastly, the election fraud sensation has received the attention of the association, though with no very marked practical results; and protests have been entered against legislative corruption, which protests have been dismissed indignantly by the body in session at Albany, on the ground that the very term legislative corruption was insulting, and ought not, as a phrase, to receive official recognition. Thus, all the high-sounding resolutions of the club concerning legislative corruption, came to naught: that Democratic body dubbed Albany by the dailies regarding it as quite inconsistent with dignity to confess the possible existence of anything answering the conditions of the phrase.

The admission fee, at first only seventy-five dollars, was, in 1866, brought into close approximation to that of other leading clubs, and set at one hundred. On the same occasion, it was voted that yearly dues should be made sixty instead of fifty dollars, an advance from thirty to fifty having taken place the year before.

The association has no long series of migrations to be recorded. The old Parish residence, No. 26 East Seventeenth street, the most elegant in the city in its day, was

first leased by the club, which, May 12th, 1863, entered its first club-house. This was only a couple of months after its organization (February 6th, 1863), and previous to the date of its actually entering upon serious work. Its first lustrum in the old club-house will be remembered by all members as its years of peculiar *éclat* and peculiar activity. A fever-fire was in the blood of the populace, and shoulder-straps were of themselves passports to the best society of the metropolis, excepting, perhaps, the royal circle of the old *régime*, where some little discrimination was made as to the quality of the persons wearing them. Hence, the splendor and glory of the first receptions of the association; though occasionally, albeit, a little unnecessary tinsel was added, a little needless glare and glamour, just to daze the eyes of the groundlings, and its receptions were a trifle spectacular, as all engines of political effect are apt to be. There can be no question, however, as to the influence of the club during this brilliant semi-decade,—for it was the success of the Union League that led to the foundation of the Manhattan, now one of the most powerful clubs in this country. Its membership was over six hundred at the date of its fourth birthday, and at present it is more than double that.

The new club-house, Madison Avenue, corner of East Twenty-sixth street, was opened April 1st, 1868,—having been erected by Mr. Jerome, projector of Jerome Park, for the use of the Jockey Club, but subsequently leased to the Union League for a term of ten years.

It is probably, internally as well as externally, the most elegant club-house in the city, as it is the most expensively upholstered. The general framework of the furnishing is of black walnut, though the larger mirror-frames are of rosewood. The reading-room, first story, fronts on Madison Square. Its walls are decorated with

photographs and portraits of members mostly. The reception-parlor fronts on Twenty-sixth street, and is a *bijou* in its way. Portraits of Captain Marshall, Robert B. Minturn, and Jonathan Sturges, decorate the walls. The art gallery fronts on Twenty-sixth street; adjoining it is the billiard-room, having four fine tables; near by, opened into by grand doors, is the ten-pin alley. On the second floor, is fitted up an elegant *bijou* of a theatre, intended not only for the use of the club as a meeting-room, but to be let for lectures and dramatic readings. The carpeting throughout is of Wilton, Axminster, or Brussels; and, in connection with the rosewood and walnut of sofas and mirrors, a great deal of gilding has been employed. In fact, of the two, monograms and gilding are rather superabundant.

The private dining-rooms are on the second floor, and very elegantly fitted up. They seat one hundred persons, and it is superfluous to state, of course, that all glass-ware, porcelain, and the like, bear the monogram of the club, for nowhere is that self-conscious crypt omitted.

It is now three years since an active movement for the collection of an art gallery was begun. Previous to that date the art treasures of the association consisted of a few portraits, mostly of members and military celebrities, interlarded with those of a few celebrated civilians and statesmen. Large portraits of Lincoln, John Bright, Cobden, General Sheridan, General Sherman, General Strong, De Gasparin, and Laboulayé, were first procured. Since then, something of a gallery of engravings and photographs has been collected; but, until quite lately, no attempt has been made to lay the foundation of an art gallery such as the Century has.

Cropsey's view of the battlefield at Gettysburg is now in possession of the club. C. H. Henry is represented

by a couple of pieces, one of which commemorates the presentation of a stand of colors to the very first colored regiment sent forward to the seat of war from the East. It was painted to order for the club, and is microscopic in its fidelity to details: hence, in its actualism. A splendid portrait of General Thomas (in oil) has also been added to the collection. Winslow Homer's "In the Wilderness" is here, as also are some half dozen or more paintings of war scenes, often spoken of, but seldom seen.

Employés of the club are expected to appear in full dress on all occasions—with the exception of ushers, who are in uniform, and the superintendent, who is at liberty to dress in the manner of a private gentleman.

Though founded in 1863, the club was not incorporated until February 16th, 1865. The conditions of membership were, at the beginning, rather political than social. First and foremost stood unswerving loyalty to the government, and unwavering support of its efforts to suppress the rebellion; and members, collectively and individually, were pledged to resist, to the utmost, every attempt against the territorial integrity of the nation. These conditions express the primary purposes of the association as it was, and were then quite necessary conditions of unity and concert.

At a meeting, January 11th, 1866, another clause was added, which somewhat directed the efforts of the association to another and then quite popular crusade; and it became a part of its mission to resist corruption, to promote reform in national, state, and municipal affairs: in short, to elevate the idea of American citizenship in the particular sense of elevation preferred by its members, and most advantageous to them.

The organization of the club is exceedingly complicated:

a system of committees and sub-committees, wheel within wheel, yet working harmoniously enough, and admirably balanced in its distribution of powers, functions, privileges, and prerogatives. A president, twelve vice-presidents, a treasurer, a secretary, and three auditors constitute the head of an exceedingly complicated body. Then come the standing committees, of which there are five, to wit: the executive committee, committee on admissions, committee on publications, committee on arts and relics, and committee on library; to which list must be added an acting house committee, invested with ordinary functions of bodies of that kind. The executive committee is modeled after the pattern of that of the Union Club, that is, five of its fifteen members are elected annually—an innovation introduced in the year 1870, when, to make provision for the carrying of the system into effect, five members were elected for one year, five for two years, and five for three years. The committee, unlike that of the Union Club, is, however, subject to the prescription of limitations by the main body, except in the matter of expenditures, where it exercises a certain discretion; and no member is eligible for more than one successive term. Except during the months of June, July, August, September, and October, this body meets monthly for the transaction of current business.

The committee on admissions consists of seven members, to whom all names of candidates are referred, not to be acted upon, but to be reported upon. Candidates must be proposed by one member, seconded by another, and bulletined, before reference to the committee whose business it is to investigate as to qualifications or eligibility. At every monthly meeting of the club, it is the duty of this body to report upon the names of candidates submitted to its consideration, after which the members

vote by ballot upon names thus recommended, one ballot in ten excluding. An excluded candidate cannot be proposed again within one year from date of black-ball. The committee on publications consists of seven members; so, also, the library committee and the committee on arts and relics, whose names sufficiently indicate their respective functions. Neglect on the part of any member of one of these bodies to attend three consecutive meetings, is regarded as tender of resignation, and the committee may proceed to fill the vacancy, as if written resignation had been actually tendered.

The club has a regular monthly meeting for the transaction of business; but the annual meeting, which occurs on the second Thursday in January, constitutes the great evening of festivity and reunion. The rules of Cushing's Manual govern all debates and deliberations,—the regular order of business being, first, reading of minutes; second, election of members; third, reports of standing committees; fourth, reports of special committees; and fifth, general business. This order of business may be altered, however, by a majority vote, and is not, therefore, inflexible.

Duties of members vary little from the general specifications. Members cannot receive salaries for services rendered as officers, or in other functions; cannot fee servants, under penalty of reprimand; must not in spirit or act manifest any disloyalty to the government, which, being interpreted, means probably that any member who bolts anything understood to be Republican, is liable to expulsion. The number of resident members is limited to one thousand; the admission being now (and having been, since September 1st, 1866), one hundred dollars. The annual due is sixty dollars, payable within thirty days after the date of the annual meeting. If payment

is delayed until April 1st, the member so delaying forfeits his membership, and is, after the thirty days mentioned, bulletined as a defaulter.

This applies to resident members: non-resident members, officers of the army and navy, and clergymen are subject to half-admission fees and half-dues only. Members are expected to observe the rule of cash on delivery of wines, dinners, and the like, that is, the cashier is not permitted to open any formal accounts, and names of delinquents are regularly posted every Monday morning. Members thus posted must pay within one week or accept the liability to suspension. Games for money are not permitted; and ladies can only be admitted on Tuesdays and Fridays, from twelve M. to three P. M. After one o'clock at night admittance cannot be claimed by lodgers; and at twelve the restaurant, wine-room, billiard-room, and bowling-alley are closed for the night. A member may personally introduce a non-resident or guest, but for one day only; and persons introduced for a longer period, must receive tickets bearing the sesame names of the executive committee.

The art treasures of the club are worthy of more than passing mention. During the single year 1870, ten portraits and other paintings in oil, and twenty-four steel engravings (at a cost of \$3,000) were added to the collection. Eastman Johnson's splendid portrait of the late General George H. Thomas decorates the walls of the Madison Avenue palace. S. R. Gifford's "Seventh Regiment at Washington;" Julian Scott's "Rear Guard;" E. H. Henry's "City Point in 1865," and his "First New York Colored Regiment;" and Winslow Homer's "Fight in the Wilderness," constitute the leading historical canvases. The whole, with its value, may be mapped thus:—

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Portraits in oil..... | 17 |
| Landscapes and historical works in oil..... | 20 |
| Framed drawings..... | 4 |
| Statuettes, in bronze and plaster..... | 7 |
| Photographic portraits (framed)..... | 47 |
| Engravings (framed)..... | 25 |
| Total..... | <u>126</u> |
| Cost..... | \$18 958 00 |

As a rule, it is difficult to ascertain the current receipts and financial condition of clubs, for the very natural reason that they are generally in debt, and prefer that no public exposition of the fact should occur. The Union League, having no debt, is above scruple in this respect, and, by the kindness of the treasurer, the writer is enabled to exhibit its budget of receipts and expenses for an average current year:—

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Admission fees and dues..... | \$83,545 00 |
| Restaurant and other sources..... | 101,643 44 |
| Total..... | <u>\$185,198 44</u> |
| Disbursed..... | 184,600 36 |
| Excess of receipts over expenses..... | 598 08 |

The property of the club stands thus, in its financial aspect:—

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------|
| In ten-forty coupon bonds..... | \$25,000 00 |
| In five-twenty coupon bonds..... | 5,000 00 |
| In insurance scrip..... | 355 00 |
| In cash on hand..... | 839 00 |
| Total..... | <u>\$31,194 00</u> |

The amount expended for the restaurant and wine-room was \$78,081.43; receipts from same, \$80,872.27; leaving a profit too small to pay for service, and proving that club restaurants are only drags upon the resources of the associations supporting them.

Two of the most brilliant names on the honorary list—those of Admiral David G. Farragut and General George H. Thomas—were transferred to the mortuary in 1870; while from the general list have dropped William H. Brady, Frederick A. Coe, F. W. Corggill, W. W. Cornell, Moreau Delano, George Folsom, John H. Macy, Frank B. Russell, John H. Simpkins, Joseph A. Trowbridge, Hiram Walbridge, and James Kelly.

On the roll of dead, the most eminent literary name is that of Dr. Francis Lieber, late Professor of Constitutional History and Political Science in Columbia Law School,—who, having written a letter showing why Mr. Greeley ought not to be elected President of the United States, gave up the ghost on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 2d, 1872. Born in Berlin in the year 1800, Dr. Lieber entered the Prussian Army at fifteen, and, after taking part in the battles of Ligny and Waterloo, was wounded in the storming of Namur. Returning to Berlin, he became an active politician of the Young Germany type, and was finally arrested as a Liberal and imprisoned. Released, he pursued his studies at Jena, but the Government opposing his progress at every step, at the age of twenty-one he started on a crusade in behalf of Grecian liberty, traveling on foot through Switzerland to Marseilles. After many dangers and privations, he found his way to Italy, and became a member of the family of Niebuhr the historian, then Prussian Minister to Italy, where he spent the years 1822 and 1823, and collected the memoranda for his reminiscences of the great historian, really the only minute pen-and-ink portrait extant of one of the foremost historical critics of the century. His sojourn in Niebuhr's family was employed in the preparation of a journal of his adventures and experiences in Greece, issued at Liepsic. Promised

immunity from arrest, he returned to Germany, but was again dungeoned at Kopnick, where he wrote a volume of poems, afterwards published in Berlin, under the *nom de plume* of Franz Arnold. Again liberated, but subject to annoying espionage, he emigrated to England in 1825, and while in London supported himself for two years by contributions to various German periodicals. In 1827, advised to the step by Niebuhr, he came to the United States, and began his career as a lecturer on history and political science, finally settling in Boston, where he founded a swimming school on the system of Pfuhl, of Berlin, whose pupil he had once been; and edited the "Encyclopædia Americana," a sort of English version of the famous "Conversations-Lexikon" of Brockhaus, which ran through thirteen volumes, and was issued by a Philadelphia house between the years 1829 and 1833. In addition to this—his most voluminous work—he translated a work on the revolution of 1830, the Life of Kaspar Hauser, and De Beaumont and De Tocqueville on Penitentiary Systems in the United States, adding an introduction and copious notes. His plan of university instruction, drawn up at the instance of the trustees of Girard College, was his next work; his next, the famous "Letters to a Gentleman in Germany," in which the grand tour is made the vehicle of a great deal of philosophical dissertation. In 1835 he was appointed Professor of History and Political Economy in South Carolina College, Columbia, S. C.; in 1858, Professor of the same in Columbia College, New York. His published works cover nearly the whole field of political science, and treat a list of subjects rarely attempted by one man. An enumeration of them includes his "Manual of Political Ethics," Boston, 1838, adopted as a text-book at Harvard, and commended by Kent and Story; "Legal and Political

Hermeneutics, or Principles of Interpretation and Construction in Law and Politics"; "Laws of Property: Essays on Property and Labor," New York, 1842; "Civil Liberty and Self-Government," Philadelphia, 1853. Special departments of civil polity also largely occupied his attention, particularly that of penal legislation, on which he wrote his "Essays on subjects of Penal Law and the Penitentiary System," published by the Philadelphia Prison Discipline Society; "Abuse of the Penitentiary Power," published by the Legislature of New York; "Remarks on Mrs. Fry's Views of Solitary Confinement," published in England; "Letter on the Pardoning System," published by the Legislature of South Carolina. His best occasional papers are: "Letter on Anglican and Gallican Liberty," translated into German, and annotated by the distinguished jurist, Mittermaier, who also superintended a translation of "Civil Liberty;" a paper on the vocal sounds of Laura Bridgman, the blind deaf-mute, compared with the elements of phonetic language, published in the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge"; a series of political articles in *Putnam's Monthly* on "Napoleon and Utah," and numerous anniversary and other addresses. Among his valuable writings, since his connection with Columbia College, are his inaugural address, entitled "Individualism and Socialism or Communism," in which he maintains that these are the two elements on which human life hinges, and that the problem is to exclude neither, but to ascertain its true limits; and his discourse introductory to a course of lectures on the State, in the Columbia Law School, entitled "The Ancient and the Modern Instructor in Politics." He was appointed Arbitrator of the Mexican Claims, and held that position at the time of his death.

Dr. Lieber enjoyed the friendship of leaders of thought

like Kent, Story, Woolsey, and others, and must be estimated as an active, logical, and acute thinker, but not as a specially original one. Practical rather than speculative, though not the man to look into the grounds of things or to propound brilliant solutions of difficult problems, he was eminently safe as a professor. His mind was rather encyclopædic than assimilative; he was given to combination, not to origination. He masticated facts and swallowed them, but did not digest them,—in a word, lacked imagination, and the constructive and originative power depending upon that faculty. His intellect, unlike that of John Stuart Mill, was not one of those powerful agents that dissolve facts, and precipitate their dross, while preserving their essence; but was always ready with reasons for this and that, always endeavoring to effect a reconciliation between the Utopian and the actual, always building upon accepted though questionable foundations.

The honored name of Abraham Lincoln: though dead, yet not dead: for men like Lincoln never die, and are never buried: heads the honorary list. The remaining honorary members are U. S. Grant, President of the United States; General W. T. Sherman, United States Army; Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan, United States Army; Major-Generals Robert Anderson, A. E. Burnside, Winfield S. Hancock, Horatio E. Wright, Gouverneur K. Warren, and W. F. Smith; Admiral David G. Porter, Rear-Admiral Theodore Bailey, Commodore John Rodgers, and George T. Strong, Esq., of New York.

Other officers of the army and navy, not honorary members, but subject to half-rates only, are included in the coming list:—Major-General Robert Avery, United States Army; Captain Alexander S. Clark, Brevet Major-General George Hartsuff, Brevet Major-General R. Ingalls, Dr.

Edward Kershner, United States Army; Brigadier-General Kiddo, Captain C. D. Mehaffey, Colonel John Moore, Major-General B. S. Roberts, Brigadier-General W. H. Slidell, Colonel J. Steinberger, Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Van Vliet, and Lieutenant-Commander G. C. Wiltse.

The list of members, resident and non-resident, including a host of familiar names, amounts in statistical budget to—

| | |
|-----------------------|-------|
| Paying members | 1,390 |
| Resident members..... | 1,005 |
| Non residents | 385 |

This is the largest membership in the city; and, as might be inferred, the club-house is insufficient for its accommodation, and any material increase would produce serious inconvenience to *habitués*. Hence, the agitation has already begun, which must result either in a new club-house or in a rigid limitation of the privilege of membership. It is probable that the former event will ensue, and a building committee has already been appointed to consider the expediency of building and removal; although the lease of the present palatial club-house has still several years to run, and previous to its expiration, removal cannot be regarded as expedient, unless a splendid edifice is to be perverted from its original intent. Of names included in the list, many are too familiar to be passed without special note. The Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., the Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage, and the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the exponent of the new theology in this country, lead the clericals. The Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson is also a member. William M. Evarts, Judges Emott and Fithian, and a hundred or so of legal lights, more or less brilliant, represent the bar. William

Cullen Bryant stands the almost solitary exponent of belles lettres and poetry. The genial and brilliant Dana, of the *Sun*; Salem H. Wales, of the *Scientific American*; Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*; its lion, Mr. Greeley; and others, represent the now distinctive profession of journalism; and medical gentlemen are numbered by the hundred, from the eccentric, but learned and intellectual Argyle Watson to Dr. J. C. Peters, of Madison Avenue, or the less celebrated, but loyal struggler whose practice is scarcely sufficient to settle his carefully audited restaurant bills.

Of politicians it would be superfluous, almost invidious, to enter upon any partial enumeration, since most of the names in this department are of almost equal popular familiarity; and the reader may be left to select them by actual study of the catalogue. Parke Godwin represents political criticism; and the late H. T. Tuckerman, long known as a fine literary and art critic, and representative of the old *régime* in literature, was an honored *habitué*.

In the literary list, also, and at the head of it in many respects, must be included Major J. M. Bundy, editor of the *Evening Mail*, who, though scarcely turned thirty-five, has lifted himself by sheer force of mental power to the position of one of the great journalists of New York, and ranks with founders of journals like the late James Gordon Bennett, Henry J. Raymond, and the still living Horace Greeley. By descent Major Bundy is of Norman extraction, his pedigree being traceable to the Bondis of Bondi Forest, France, who were represented with William the Norman, at Hastings. His American ancestry dates from Plymouth Rock; but his father having emigrated West, young Bundy was educated at Beloit College for the profession of law, which he studied in the office of Senator Carpenter. His first literary hit was made as a

pamphleteer; his first New York position was that of literary, art, and musical critic on the *Evening Post*, where he acquitted himself in a manner felicitously illustrative of Mr. Greeley's dictum that, to climb the ladder of journalism, a man must be able to perform the work of three men creditably. There is a great deal of the keen critic in Major Bundy's face: hence, his first metropolitan hit in the finest criticism of "Lothair," in *Putnam's Monthly*, which that brilliant, but scrappy and unsatisfactory novel by Mr. Disraeli, called forth either in England or America—a criticism with which the only fault to be found was that the novel was not exactly worth the trouble of criticism, being really as inferior to the standard of the age as a work of fiction, as were the fireworks, Roman candles, and sky-rockets of Victor Hugo's "*L'Homme Qui Rit*" to the really volcanic eruptions of power displayed in "*Les Misérables*." In person, Major Bundy is a slender, Poe-ish looking gentleman of five feet six; of intensely cephalic organization, and genial manners. Dresses rather elegantly. Is generous, to a fault,—a fast friend; an able, but always honorable and courteous opponent.

If you just peer into the breakfast-room of a morning, you will be likely to get a glimpse of Whitelaw Reid,—a tall, handsome, genial gentleman of thirty-five, with a pair of wonderfully pleasant and dreamy eyes looking out, large-orbed and somewhat shrewd, from under one of the most intellectual foreheads to be found in journalism. Of Scottish ancestry, canny expresses his *personnel* as he sits quietly at his coffee, weaving webs of editorial, or wondering what is to be the next turn in the Presidential campaign, or cogitating, perhaps, some new device for "bulling" the *Tribune* stock in the market. Like Bundy, Mr. Reid hails from the West, but is a man of Eastern ideas with Western *audace*: else could he never

have planned that political web which captured the unwary fly of the Democracy, and laid it at the feet of its life-long enemy. A piece of Iago-work was that, demanding boldness, craft, and long-headed strategy, of which good, placid, idealistic Mr. Greeley would never have been equal to the execution, and which mark his lieutenant as a natural diplomat.

At the regular monthly meeting of February 11th, 1869, the art committee was at some pains, as previously noted, to prepare an exhibition, and thus an impulse was given to æsthetic upholstery, if the phrase be permissible, which brought its artist members into places of some prominence. Kensett contributed his "Lake George," and a couple of other canvases. Whittredge exhibited a study from Tennyson's brook; A. J. Wyand, his "Coming Storm," and "Emigrant Train"; Gifford, one of his pet bits of Green Mountain scenery; Heade, his "View Near Oyster Bay," and a study; E. C. Henry, his painting of the blistered old kirk in Fulton street; Cropsey, his "Autumn in the Mountains"; George Hall, a Spanish study; Bradford, a Labrador scene; George A. Baker, a couple of sweet pigmentary morsels; Hicks, his "Morning Walk"; Fagnani, a portrait of the venerable Samuel Finley Breese Morse, his "Moonrise in November," and the "Shores of the Mediterranean," (now the property of the club); Dana, his "Letter Dog"; Griswold, his "Purgatory Point"; Gay, a painting entitled "Newport"; Barron, a "Rising Moon"; and Ehninger, his "Spring," and the spirited drawing of "Sheridan's Ride." F. B. Carpenter is also on the list; though Mr. Calverly, who contributed the finest medallion of Lincoln ever executed, and is master of the manner of Palmer, is not a member. Neither is Winslow Homer, though one of his canvases is represented in the property of the club.

I had nearly forgotten that, like the Manhattan in the instance of Bateman and Cranston, the club has had its sensation. The body of the battle was trivial enough. In the height of the draft-riots, in 1863, a certain English doctor visited the club-house, and, by invitation, rode down Broadway with a certain drawing-room colonel—the lion of the ladies—and a certain American doctor, both members of the club. That is, the former claims that he was besought or beset to accept the four-wheeled hospitalities of these gentlemen; and, having been urgently besought, did thereto accede. The carpet colonel did the gentlemanly thing. Having been the proposer of the expedition, when he dropped out of the carriage he handed Doctor No. 2—so alleged Doctor No. 1—the amount of money needed to pay the hackman. Arriving at the Metropolitan Hotel on the return trip, Doctor No. 2—so runs the story, as related in the pamphlet—left the carriage, handing Doctor No. 1 only a portion of the money advanced by the carpet knight. Doctor No. 1 demanded the rest, and, having received it, was driven to the club-house; but was soon after electrified by the information that the doctor had denounced him as having made a petty profit out of the club.

In old days it would have been pistols and Hoboken for two. But the aggrieved gentleman appears to have preferred paper pellets to leaden ones as the safer of the two, if not the more effective in putting down an opponent. Having brought the matter to the notice of the club, that body refused to interfere, on the ground that the affair was not within its jurisdiction; whereupon he produced a very exhaustive pamphlet, explaining the duties of clubs, lampooning his opponent on the same page, and getting himself deservedly horsewhipped. Thus again, was brought to the surface another question of

club etiquette. Was it the duty of a club to stand sponsor for the conduct of its members? An affirmative answer was perhaps the only admissible one under the circumstances. One had been presented to the other as a member of the club, and his conduct must inevitably reflect credit or discredit on the club as a body.

In London, where the clubs gather the notables of social distinction, this question has long since been settled. If A, as a guest, is presented to B, as a member, and B, as a member, treats A in a manner unbecoming a gentleman, within or without the club-house, the club holds B responsible under the rules. Even the *bézique* clubs of St. Germain confess the propriety of doing so; and the question may be regarded as one long since settled—and settled as thoroughly as any proposition of Euclid. It is to be regretted, therefore, that, upon a point of etiquette, both the Union League and Manhattan should, in their turn, have set a false precedent, which, in justice to themselves, they will hereafter find it necessary to disavow. But to the list.

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Wade, Elias, Jr.; Wagner, F. C.; Waite, C. C.; Wakeman, Abram; Walbridge, Hiram; Walcott, Benjamiu S.; Walcott, Joseph C.; Wales, Salem H.; Walgrove, E. W.; Walker, Francis T.; Wall, Charles; Wallace, David S.; Waller, Frank; Walraven, Ira E.; Ward, Charles H.; Ward, George Cabot; Ward, John; Ward, J. Langdon; Ward, J. Q. A.; Ward, S. G.; Ward, Thomas W.; Ward, W. R. L.; Warner, A. R.; Warner, H. W.; Warner, Samuel A.; Warren, James S.; Washburn, John S.; Watrous, Charles; Watson, H. B.; Watson, John H.; Watson, W. Argyle; Weaver, P. G.; Webb William H.; Weeks, John A.; Weld, George M.; Weld, Francis M.; Welling, W. R.; Wells, James H.; Wells, N. W.; Wendell, Jacob; Wesley, E. B.; Westerfield, Joseph H.; Weston, R. W.; Weston, Theodore; Wetherell, F. E.; Wetmore, George C.; Weyman, Charles S.; Wheeler, D. W. C.; Wheeler, E. D.; Wheelock, William A.; Wheelwright, B. F.; White, Ezra; White, John H.; Whitehead, Charles E.; Whitewright, William, Jr.; Whitin, Henry; Whiting, F. H. N.; Whitman, George L.; Whittridge, W.; Wicks, George A.; Wickes, E. A.; Wilkes, George; Willard, E. K.; Williams, Charles P.; Willmarth, A. F.; Wilson, Moumouth B.; Winchester, Locke W.; Winslow, James; Winston, G. S.; Wolfe, John David; Wood, C. B.; Wood, Edward; Wood, Isaac F.; Wood, Oliver F.; Wood, W. Stanard; Woodruff, L. D.; Worcester, H.; Worth, Frank W.; Wyeth, Leonard J.

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERS.

Adams, Union; Alger, Charles C.; Allen, Julian; Almy, J. H.; Armstrong, M. Greenville; Arnoux, William H.; Atkinson, George P.; Avery, Robert; Andrews, E. R.

Bacon, Julius; Bagley, G. F.; Ballantine, Robert G.; Ballou, David; Bannister, W. A.; Barnes, John S.; Barney, Hiram; Barney, Newcomb C.; Barron John C.; Bates, James T.; Beebe, W. H. H.; Belcher, H. W.; Bend, George H.; Benedict, Charles; Bigelow, A. M.; Bigelow, John; Biggs, Charles; Blake, C. F.; Blake, F. D.; Blatchford, Samuel M.; Blood, Henry; Bogart, John; Bond, George; Coomer, L. B.; Bowen, Holder Borden; Bowerman, H. A.; Boyd, D. M.; Brown, A. H.; Brown, Edgar F.; Brown, Greenville R.; Brown, J. B.; Brown, J. Carter; Brown, James G.; Brown, J. M.;

Brown, Levi; Brown, P. H.; Brown, Vernou H.; Brown, W. H.; Brown, W. M.; Brownell, J. L.; Buckingham, J. A.; Bull, Isaac M.; Burlock, W. E.; Bushnell, C. S.; Butler, George B., Jr.; Butler; George A.; Butler, W. A.; Butterworth, J. F.

Cady, Howard C.; Camp, Hugh N.; Carter, J. E.; Case, R. L.; Chadwick, J. H.; Chandler, O. P.; Chapman, H. P.; Chappell, Frank H.; Child, Calvin G.; Church, Benjamin S.; Church, John B.; Clark, Freeman; Clark, Paris G.; Clark, Paris G., Jr.; Clarke, Alexander S.; Clarke, B. G.; Cobb, G. T.; Cook, Effingham; Coddington, Clifford; Coffing, George; Cogswell, William S.; Coit, Joshua; Collins, Sheldon; Colt, Roswell O.; Comstock, Nathaniel; Cornell, A. B.; Corse, John M.; Cornell, Thomas; Cowles, E. P.; Cragin, William B.; Crear, John; Cross, J. J. R.; Cromwell, Edward; Cropsey, J. F.; Crowley, Richard; Crozier, H. P.; Culyer, J. Y.; Cummings, Spiers.

Dale, T. Nelson, Jr.; Davenport, Charles F.; Davies, John W.; Davis, G. F.; Davis, John C. B.; Davis, Noah; Davis, R. T.; Day, A. F.; Delano, Warren; De Peyster, J. Watts; Dickson, Thomas; Diggles, J. H.; Dix, George W.; Downing, A. C.; Duer, C. A.; Dunham, James E.; Dunton, William C.; Durfee, B. M. C.; Dutcher, John B.; Dutcher, Silas B.

Eakin, William S.; Eames, F. F.; Eddy, Thomas F.; Ellis, George G.; Ellis, J. S.; Emmett, Thomas A.; Emmett, Richard S.; Emmett, William J.; Erwin, C. B.; Esterbrook, William P.

Farrington, H. P.; Fenton, Reuben E.; Field, Marshall; Fisher, Clark; Forbes, J. M.; Forsyth, R. A.; Frary, J. D.; Frieze, L. B.; Frost, Luther W.; Frothingham, Samuel; Fuller, H. W.

Gale, Alfred De F.; Gardiner, Thomas, Jr.; Gardner, J. H.; Gardner, J. H., Jr.; Gay, Joseph E.; Gest, Erasmus; Getty, R. P.; Getty, Samuel C.; Gibson, William A.; Goddard, C.; Gray, William, Jr.; Greeley, Horace; Greacen, John, Jr.; Green, Walter C.; Greendale, A. W.; Gregory, David H.; Gregory, D. S., Jr.; Griswold, Chester; Griswold, John A.; Griswold, J. N. A.; Guitean, J. M.

Haff, E. P.; Haight, Edward; Haines, W. A., Jr.; Hardy, A. H.; Harland, Edward; Hartsuff, G. L.; Haskell, L. S.; Hathway, John B.; Havens, R. S.; Hawley, Thomas R.; Hayes, I. I.; Heiser, H. A., Jr.; Hill, Charles E.; Hillhouse, Thomas; Hoffman, F. S.; Holbrooke, J. G.; Holdane, J. H.; Hollinshead, J. S.; Homans, J. S., Jr.; Homans, Sheppard; Hooper, R. W., Dr.; Hoppin, Hamilton; Howe, S. H.; Howell, T. D.; Howland, Francis; Howland Horace; Hoyt.

Oliver; Hubbard, W.; Hunt, E. F.; Hunt, H. W.; Husted, James W.; Hyatt, Stephen; Hyde, Henry S.

Ingalls, Rufus.

Jackson, F. W.; Jackson, F. Wolcott; Jackson, J. P., Jr.; Jay, J. C.; Jewell, Marshall; Johnson, Rowland; Jones, W. R. T.; Jordau, C. N.

Kendall, Josiah F.; Kendall, W. B.; Kershner, Edward; Kiddo, J. B.; Kimball, R. J.; King, John L.; Knight, Austin M.; Knight, H. G.; Knowles, L. J.

Landon, George J.; Lane, J. H.; Lang, W. B.; Lathrop, R. D.; Lathrop, William G.; Lawrence, Cyrus J.; Lawrence, De Witt C.; Lawrence, Justus; Lee, George F.; Lee, H. T.; Lippitt, Henry; Lockwood, Alfred; Lockwood, Fr. M.; Lockwood, W. B.; Loomis, Colonel J. S.; Lord, J. T.; Low, H. R.; Marshall, William E.; Mathewson, Parke; Maynard, George; Mayo, William S.; McCarthy, D.; McComb, H. S.; McMillan, Sol. D.; Mehaffey, C. D.; Mellick, A. D., Jr.; Merriam, Clinton; Metcalf, H. B.; Miles, Frederick; Miller, Henry; Milliken, S. M.; Mitchell, Charles H.; Mitchell, J. F. B.; Moody, Horace J.; Moore, E. D.; Moore, John; Morris, Gouverneur, Jr.; Morse, H. J.; Moulton, Francis D.; Mowry, J. D.; Mudge, E. R.; Murray, Nicholas.

Nichols, J. R.; Niles, Nathaniel; Norris, S. B.; Norvell, C. C.

Oakey, John; Osgood, James R.; Otis, G. K.

Palmer, A. W.; Parker, Charles; Parker, Charles E.; Parker, Cortlandt; Payson, Samuel R.; Pearce, S. H.; Phelps, Henry D.; Philp, Franklin; Pierce, B. W.; Plummer, John F.; Poor, Edward E.; Potter, Asa P.; Prince, L. B.; Puleston, J. H.; Pumpelly, J. C.; Putnam, Charles L.

Quintard, E. A.

Read, J. M., Jr.; Reed, J. H.; Rennie, Robert; Rice, A. G.; Richards, Edward C.; Richmond, Edward; Riggs, Elisha; Roberts, B. S.; Roberts, Lewis; Rockwell, C. H.; Rogers, Charles H.; Rowe, Charles T.; Russell, Charles W.; Rumrill, James B.

Sanford, E. S.; Sauzade, J. S.; Schieffelin, Sidney; Scranton, H. D.; Scribner, G. H.; Seaver, W. A.; Senger, W. A.; Seymour, Samuel E.; Shaw, A. D.; Shaw, Francis G.; Shepard, Charles A. B.; Shepard, W. A.; Sidel, W. H.; Silsby, John; Simpkins, N. S., Jr.; Smith, B. E.; Smith, J. Gaul; Smith, James D.; Smith, Walter M.; Smith, William S.; Smythe, J. Kennedy; Snyder, Louis; Southwick, J. C.; Stanton, George E.; Steinberger, Justus; Stevens, B. F.; Stinstny, L. J.; Stroug, Thomas W.; Sullivan, Nahum.

Tait, Arthur F.; Taylor, Alexander; Taylor, Hudson; Taylor, John; Terwilliger, James; Thompson, Albert; Thompson, J. Dixwell; Thompson, J. R.; Tiffany, Rev. C. C.; Titus, James H.; Towar, Thomas H.; Townsend, Peter; Torrey, Ellsworth; Tufts, Edwin O.; Turner, N. Dana.

Vail, D. Thomas; Valentine, L.; Van Vliet, Frederick; Vermilye, W. R.; Vose, John G.

Wadsworth, C. W.; Wagstaff, Alfred; Walker, George; Walter, Howard; Warren, Joseph; Waters, E. F.; Weld, Daniel; Wetmore, Theodore R.; Wheeler, George M.; Wheeler, Oscar C.; White, Horace; White, Samuel B.; Whitehouse, J. O.; Whiting, C. A.; Whitney, J. P.; Wilcox, D. C.; Wild, Alfred; Wiley, F.; Wilkins, G. M.; Williams, John S.; Williams, W. T.; Wills, R. A.; Willse, G. C.; Winslow, Norris; Wolcott, Charles M.; Woodford, Stewart L.; Wright, J. Butler; Wylie, John E.; Wyman, J. C.; Wyman, L. B.

Young, Henry; Yale, John B.

Zabriskie, Augustus; Zabriskie, A. O.; Zabriskie, Lansing.

Scanning this list, the reader finds, besides those noticed, a host of names eminent; from Nast, the inimitable, who bore the Grant-Greeley campaign on his shoulders, and justly ranks as the first American caricaturist, the broadest in style—another Doré in sarcasm—to Eastman Johnson and Kensett, artists, and John Q. A. Ward, the sculptor; from Samuel Sinclair, publisher of the *Tribune*, to Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, whose priestliness wit'y Henry Clapp once described as that of a man "waiting for a vacancy in the Trinity," and Rev. George Hepworth, late fledged evangelical; from Bryant, the last translator of Homer, to Sinclair Tousey, of the American News Company. Names, some of these, to conjure with!

The following named gentlemen fill the list of officers, and, as the club elects yearly, are enumerated simply to give a clear idea of the organization.

President—William J. Hoppin.

Vice-Presidents—William Cullen Bryant, George Gris-

wold, William A. Booth, William T. Blodgett, Thomas B. Van Buren, Theodore Roosevelt, Alexander T. Stewart, Charles P. Kirkland, Benjamin H. Hutton, Daniel F. Appleton, Otis D. Swan, Alexander Van Rensselaer.

Secretary—George H. B. Hill.

Treasurer—George Cabot Ward.

Executive Committee—Salem H. Wales, Henry F. Hitch, Richard Butler, Charles Denison, Adrian Iselin, Le Grand B. Cannon, Edward M. Townsend, Joseph H. Choate, Charles G. Judson, Henry L. Dyer, John H. Hall, Henry Clews, John F. Kensett, Lansing C. Moore, James C. Carter.

Committee on Admissions—N. Pendleton Hosack, Albon P. Man, Parker Handy, William H. Maxwell, Nathaniel P. Bailey, William H. Bridgman, Charles G. Landon.

Committee on Publications—Benjamin Collins, Sinclair Tousey, George B. Butler, Robert Bliss, Henry Whitin, T. M. Cheesman, Jeremiah Lothrop.

Library Committee—Rush C. Hawkins, David G. Francis, Henry D. Sedgwick, Joseph B. Varnum, John H. Platt, Charles McMillan, J. M. Bundy.

Committee on Art—George P. Putnam, Cyrus Butler, W. Whittredge, John Q. A. Ward, Samuel P. Avery, George A. Baker, Eastman Johnson.

Auditors—George C. Magoun, Benjamin S. Walcott, Frederick H. Cossitt.

The club employs over forty servants, and has an annual income from fees and dues of nearly ninety thousand dollars, part of which, with property on hand, constitutes the now rapidly increasing fund to be devoted to the erection of a new building.

VI.

MANHATTAN CLUB.

CLUB-HOUSE 96 FIFTH AVENUE.

THOUGH it did not assume corporate and permanent form until 1865, the initial steps in the formation of the Manhattan Club were taken in 1864. It had its origin in the hurly-burly of the Presidential canvass of the year last named, which resulted in the defeat of General George B. McClellan, and the re-election of Mr. Lincoln. The Hon. George H. Pendleton, candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the McClellan ticket, is a member of the association, as also are the magnates of the Democratic party, not excepting ex-President Andrew Johnson, as to whom, Mr. Johnson having once filled the vocation of a tailor, Washington wits have always had a habit of quoting the Ciceronian witticism. An oratorical tailor having electrified his audience with a very pointed address, Cicero, in almost the only *jeu d'esprit* attributed to him, complimented his opponent with a witty turn of the vernacular idiom, "*Rem acu tetigisti*," that is, the gentleman has pricked the subject with a needle—which is equivalent to the English idiom of hitting the nail on the head.

The canvass of 1864 had proved disastrous to the Democratic party; and its magnates conceived the idea of founding a club which should effect a combination of the social *prestige* incident to the Union Club and the Union League, with the political *prestige* of still dominant

Tammany—a combination not effected by any existing Democratic club. The first movers in its foundation were Douglass Taylor, then Secretary of the Tammany Society; Street Commissioner George W. McLean; S. L. M. Barlow, one of the proprietors of the *World*; Hon. A. Schell, now president of the club; Anthony L. Robertson, since deceased; Judge Hilton, afterwards a member of the Commission of Public Parks, and John T. Hoffman, since Governor of the State of New York, and once, in fond Tammany imagination, slated as the 1872 Democratic candidate for the Presidency. These gentlemen held their preliminary meetings at Delmonico's, corner of Fourteenth street and Fifth Avenue, which may, therefore, be accredited with the gestation of the soon powerful and active Manhattan Club inhabiting the palace No. 96, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth street. In fact, after the organization of the association had been perfected, its meetings continued to be held at Delmonico's, and the two Delmonicos, Lorenzo and Siro, still appear on the list of members. The intent was to counteract the powerful politico-social influence of the the Union League, so as to begin the next great wrestle under conditions more favorable to success.

John Van Buren, celebrated as the Democratic wit of his day, whose "whistling at a funeral" as a simile for badly-articulated jubilancy went the rounds of the papers, was the first president of the club, of which the present presiding officer was then vice-president, and Anthony L. Robertson, second vice-president: Manton Marble was secretary, and still continues to hold that office; while W. Butler Duncan held the office of treasurer, now occupied by Andrew H. Green, late Comptroller of the Central Park under the old *regime* of 1869, before the Central Park Commission was merged into the general

Board of Public Works, and afterwards Comptroller of the city of New York *ad interim*.

In the summer of 1865, the association was enabled to buy the premises at present occupied, for the sum of \$110,000, though the situation is now valued at a quarter of a million; and in October of that year, the writer finds the Manhattan in occupancy of its own local habitation, and, like the Travelers', a body corporate, according to the statute, having, in fact, been incorporated under the same general act.

At the beginning, as now, the domestic affairs of the association were managed by a house committee, consisting of Hiram Cranston, Andrew H. Green, and Douglass Taylor; though the unfortunate occurrence of the winter of 1867-8, which constituted the sensation of the day, should have ended in the limitation of that body. The sensation was brought about by Manager Bateman: familiar to the public as the father of Miss Bateman, the actress, and as her manager, as well as that of Parepa, pending her first tour in this country: who, regardless of the rules of the club, appears to have taken the liberty of introducing a friend to the club-house. As a member of the house committee, Mr. Cranston refused the attendants permission to serve, thus putting an affront upon both Mr. Bateman and his guest, which Bateman resented by personal assault upon the offending member of the house committee. Hence, the sensation, not only as a physical phenomenon, but as a topic, as the journalists say.

The matter occasioned a good deal of newspaper comment. "Evidently," remarked the *Herald*, rather wittily, taking up the cudgels for the offended dramatic celebrity, "evidently, to be slapped is what some faces are made for!" But the board of governors did not condescend to

accept the *Herald's* interpretation of the law in the case, and Mr. Bateman was summarily expelled, the board refusing to settle the matter by accepting his resignation. The *rencontre* was useful, however, in that it brought the question of etiquette under discussion. Perhaps, in point of courtesy, Mr. Cranston should have permitted the attendants to serve, thus omitting to humiliate an unoffending stranger, and, having notified Mr. Bateman that he infringed, should have reported him to the board. Courtesy would have suggested this method of dealing with the offence, and would have prevented not only a gratuitous insult to a stranger, but a scandalous *rencontre* at the rooms of the club. However, the magnates of the board seem to have regarded the matter in a different light, and expressed their opinion in the expulsion of the offender, thus supporting the managing commissioner in his theory of club etiquette. All the circumstances considered, the precedent, nevertheless, is not one to be copied with justice to all parties.

The annals of the association are replete with political gossip. It was in conclave held here, while the New York press was speculating as to the ultimate result of the Democratic National Convention at the new Tammany Hall, that Seymour and Blair were first nominated, and made their first remarks accepting the nomination. It has been here that most great national questions affecting the Democratic party have been settled; the Manhattan Club being the spider, so to speak, that spins the gossamer webs of policy, and manages the details of campaigns, itself silent within the mahogany doors of its splendid Fifth Avenue den. Here, too, have been incubated the great railroad wars of the last decade. Here Vanderbilt and Drew, both members, have met to play whist, while enacting in Wall street and the courts the

first great railway struggle, and playing the rôles of opposing generals in the great battle of tactics, which elevated their names to the honor of very aggravating wood-cuts in the illustrated papers. In some sort, the club has always been the headquarters of the Vanderbilt coterie, and it was from the club-rooms that the railroad king sent word to the judge who demanded his presence in court, that he was engaged for a game of whist and could not attend. In the battles that have supervened between the railroad king and the Titans, Gould and Fisk, the webs have here been woven, and here the details of critical campaigns have been mapped out; while Vanderbilt and Jay Gould—for the latter is a member also—have played whist according to Baldwin's rules, and tried their hands at écarté, before measuring tactics in battles between the Erie and Central interests. James Fisk, Jr., was not a member, and appears as the only railroad lord who has not made No. 96 a lounging place.

The club makes no attempt to conceal its purpose, and specifies that its objects shall be to advance Democratic principles, promote social intercourse among its members, and provide them with conveniences of a club-house. The number of resident members is limited to one thousand, of which over six hundred are already enrolled. That which in the Century is the board of trustees, in the Union the managing committee, and in the Travelers' the directory, is here designated as the board of governors, who hold office until relieved by tender of resignation or removed by decease. There are twenty-five governors, who control the affairs of the club, elect or expel members, take cognizance of all infractions of the rules, and fill vacancies in their own body. Nine constitute a quorum, and are necessary to the transaction of business. The board of governors annually elect from their own

number a president, a vice-president, a secretary, and a treasurer, which officers also constitute the house committee.

In addition to the powers usually vested in the managing body, that is, the making of by-laws, control of property, interpretation of the rules, and election of members, the board of governors can, by a two-thirds vote, assess the members of the club, individually, in a sum not exceeding fifty dollars for any calendar year; being thus invested with the power of raising thirty thousand dollars for any specific purpose deemed essential to the welfare of the association. The secretary has the custody of the constitution and by-laws, and of the corporate seal of the body, and conducts all its correspondence. The treasurer is invested only with the usual duties, and must account to the governors in all instances of outlay.

Admissions are very few. No one is admitted unless he be twenty-one years of age; and none but Democrats are eligible. The rule is to exclude all Republicans and neutrals, albeit the veteran Thurlow Weed, reputed a Republican, appears on the list of membership as the solitary neutral or Republican *habitué*. Every candidate must be proposed by two members, and his name and residence, with the names of those proposing him, must be bulletined for two weeks by the secretary, before the governors can act. Two black balls exclude; but a member of the board may, before the meeting adjourns, move a reconsideration of the vote of exclusion or admission, and members of the board are bound, under pain of removal, to strict secrecy. Any candidate having been balloted for and excluded, is ineligible only for the term of six months, and may be renominated at the end of that period.

Having been admitted, the member disburses an

admission fee of one hundred and fifty dollars, and an annual fee of fifty dollars on the first day of October. Members cannot neglect to pay dues over three months; and current indebtedness at the restaurant must be liquidated on demand. Members so neglecting are dropped from the roll, and cannot be reinstated except by vote of the governing board and the liquidation of all arrears. At the Union the superintendent is limited to a profit of twenty-five per cent. on all articles dispensed; but at the Manhattan the board of governors is invested with the duty of fixing the rate on all articles dispensed as *per carte*, and the superintendent cannot deviate in the matter of substantials or extras. The restaurant of the Manhattan is the most celebrated in the city—epicures prefer it to Delmonico's table—and, hence, the secret of its popularity as a resort of members; for no club-house in the city is so uniformly the resort of club-men as the Manhattan. Managers assert that, as a general rule, the restaurant is unprofitable, and, in fact, seriously embarrasses the finances of the club; and, to this general rule, if the testimony of *habitues* may be taken, the restaurant of the Manhattan forms no exception. Members are required to defray all expenses of their visit before leaving the club-house—that is, no accounts are kept; but the rule is not very strictly interpreted. However, a member cannot remain in arrears for more than a week under penalty of being bulletined, in case of which the steward (under penalty of summary dismissal) is forbidden to answer any order made by the posted member, who, if he neglects to pay after a posting of thirty days, is liable to expulsion.

The regular meeting of the club is held on the first Thursday in October, and constitutes its annual reunion; but the board of governors meets monthly for the trans-

action of current business, its meetings taking place at the club-house, at half-past nine, P. M., on the first Friday. The order of business is invariable and as specified :

1. Reading and approval of minutes.
2. Calling of the roll of the board.
3. Reports of treasurer, secretary, standing and select committees.
4. Motions and resolutions.
5. Balloting for members.
6. Any general business falling within the jurisdiction of the board.

Any member of the board who fails to put in an appearance within thirty minutes after the beginning of the session (half-past nine o'clock), is liable to a penalty of one dollar, and any member who shall afterward absent himself without leave pays one dollar to the treasurer; the fund thus created being subject to the order of the board. At these meetings no member can speak more than twice, and is limited to five minutes, and not more than once until all other members have spoken to the question in hand. The removal of employés is a part of the business of the monthly meeting, which, in its deliberations, is governed by the rules of the State Assembly at Albany; and any member of the board who neglects to attend for six consecutive evenings, is regarded as having tendered his resignation.

Introductions to the club-house are rigorously regulated. Members may introduce persons not members, residing within thirty miles of the City Hall, to the dining-rooms only, in accordance with the regulations of the board, that is, by entry on the visitors' bulletin; and persons not resident within thirty miles of the City Hall may be admitted to all parts of the club-house. At the request

of any member, however, the President of the United States, Members of the Cabinet, Governors of States and Territories, members of all learned societies, and diplomatic agents accredited to the Government of the United States, may be admitted to the club-house for the period of three months; but their admission must be passed upon by a vote of the board of governors. Members are not permitted to give gratuities to servants, nor can private dinners be ordered for parties of more than four.

The rules of the club-house are very strict, and administered with equal strictness. Though open at all hours, members cannot be admitted between the hours of two and seven in the morning—a rule copied from the regulations of the Union. The steward is not required to fill any orders after one o'clock at night, and lights in the card-room are not permitted after half-past two. All games, except whist (according to Baldwin's *Laws of Short Whist*), are prohibited, and stakes must not exceed five dollars. Smoking in the restaurant is strictly forbidden; and members must not sleep on lounges or sofas, except on the third floor. Liquors cannot be served in the reception room, and all damages to crockery or upholstery occasioned by any member, must be settled before leaving the house. Amounts are fixed by reference to the first cost of the article, or the estimated cost of repair, if the latter is practicable.

Quite apart from introduction is the matter of honorary admission to the privileges of the club-house, which can only be extended to strangers of distinction by vote of the board, and is, therefore, very seldom extended at all. Any member of the board may, however, extend the privileges of the house to a non-resident for a period of two weeks, but not to more than one at the same date, nor oftener than once in six months. However, the club has

occasionally entertained guests, and still occasionally entertains. President Johnson was its guest pending his swing around the circle; General McClellan pays frequent visits and partakes of its hospitalities; the Hon. George H. Pendleton is often its lion; and the venerable ex-President, now deceased, who represents the last Democratic incumbent, has been honored with dinner and *déjeuner*.

Saying nothing at present of the illustrious living, the association has a long list of illustrious dead. The late Robert B. Minturn was a member, and one of the board of governors; so was the late Gulian C. Verplanck, who was identified with the formation and success of the Century. Everybody remembers Peter Cagger, as the senior of the firm (in politics) always designated by the *Herald* as Cagger, Cassidy & Co., and the tragedy of his sudden death. Well, Cagger was a member, as Cassidy still is, though the affairs of the firm have been wound up. So was the great political spider, whose webs governed the Democracy of the State, the not long deceased Dean Richmond. Daniel Devlin, scarcely second to the latter as a Democratic manager, Washington Hunt, and Anthony L. Robertson, were also *habitués*; and the late James T. Brady, the brilliant and profound, has here cracked his best jokes and concocted his most famous pleas. John Van Buren, the "Wamba" of Democratic politics, ex-President Franklin Pierce, and ex-President James Buchanan, successor of the latter and the Bourbon of the same political *régime*, have here met and hobnobbed with the fizzing amber; and the son-in-law of the handsome Spaniard, ancient David Dunham, who first conceived the idea of ocean transit by steam—the writer alludes to the late Reuben Withers, to whom August Belmont was indebted for his first introduction to the old

régime—has here concocted financial webs for the next day's operations in Wall street. For the rest, its mortuary list consists of the names of J. H. Baldwin, Eustace Barrows, E. M. Bruce, Pierce Butler, Isaac F. Delaplaine, Charles Edwards, Samuel Gilman, C. S. Hecksher, Henry Heyward, M. Hilger, Somerville Holmes, John Kelly, Edward Kohley, H. J. Lyon, William McMurray, Washington Murray, Warren Newcombe, Josiah Randall, F. F. Randolph, L. R. Ryers, Isaac Scott, Thomas Sewall, W. H. Wall, A. H. Ward, and John Wilson—a long list, indeed, for a club so young as the Manhattan. Forget not to mention, also, the whilom dramatic lion, James W. Wallack.

Comparisons are invidious—odious. Still, it may well happen that some members are popularly familiar, while others are not. The world may be broadly separated into three classes—those who make no noise in it, because to make a noise in the world is vulgar; those who make as little noise as they can under the circumstances, and would not make any at all if they could help it; and those who, quack doctor fashion, make all the noise they can, noise being their stock in trade. Of the first class, the club numbers many; and of the second a considerable number, whose names are familiar in politics, law, and letters. Manton Marble and William Henry Hurlburt, both of the *World*, and the latter its San Domingo correspondent in 1870, with William C. Prime, represent journalism; although the Hon. James Brooks must be regarded as a journalist, as must the pale-faced but active Ben Wood, both of whom appear on the roll. August Belmont, S. L. M. Barlow, and Samuel J. Tilden, constitute a trio often mentioned together, and, in some respects, a sort of trinity in Democratic politics. With the assistance of Manton Marble, this trinity is popularly

supposed to edit the *World*. City Comptroller R. B. Conolly; J. J. Bradley, the owner of the *Leader*; Peter B. Sweeny, whom somebody aptly terms the spider of Tammany politics; A. Oakey Hall, lately Mayor of the city; William M. Tweed, who owns the only historical diamond in this country, and John T. Hoffman, represented until 1871 the Tammany wing of the Democratic party, though both wings did, until that time, act in concert. George Ticknor Curtis, the biographer of Daniel Webster, and Thurlow Weed, his own biographer (see the *Galaxy*), are the literary *habitués* of the club, which, in law, is represented by Judge Hilton, Samuel G. Courtney, Judge Barnard, Judge Russell, Judge Clerke, Judge Daly, Judge Curtis, Judge Ingraham, Judge Comstock, Judge Garvin, learned and eloquent O'Connor, brilliant and impulsive O'Gorman, and keen and thoughtful John E. Burrill. Lester Wallack and Joseph Jefferson are the dramatic members, and the gallant Slocum is the sole representative of military celebrity. Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour and ex-President Andrew Johnson appear on the roll. John J. Cisco, the banker, ex-Mayor C. Godfrey Gunther, ex-Comptroller Andrew H. Green, the popular Douglass Taylor, Wilson G. Hunt; the German orator, Oswald Ottendorfer; the three railway kings—Vanderbilt, Drew, and Jay Gould; the fiery Western Pendleton, and a dozen others, might be mentioned, only it is not worth the while to print the whole roll in advance.

Of all institutions of its kind in the city, the Manhattan Club is, with the possible exception of the new-fangled though popular Lotos, most frequented by its members, — a fact partly referable, no doubt, to the reputation of the restaurant. Stop in front of the palace, No. 96 Fifth Avenue, and note the current of *habitués* going and com-

ing, entering and departing, gossiping, hob-nobbing, and enacting the club *habitué* with all the heartiness of a member of the Royal Beefsteak. Or if you happen to be curious, as most atoms of humanity are, pull the bronze knob at the door, and ask for somebody—no matter who it may be, so long as it affords an opportunity to stay long enough to take a few random notes of celebrities.

Vanderbilt, Drew, and Jay Gould are what are termed regulars; and as three railroad kings, who have been put to the indignity of frequent wood-cuts in the illustrated weeklies, it is worth the trouble to give them a sitting. Fancy a gentleman of six feet in his stockings, and neither slender nor heavy, yet erect as an Apollo, and you have Vanderbilt, probably the most magnificent example of Americanism in manhood ever quoted as its physical representative. There is the unfailing fur-bordered overcoat, too, which, with its owner, has been subjected to the penalty of one of the worst bronzes ever perpetrated, just because Albert De Groot has an inclination to toadyism. One's first impression of Vanderbilt is that he is a man of steel; and there is a steely glint in his grayish-blue eyes that reinforces the impression. His face is Grecian in its cutting, and as cold, impassive, and fixed as a cameo—having no equal, in this respect, with the possible exception of that of Horace B. Claffin; and sternness, even to the climax of the imperative, marks every word and motion—crops out in the put-down of the foot, as well as in the set expression of the rather thin lips. Talks very little; walks with a firm, elastic gait, setting down his foot at every step as if he would say, "Stay there till I take you up again." Is addicted to whist, and handles the cards almost with the skill of a professional.

Daniel Drew has a great deal of the look and manner of a man of iron, or an ancient Indian sagamore, his Indian-like physiognomy serving to carry out the illusion to perfection. Painted to the mind's eye, the old sagamore is a man of five feet ten, rather angular, slightly stoop-shouldered, and giving the impression of a gentleman consisting of nerves and biliousness in about equal proportions—a single Titanic liver permeated with a nervous system. As might be suspected, his physiognomy is Roman, of the most Cæsarian description, with the eagle-like beak that made ancient Cæsar the *beau ideal* of an executive. The world produces few *personnels* of that sort in these days, when people have no salient angles, and are—morally, mentally, and physically—as round as pumpkins, and pretty nearly as deficient in individuality. In the Spartan age of New York they were many. Everybody was not an exact copy of everybody else, and people had dramatic point, piquancy, and flavor in their composition, as they have in the books of Mr. Dickens or in old comedies. Vanderbilt and Drew are relics of the Spartan age, and illustrate it fairly—the former in his grand, self-centred, semi-epic career, as a steamboat and railroad hero; the latter as one of the longest-headed and most imperturbable of speculators. A volcano might break out under the very heels of either of them, without shaking their equanimity to the extent of a jot. Mr. Drew has a walk of his own—a sort of striding gait as if he was going after something and did not intend to come back till he got it—which suggests nothing else so vividly as an Indian on the trail of game.

Observe that thin, quiet, critical gentleman, lounging passively on the sofa in the sitting-room. For anything in his dress and manner he might be taken for a Meth-

odist clergyman excogitating a sermon on doctrinal points or meditating a revival, or a member of the press concocting the details of a sensation. His forehead is abnormally high and of the speculative cast generally associated with philosophers and reformers; but as his dark hair is closely cropped, it is obvious that he is not a member of the clan. Besides, what should a reformer be doing at the Manhattan Club? Vanderbilt nods to him—so Drew—and neither of these gentlemen would be apt to nod to a reformer. So, who is he? To parody “Timothy Titcomb” :—

What are the links,
And the curious kinks,
Of the gossamer train,
The little man weaves in his comical brain?

Railroad webs of monopoly, of course. The little Methodist-looking gentleman is Jay Gould, so long the brain of that noisy body corporate known as Prince Erie, of which James Fisk, Jr., was merely the hand. There is a reminiscence of the spider in the man's composition. His very manner has an unpleasant suggestiveness of webs in which you may possibly get caught. Not a dangerous man, physically considered, you argue to yourself, but so secret—so like a spider in his den, concocting traps for some poor, innocent fly of Wall street, and mumbling as it disposes the clammy filules into a web as strong as steel,—

“The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show you when you're there.”

With that man to plan the campaign and Mr. Fisk to execute, you have solved the problem of Prince Erie. Gould needs a man like Fisk to attend to the rough work of campaigning—which he is too fastidious and

gentlemanly to soil his hands with. To take away Fisk was to rob the brain of its hands—nothing more. The brain is still what it was, but, wanting hands, powerless in battle. So Jay Gould and James Fisk made a man, together; but apart, one of them can simply concoct without executing, while the other would have fulfilled the conditions of his existence by working blindly, though energetically, and somewhat at random.

That dark, clerical-looking person, who has just lounged in, apparently in a fit of abstraction, is George Ticknor Curtis, the biographer of Daniel Webster, and a profound master of political and legal problems. Attenuated by no means expresses his exceeding thinness; and *retroussé* is no term for the vicious, saucy, inquisitive, audacious upward curve of his thin Belmont-ish nose. Man was never more quiet: man, dead and buried, and, therefore, as quiet as it is possible for humanity to become under the most advantageous circumstances, could not be more so. His voice, when he speaks, which is seldom, is thin and hacks a little, like that of a consumptive. About five-feet-seven, with the limbs of an Egyptian, his physique suggests a molecule of humanity run wholly to brains—a suggestion which is reinforced by the height and frontal expansion of one of the most intellectual foreheads frequenting the Manhattan; so that, somehow, you get the impression that it must be terribly hard work for that little body of his to tug it about. However, Mr. Curtis is an orator, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, and somewhat popular on the rostrum, though too logical and exact, as well as too hard and unsympathetic, to be effective with the masses. To hear him is like hearing a brain talk, not a man. Indeed, a sort of ganglion—a network of nerves he is, terminating in a head-centre, with no physique to speak of. Mr.

Curtis stoops a little, and walks with the carefulness and precision of a man walking on eggs, or having glass toes, and living in imminent dread of snapping some of them off. Dresses neatly, quietly, almost clerically. Is eminently a gentleman in his manners, though a trifle bookish. Suggests, in fact, a legal volume in waistcoat and pantaloons of the latest cut. Curtis naturally prefaces the banker, lover of good blood in horses, and rather elegant millionaire, August Belmont; for physically there is a sort of kinship between the two men, though Belmont is of full habit, and limps a little in consequence of an ancient encounter in the *duello*. The latter has a florid complexion, too, suggestive of Old Port and high living, but is not corpulent. Of late years Belmont wears English whiskers, and makes up in the manner of the English gentleman. Imagine a man of five feet eight—rather less than more—with a large head, a round physiognomy, just the merest trifle *joufflu*, a slight stoop of the shoulders, and in carriage rather ungraceful than graceful. Imagine this gentleman with black bushy hair, just sprinkled with gray and cropped short, a pair of keen black eyes peering out from under heavy eyebrows, a *retroussé* nose, and an English complexion. Imagine this bundle of descriptive points very carefully enclosed in a suit of yellowish gray, with one button of the coat fastened over the shirt-front, and you have a walking photograph of August Belmont, the senior of that Democratic trinity represented by Belmont, Barlow, and Tilden, of which Manton Marble is informally the secretary, and the *World* the political organ. Physically, the resemblance between Belmont and Curtis is curious, the latter being a sort of attenuated edition of the former. There is the same head, the same body, reinforced with good living in the one, in the other suggestive of deficiency in protoplasm; the same walk,

though heavier in the instance of the heavier gentleman of the two; the same physiognomy in all respects, though Belmont's face is full and that of Curtis very attenuated; and, withal, there is something dogmatic in the manner of both. The hacking voice of Curtis is, again, what Belmont's would be with a similar lack of vitality; and it is a wonder that nobody has suggested the latter as the *doppel ganger* of his better-developed *confrère* at the Manhattan. Belmont affects the English aristocrat, and, having married the daughter of Commodore Perry, moves in the old Knickerbocker circle.

Manton Marble drops in very seldom—is, in fact, a sort of journalistic recluse and valetudinarian, dining occasionally with his political friends, but seldom appearing in public. There is a Fifth Avenue palace, near Fortieth street, where you may find him during business hours. You knock, and the door is partly opened by a *duenna*-like old woman, who asks you what you want, with a manner that says very distinctly that you can't get it by any connivance of hers. Here Mr. Marble, like a modern sort of Atlas, carries the daily *World* on his shoulders, finding it, perhaps, a greater burden than his Greek grandfather did. You can send in your card, if you like, but you will scarcely be accorded an interview unless armed with special letters of introduction, in which contingency you may possibly get admittance to the lion's den. In manners, Mr. Marble is the quintessence of quietude; in breeding and social ideas, affects the old *régime*, numbering his society friends mostly from the old Knickerbocker stock.

Take a more accessible subject for a crayon—the jovial, clever Douglass Taylor for example, to whom, with a few select spirits, the club is indebted for having existed at all, and who is one of its most inveterate frequenters.

Of full habit, Mr. Taylor suggests the gentleman of *bon-homie* in combination with the keen, practical sagacity of the clever political manager. A full, round, baritone voice issues from the massive physique, with an off-hand sort of—"How are you, sir?" A pair of grayish-blue eyes at the same instant appear to wonder what you want, and to be reading you like a book. Here is the Roman physiognomy again, with plenty of executive ability, tempered with good humor, and one of the largest hearts in the whole circle of politics. Mr. Taylor is a man of forty-five or thereabout, and has the air of being on excellent terms with Douglass Taylor and the rest of the world. Has brown hair, cropped closely; is rather swart of complexion than rubicund, having, in fact, a Creole skin, and moves with the manner of a man accustomed to mastery of the situation. In manners, is easy, natural, and graceful. In address, eminently frank.

That tall, slender gentleman, with grayish hair, and eyes that laugh in spite of the serenity of his face, is Andrew H. Green, formerly Comptroller of the Central Park, in the office of which was won his splendid reputation for executive ability. Quick, nervous, impetuous, and almost abrupt as is his address, his motion is as graceful as that of James Gordon Bennett, Jr., a paragon in that respect; and, withal, there is a similarity between the two men in more respects than one. Mr. Green is not an inveterate *habitué*, and, like Marble, only drops in occasionally when something extraordinary is on the carpet. There is nothing suggestive of the politician about him, except in the shrewdness that lurks in the corners of his eyes, and the iron set of an exceedingly firm mouth, that warns you that the owner can be both bitter and implacable, and can bide his time for both. It is a face rather light than heavy that surmounts the aris-

tocratically-sloping shoulders, and one that in youth must have been delicately handsome. But the nose indicates the man; and here you have a nasal appendix of the exact pattern of that which rendered Lord Brougham's face so individual. It is a nose as executive, and more dogmatic than the Cæsarian, not *retroussé*, but with just an inclination to be so. Prof. Huxley carries a similar proboscis, and exhibits in his writings all the traits that accord with it; and one may imagine that Carlyle's demi-god and hero, old Fritz, had it, too—for his career was in unison with a nose of exactly that sort. In fact, it always frequents the physiognomies of people remarkable for audacity, and for a disposition to make *coups d'état*, both of which have been more than once illustrated in the public services of Mr. Green. For the rest, the late comptroller dresses neatly, even elegantly, emulating Mayor Hall in the faultlessness of his *ensemble*, and is eminently courteous in his manners, though apt to be a little brusque, which is, no doubt, occasioned by the possession of that same Brougham nose; converses easily and fluently, and is an excellent essayist, as witness his frequent appendices to the Central Park reports.

If you happen to be attracted by the swinging gait of a gentleman in black, whose clothes appear to have been put on him without particular regard to fit, and who suggests a clergyman puffing a cigar, or a Mephistopheles doing the same, you may set him down for Hon. Benjamin Wood, in club parlance dubbed Cadaverous Ben; and if this same gentleman happens to wear his "Knox" at an angle of one hundred and twenty with the spinal column, then you may be positive that you have had a glimpse of the great anti-war editor and politician, whose name in 1864 was synonymous with copperhead. Pallid, ghastly pallid, pallid as that of a man who, by accident,

has eluded burial—this is one's first impression of the Democratic ex-leader, to whose opposition may be traced the defeat of McClellan in the State of New York. But bolder and more individual physiognomy never topped shoulders everlastingly covered with clerical black. The man moves as if propelled by steam, or a galvanic battery, cunningly inserted somewhere inside of him, and sending simultaneous waves to every muscle in his angular body. Momentarily, one expects to see him shake his hat off, or loosen some part of his physique and drop it as he walks, swinging his long bony arms with a get-out-of-the-way sort of gesticulation that suggests the propriety of yielding their owner the whole walk if necessary. His physiognomy is original, not to say aboriginal. In fact, not so swarthy in complexion, it is as Indian-like as that of Drew, and rather more so. There is the same tendency to what engineers term triangulation, running through the whole *ensemble*, and regulating it at all points. Somebody has said that a man's nose is a commentary on the whole of him taken together. Granted this apothegm, and one may solve the riddle of Mr. Wood's career as a journalist and politician. A cross between the Cæsarian and the Brougham proboscis, the owner has something of the audacity and dash of the latter, with something of the cautiousness and impassive firmness of the former. From the latter he gets his fondness for taking risks; from the former his imperturbability in playing, which renders him a rather doughty antagonist, either at the table or in the game of politics. In manners and conversation, a strange commingling of abruptness and impassiveness; in physical make-up, suggesting nothing else so vividly as a cadaver, walking, talking, and gesticulating by means of a galvanic battery inside of it; a bloodless creation, without

an atom of living, sympathetic humanity in its whole composition, such seems Ben Wood.

A. Oakey Hall, known in club circles as elegant Oakey, is a personage of another sort. There is a *souffron* of the traditional Brother Jonathan in his *personnel*. In a Lord, he looks the Yankee having passed through what the Germans call the process of *elegantirung*, for which English has no word and American no coinage. Dressing elegantly—rather stylishly, in fact—graceful in mision, with a stylish physique, he is the very *beau ideal* of a club-man, and, to employ an adjective common in London, has an eminently clubbable disposition. An orator of some merit, if Mr. Hall has one besetting sin, it is the endless repetition of *ex un disce omnes* and other Latin phrases, in which respect his only rival is the pedantic John A. Dix.

For the rest, it is not often one meets the stern, fate-like face of Hoffman, or the broad, good-humored and foxy, yet powerful phiz and physique of William M. Tweed, at the Manhattan. Members they are; but Hoffman is not clubbable, and Tweed, who has waxed surly of late, frequents the Blossom in the Winter, camping out with the Americuses during the Summer season.

The membership is a trifle over six hundred; the income from annuals over thirty thousand dollars a year.

The servants at the club-house, ushers, and the like, wear livery, in the blue dress suit with gilded buttons; but the superintendent is exempt from the uniform. Forty servants are employed. The reading-room is bountifully supplied with leading political publications current, and the library with plentiful tomes of reference. The rooms are hung with engravings, and portraits of deceased members are procured when procurable. For the rest, political celebrities, by the dozen or

hundred, look down from the walls on the weaving of political webs by their successors in business; and, on any evening of the week, one may here meet any number of famous political spiders.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Abbott, Josiah G.; Adams, D. W.; Adams, William H.; Agnew, John T.; Alker, Henry; Allen, Daniel B.; Allen, Franklin; Allen, Henry W.; Allen, William B.; Allen, William F.; Alstyne, John; Anderson, John; Andrews, Constant A.; Arkenburgh, Robert H.; Armstrong, C. W.; Arnot, Stephen T.; Ashley, L. Seymour; Atkinson, Richard; Austin, William; Averell, William J.; Averell, H. W.

Babcock, D. M.; Baby, Francis R.; Baker, Frank; Baldwin, C. C.; Banks, Edward M.; Baneroff, E. W.; Banker, James H.; Bangs, N. D.; Barbour, Alexander D.; Barney, D. N.; Barnard, George G.; Bartlett, J. J.; Barbour, John M.; Barlow, S. L. M.; Barger, Samuel F.; Barbour, Thomas; Barnum, William H.; Barrett, William C.; Baxter, A. J.; Baxter, H. H.; Bayard, James A.; Becker, Henry; Bell, Seneca M.; Belmont, August; Benrimo, Barrow; Bernheimer, Isaac; Berret, James G.; Biederman, E. H.; Bishop, E. F.; Bissell, George H.; Bissenger, Philip; Bishop, William D.; Black, William H.; Bliss, William R.; Boardman, Samuel; Boese, Thomas; Bond, Thomas H.; Boomer, L. B.; Bostwick, H. A.; Boyle, Edward; Boyle, John P.; Bradford, S. Dexter; Brady, John R.; Bradley, John J.; Brandon, Edward; Brengier, M. D.; Brongham, John; Brooks, James; Bryan, John; Bryce, T. Tileston; Bryce, James; Buckley, Thomas C. T.; Bullock, James B.; Burnham, Gordon W.; Burrill, John E.; Bush, M. P.; Butler, William A.; Butts, Isaac.

Caldwell, W. Shakespeare; Cameron, Roderick W.; Cammack, Addison; Carnochan, John M.; Carr, Lewis; Carver, B. F.; Cassidy, William; Case, Rufus D.; Casserley, Bernard; Chamberlain, D. Drew; Chamberlain, I.; Chandler, Henry R.; Charlick, Oliver; Church, Gaylord; Church, Walter S.; Cisco, John J.; Clapp, N. D.; Clark, Horace F.; Clark, George C.; Clason, Augustus W.; Clements, Nelson; Clerke, Thomas W.; Clerke, William B.; Clinton, Henry L.; Cobb, Daniel; Cockroft, Jacob H. V.; Coggeshall, H. G.; Coit, E. W.; Coleman, William T.; Colvill, Alfred; Comstock, George F.; Connolly, Charles M.; Connolly, Richard B.; Cooper,

Edward; Cooper, Henry W.; Cooper, Joseph M.; Cooper, William B., Jr.; Corlies, Edward L.; Corlies, Joseph W.; Corning, Edward W.; Corning, Erastus, Jr.; Cotterill, J. P. C.; Courtney, Samuel G.; Couves, G. W.; Cox, John W.; Cox, Samuel S.; Craig, James B.; Cranston, Hiram; Crawford, David; Creamer, Thomas J.; Cummings, C. P.; Curtis, George Ticknor; Curtis, George M.; Curtis, William E.; Cutting Robert L., Jr.; Cuyler, Richard M.

Dailey, William J. F.; Daly, Charles P.; Darling, Alfred B.; Davies, Henry E., Jr.; Davies, John M.; Davis, John G.; Davis, J. Whyte; Davis, Samuel M.; Day, Henry; Day, Thomas D.; Deas, Zachariah C.; De Bary, Frederick; Decker, N. H.; De Forest, William J.; Delmonico, Lorenzo; Delmonico, Siro; De Visser, Simon; Devlin, Jeremiah, De Wolf, Delos; Donnelly, Edward C.; Doolittle, J. R. Jr.; Drew, Daniel; Duncan, Henry P.; Duncan, Samuel P.; Duncan, Stephen, Jr.; Duncan, W. Butler; Durand, Harvey; Durant, Thomas C.; Durfee, Philo; Duryee, Abram; Dzondi, Euzene.

Earnshaw, John W. S.; Earle, James; Edgerton, Lycurgus; Eldridge, Titus B.; Elsherg, Louis; Ely, Smith, Jr.; Eudicott, George M.; Evans, Thomas Coke.

Fachiri, P. A.; Fachiri, Theodore; Fairchild, Sidney T.; Fancher, Smith; Fargo, William G.; Fellows, Richard C.; Fellows James W.; Ferguson, Yates; Ferry, Theodore S.; Field, Edward G.; Fielding, M. B.; Fillmore, Millard; Fischer, Frederick; Fisher, Thomas R.; Fisher, James K.; Fizinna, T., Flint, Thompson J. S.; Florence, William; Flournoy, Lafayette M.; Forrest, George J.; Foster, Henry A.; Foster, William; Fox, John; Freeman, David V.; Free-
mau, Henry O.; Fuller, George W.

Gallatin, James; Galway, William T.; Gardner, Henry J.; Gardner, James, Gardner, John R.; Garland, John R.; Garner, James G.; Garrison, Cornelius K.; Garrison, William R.; Garr, George; Garvin, Samuel B.; Gemmell, Thomas; George, John W.; Gibson, David; Gilbert Clinton; Gimbernat, Jules R.; Glover, Robert O.; Goepf, Max.; Goodridge, Frederick; Goodyear, George G.; Gordon, William J.; Gould, Jay; Graeffe, D. H.; Graham, W. Irving; Grant, D. B.; Grant, W. L.; Green, Andrew H.; Green, Norvin; Greene, Martin E.; Greene, John W.; Greenfield, Thompson; Greer, George B.; Grinnell, Henry; Gunther, C. Godfrey; Gunther, Frs. Frederick; Gurnee, Walter S.; Gurteen, S. Humphreys.

Haight, Edward; Haldaman, R. J.; Hallet, Robert W.; Hall,

Charles B.; Hall, George C.; Hall, O. E.; Hall, A. Oakey; Halsey, George A.; Hamilton, William H.; Hammond, William A.; Handy, Truman P.; Harbeck, William H.; Hard, Samuel B.; Harney, Charles H.; Harned, Samuel W.; Harris, Townsend; Hart, Benjamin; Hart, Emanuel B.; Hardenburgh, John A.; Harvier, Calixte, Harvey, A. H.; Hatch, Rufus; Hayden, J., Jr., Henne, William D.; Henry, Henry S.; Herbert, George F.; Herrick, Edwin; Hewitt, Abram S.; Hildreth, David M.; Hiltou, Henry; Hoffman, John T.; Holberg, Ernest W.; Howell, D. C.; Howes, Reuben W.; Hoy, James; Hoy, Joseph; Hoy, Robert T.; Hoy, William E.; Hughes, David M.; Hull, Joseph J.; Hunt, Wilson G.; Hunter, John; Hurlburt, William H.; Hutchings, Robert C.; Hyman, Robert W.; Ingraham, Daniel P.

Jackson, Eugene J.; Jackson, George R.; James, Frederick P.; Jarvis, Algernon S.; Jarvis, Nathaniel, Jr.; Jarvis, R. W. H.; Jefferson, Joseph; Johnson, Andrew; Johnson, H. A.; Jones, Charles C., Jr.; Jones, David; Jones, Samuel; Justh, Emil.

Kaufman, Samuel; Kelly, Eugene; Kelly, William; Kendall, Daniel R.; Kerner, Charles H.; Kernochan, James P.; Kidd, George M.; Kidd, James; Kilbreth, James T.; Kingsland, A. C.; King, David James; King, R. W.; Kirtland, F. S.; Knap, Charles; Knowlton, George W.; Knowlson, James S.; Kohn, Adolph; Kuchler, George J.

Lafitte, John B.; Laing, Alvah E.; Lamontagne, Edward; Lamont, Charles A.; Lambard, Charles A.; Lane, Frederick A.; Lane, William G.; Lathrop, F. S.; Lathrop, George A.; Lathers, Richard, Law, George; Laws, S. S.; Lawrence, A. R., Jr.; Lawrence, William E.; Lawrence, Wm. Beach; Lee, William P.; Leonard, William H.; Leverich, Charles P.; Levin, Martin H.; Lewis, Samuel A.; Loew, Charles E.; Loring, W. W.; Lovegrove, Arthur; Ludlow, William H.; Ludington, James.

Macdonough, A. R.; Macy, Charles A., Jr.; Mackie, Robert; Macawley, John L.; Magee, Duncan S.; Magee, George J.; Manley, Reuben; Marckley, A. W.; Marston, W. H.; Martin, M. E.; Martin, Mathias, L. B.; Martineuz, Juan; Marbte, Manton; Marsh, John A.; Marshall, John R.; Marshall, Jesse A.; Marshall, Samuel S.; Matthews, James; McCormick, Cyrus H.; McCredy, Dennis A.; McClelland, John; McGinnis, John, Jr.; McKeon, John; McKinley, Andrew, McLean, George W.; McLean, James M.; McLane, Louis; McLane, Robert M.; McMahon, Martin T.; Meade, Edwin R.;

Meliss, David M.; Merrill, Ayres P., Jr.; Mills, Joseph G.; Miller, Edmund H.; Miller, Morris S.; Minturn, Robert B.; Mitchell, Alexander; Mitchell, James L.; Mitchell, Moses; Moller, William; Moncrief, James; Monell, Claudius L.; Monheimer; A.; Monson, Marceca, Jr.; Montague, D. P.; Morgan, David P.; Morgan, Edward T.; Morris, John A.; Morris, Francis; Morris, Stephen; Morton, Thomas; Moss, Theodore; Mott, Jordan L.; Mott, James; Mowry, Sylvester; Mullany, John B.; Murphy, D. P.; Musgrave, Thomas C.; Myers, Julien L.

Nathan, Frederick; Nevin, Robert Johnston; Newmark, M. J.; Newton, Benjamin; Nichols, LeRoy; Nixon, James O.; Nugent, John.

Oakman, John; O'Connor, Charles; O'Donohue, Joseph J.; Oelrichs, Henry; Ogden, William B.; O'Gorman, Richard; Oliver, William W. G.; O'Sullivan, J. P.; Osborne, Charles J.; Ottendorfer, Oswald; Owens, Robert L.

Page, J. Augustus; Palmer, Henry D.; Pancoast, Richard; Park, Joseph, Jr.; Parks, William M.; Parker, Joel; Past, Edwin; Patchin, F. D.; Patterson, James A.; Pecham, Wheeler H.; Pendleton, George H.; Perier, Alphonse; Pettes, William R.; Phillips, Henry M.; Pierrepont, Edwards; Pierce, Franklin; Pitzipio, George D.; Platt, Frank; Pond, Loyal S.; Pouvert, Elias; Porter, H. H.; Porter, Mortimer; Post, Edwin; Potter, Orlando B.; Pride, George G.; Prime, William C.; Provost, Alexander; Purser, George H.; Purdy, John F.

Quintard, George W.

Rader, Louis B.; Rader, Max; Ramsay, Charles G.; Randall, Robert E.; Rapallo, Charles A.; Raphael, B. I.; Raymond, C. Monson; Reynolds, John; Redmond, William; Reid, William J.; Renshaw, James M.; Replier, J. George; Rhodes, Frank; Richmond, Henry A.; Riggs, Laurason; Riston, John A.; Ritch, John W.; Roberts, John J.; Robinson, James P.; Rodewald, Henry; Roelofson, William F.; Rogers, John L., Jr.; Rogers, Jacob S.; Rogers, Michael W.; Roome, Charles; Root, Russell C.; Roess, Elmore P.; Roy, James; Russel, Abram D.

Sanford, Henry; Sanford, Milton H.; Sargeant, Winthrop; Schepeler, John D.; Schanck, Daniel S.; Schack, O. W. C.; Schell, Augustus; Schell, Edward; Schell, Richard; Schell, Robert; Schrader, Theodore L.; Scott, John H.; Scott, William L.; Searles, James L.; Seaver, William A.; Selover, A. A.; Sewell, Arthur L.

Seymour, Horatio; Sherman, William Watts; Simonson, George M.; Simpson, M. M.; Simpson, Thomas M.; Slimmon, Robert; Sloane, C. S.; Slocum, William H.; Smith, Angus; Smith, Benjamin G., Jr.; Smith, Hugh; Smith, Henry N.; Smith, James; Smith, Murray F.; Smith, Nelson; Smith, Perry C.; Smith, Samuel B.; Smith, William Gordon; Solomon, Ezekiel; Spaulding, Morrell B.; Speir, Gilbert M.; Spence, James C.; Spencer, James C.; Speyer, George M.; Sprague, Corlind A.; Squire, Alfred L.; Squire, Frank; Stager, Anson; Stark, Benjamin; Stebbins, Henry G.; Steinberger, Albert; Stern, Simon; Stevens, F. S.; Stevenson, J. W.; Stevenson, F. S.; Stewart, Alexander T.; Stimson, H. C.; St. John, Daniel B.; Stokes, Henry; Stokes, James; Stockton, John P.; Stoughton, E. W.; Strong, William L.; Stryker, John; Stuart, William; Sturtevant, Dwight; Sumner, A. A.; Sutton, William M.; Sutherland, John McC.; Sweaney, Peter B.; Sybrandt, J. D.

Tag, Charles F.; Tasker, Thomas T., Jr.; Taylor, Douglass; Taylor, Richard; Taylor, William H.; Tiffany, George; Tiffany, Henry; Tilford, Richard C.; Tilden, Henry A.; Tilden, Samuel J.; Thayer, James S.; Thiermann, Henry; Thorburn, C. E.; Thomas, John; Thompson, J. P. C.; Throckmorton, A.; Throop, M. H.; Tobin, John M.; Todd, Charles; Toel, William; Towle, Hamilton E.; Townsend, Dwight; Townsend, E. L.; Tracy, Albert H.; Tracy, F. W.; Tracy, John; Tracy, John, Jr.; Tracy, John F.; Travers, William R.; Tucker, Gideon J.; Turnbull, William; Turnure, Laurence; Tweed, William M.

Van Antwerp, J. H.; Van Benthuyssen, F.; Van Brunt, Charles H.; Van Buren, John D.; Vanderbilt, Cornelius; Vanderbilt, William H.; Vanderpoel, A. J.; Vanschaick, Jenkins; Verhuvén, Henry F.; Verplanck, Gulian C.; Vickers, John M.; Volckmann, Henry; Voorhies, B. F.; Voorhees, Jacob; Vulta, Frederick L.

Wade, James H.; Wallace, F. B.; Wallack, J. Lester; Wallack, James W.; Walsh, Charles; Ward, Elijah; Ward, John E.; Ward, Samuel; Waterbury, N. J.; Watson, John; Watson, William; Webster, Sidney; Weed, Smith M.; Weed, Thurlow; Weilly, G. W.; Wezman, James F.; Wesley, Edward B.; Westray, Fletcher; Wheatley, William; Wheeler, Nathaniel; White, Frederick; Wilcox, E. A.; Williams, A. Denison; Williams, William S.; Williams, William; Williamson, D. B.; Wilson, Edward J.; Wilmerding, George G.; Wilmerding, Theodore F.; Wolfe, Joel; Wolfe, Udolpho; Wood, Benjamin; Wood, Wilmer S.; Woodville, William; Wood-

ward, James F.; Woodward, R. T.; Woodward, William, Jr.; Woodruff, B. L.; Wook, Frank; Wook, John C.; Wooley, C. W.; Worthington, W. N.; Wight, Isaac M.; Wright, William W.

The club is officered thus:—President, Augustus Schell; Vice-President, Samuel L. M. Barlow; Treasurer, Andrew H. Green (*vice* William Butler Duncan); Secretary, Manton Marble. Board of Governors, William F. Allen, S. L. M. Barlow, August Belmont, John R. Brady, Horace F. Clark, Edward Cooper, A. Oakey Hall (*vice* Edward L. Corlies), Hiram Cranston, George Ticknor Curtis, William Butler Duncan, Andrew H. Green, William Henry Hurlurt, John T. Hoffman, Manton Marble, Bernard Casserly (*vice* Marcena Monson, Jr.), Smith Ely, Jr. (*vice* Robert B. Minturn, deceased), George W. McLean, Charles O'Connor, William C. Prime, Augustus Schell, Horatio Seymour, Douglass Taylor, Samuel J. Tilden, and John T. Agnew (*vice* Gulian C. Verplanck, deceased).

Members of the board of governors, as previously hinted, hold office until decease or resignation, but elect officers annually—a system which differentiates the Manhattan from the general method of clubs, and renders it, to that extent, a unique example of the social communism it represents in common with others. In a word, the organization is ruled with an eye, on the part of its magnates, to a sort of democratic absolutism.

VII.

AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB.

CLUB-HOUSE AT FORDHAM.

JEROME PARK, Fordham, whence dates the formation of the American Jockey Club, was excogitated in the brain of Leonard W. Jerome, whose career in financial history has an odor of the romantic about it, and who thus perpetuates his name as having been the first to surround the American Turf with the *éclat* and glory of the Derby. The idea had been propounded, talked over, discussed, previously and by various parties; but nobody appeared to comprehend exactly how the redemption of the turf was to be brought about, until Mr. Jerome announced the project of founding Jerome Park. Henry J. Raymond, Jerome's personal friend and crony, approved; Lester Wallack, the Beau Brummell of the drama, was delighted; and, having elucidated his plans to these gentlemen, the projector began to moot the redemption of the turf in Wall-street circles, and with flattering success. Belmont fell in with Mr. Jerome's views, and John B. Irving, the first secretary of the club, who quotes Latin with the fatal facility of General John A. Dix or Oakey Hall, was enthusiastic, and ejaculated in splendid Ovidian phrase,

“*Quis non invenit turba, quod amaret in illa*”—which, wrested from its original amorous significance, may be supposed to mean,

“Who in this Wall-street world could fail to find,
In crowd so varied partner to his mind?”

The American turf was just then in the condition expressed by Professor Lowell in the term *Sans-culotte-ism*. The palmy days of the light fantastic hoof, when men of the North like Stevens, Livingston, and Stockton, met kindred spirits like Colonel William R. Johnson, O. P. Hare, and others from the South, had long since passed: and the light fantastic hoof had become measurably associated with the light fantastic finger. From its inception, that is, from the day this excogitated Minerva of turf reform left the excogitating cranium of its especial Jove, the idea constituted the topic of gossip in racing circles; and though those who predicted a coming out at the little end of the horn, as the proverb hath it, were not few, the popular impression was very generally favorable. The gestation of any public work is a matter of tedious and discouraging degrees; and the work in hand proved no exception to the rule. First, it was talked up; secondly, it was written up; and this talking up and writing up occupied a period of several months, during which the press teemed with paragraphs dwelling upon the excellent philanthropy of the project for redeeming the turf, and its practical results on popular morals. Then, having been hoisted to the topmost wave of popularity, the idea was embodied in the organization of the American Jockey Club, and the preparation of Jerome Park for its reception; and the note was sounded for the inaugural meeting. August Belmont was active from the first in the furtherance of the project, and has since continued to be president of the body. R. A. Alexander, J. W. Weldon, M. H. Sanford, D. McDaniels, S. J. Carter, James S. Watson, F. Morris, R. W. Cameron, R. Ainsley, J. W. Pennock, Dr. Kirwan, D. Ready, J. F. Stone, Paul Wood, and T. B. Read—old turfmen all—were also concerned in the first meeting. A constitution was

adopted, with rules governing the club, and work was begun. The laying out of the race-course, the erection of paddocks and stables, the preparation of a club-house, which was afterwards abandoned for a larger building— in a word, the details of practical organization were scarcely completed, when the first race day, September 25, 1866, dawned, and the club, like Cæsar, stood on the very margin of its Rubicon.

However, a competent corps had been gotten in working order. August Belmont was presiding steward of the occasion; W. Butler Duncan, J. F. Purdy, Paul S. Forbes, A. Keene Richards, and E. Boudinot Colt, assisting as stewards in general. W. Butler Duncan, John F. Purdy, and Benjamin Bruce were named as judges to occupy the little gilded pagoda facing the main stand; G. A. Hopper and R. B. Chisholm were distance judges; David Dunham Withers, of Louisiana, and Henry Toler, were the timers; John B. Irving enacted the *rôle* of handicapper; J. F. Purdy was starter; C. Wheatley was clerk of the course; and John B. Irving kept the minutes. One may suppose that they all felt like quoting the pet Shakespearean couplet of turfmen:

“Think, when ye talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth”—

For, though they were enthusiastic, they trembled: the day having come for the solution of the question, whether the fashion and *ton* of the city could be induced to visit a race-course, and the horses about to print their proud hoofs in the receiving earth, being not at all imaginary horses, like those in the brain of the bard, but real protoplasmic creatures, of sleekest mould and manner.

The first day of the meeting, which was continued for the first three days in October, was, however, a brilliant success, and Jerome Park became the fashion.

It was a splendid September morning. Fifth Avenue and fashion were strewn all along the road from New York to Fordham. Belmont's turnout, with four magnificent horses, ridden by postilions in livery, and Jerome's English drag, pulled by six horses, himself handling the ribbons, led the longest, most irregular, and motley procession that ever left New York for a day's excursion. Canter, and prance, and trot—clouds of dust enveloping clouds of people—and, presently, this band of doughty crusaders entered the special Jerusalem of their destination; some a little the worse for dust, and some a little the worse for frequent moistening on the road; but all rose-pink with anticipation, and some rose-pink with Bourbon and Burgundy. Never was equal crowd gathered at a race-course in this country. Old turfmen admitted that; not excepting even the whirling, swirling, oceanic crowd gathered at the Union Course on the day when Eclipse and Henry had their run, neck and neck. Jenkins talked learnedly about Derby days, in which his experience had been slight indeed; and classicists raved of the advent of another Deucalion converting all the pebbles of a county into men.

Dense, dense, and denser waxed the crowd. There were whole acres of vehicles packed like pave-stones, and almost acres of heads packed, no doubt, with ideas or anticipations. Even the trees surrounding the park bore fruit of humanity in heavy clusters; but, as there was no statute against climbing trees, there was no way to prevent this stealing of a view of what was going on within the precincts of the club ground.

Kentucky was the star of the day, and what a clamor of pool-selling there was: Kentucky against the field, and the field against Kentucky. It was a race of four-mile heats, best in three, Kentucky carrying twenty pounds

or so, and ridden by that Gilpin of jockeys, Littlefield, whom Jenkins, the next day, compared to Phaëton, or some other daring but defunct Olympian. A bugle blast, and off they start—Kentucky, with twenty pounds, reinforced by Mazeppa Littlefield on his back, and the rest of them; and round they shoot, almost in a circle—Fleetwing, and Onward, and Idlewild, straining after the will-o'-the-wisp of the turf like three butterflies trying to outrun a jack-o'-lantern. They did, swimming through the September sunshine, veritably suggest the hexameter, which just then and to the point was buzzed about as the happy hit of the Secretary,

“*Florem putares nare per liquidum æthera*”—

For, like the old satirist's butterflies, swim they did in the liquid air, and shimmer in the liquid sunshine, which, that noon, beat down fierce and dense enough to have been bottled. Of course, the victory was won by Kentucky, and fashion clapped her dainty hands and was satisfied.

The day had been a success—the three October days were equally successful—and the American Jockey Club had won its spurs; not a little of the honor being due to the gentlemanly Theodore Moss, of Wallack's theatre, as a sort of master of ceremonies.

Equally successful were the June races of 1867, and equally so the Fall races of the same year. During the winter, occasion was taken to perfect the accommodations of the club, and a club-house in graceful Italian was put up on an eminence well overlooking the course. Since then, the history of the Jockey Club has been simply a history of races, varied with an occasional incident; and American racing has been reduced to civilization.

But, by way of giving the reader an insight into the

workings of a club devoted to horsehood, let me briefly review the origin and progress of racing and of the race-horse.

A Semitic wave of civilization rolls over that little tongue of the European Continent, that laps the waters of the Mediterranean, to wit, the Grecian peninsula—nobody can tell when. Recedes or is driven ahead—nobody can tell whither—and leaves an alphabet and a body of strange, terrible myths, which the Hellenes afterwards transmogrify, soften, belittle in Greek mythology; declaring with proverbial Hellenic egotism, that it belongs to them. Full of horses and heroes it was; and there was one peculiar stallion in it designated as Pegasos, which had the happy faculty of flying and running at the self-same minute. This the Hellenes deify, by way of indicating that the ideal horse will very likely have wings.

There rolls over that same little peninsula a Pelasgian wave, and the land swarms with monuments in consequence. There also occurs a Trojan war, in which Homer celebrates the wrath of one gentleman and the steed-breaking qualities of another—the gallant Hector. In those days they fought, not on horseback, but in what moderns would call gilded and exceedingly unwieldy carts. Diomed and Ulysses are the only gentlemen who ride. For the rest, they are carried to battle in two-wheeled cars, gilded, gorgeously trapped, but sadly deficient in springs, and answering, according to the record, the double purpose of locomotive fortresses, whence men fought living, and of ambulances in which men were carried home dead.

It is not, in fact, until the thirty-third Olympiad that riding-racing becomes a part of the Olympic games, though breezes in harness occur as early as the twenty-

fifth Olympiad. What were the names of the Eclipses, Mambrinos, and Dexters, of the Kentuckys, Tennessees, and Aldebarans of the primitive turf, tradition saith not; but names they had, doubtless—for history records that of the famous stallion ridden by that ancient Napoleon—Alexander of Macedon; also, that of the mythical racer dedicated to poets.

From the Olympic games dates, therefore, horse-racing as a sport, and, very likely, betting on results—for, as a race, the old Greeks were natural gamblers, and gambled for fame, power, or political supremacy, with equal facility.

In the same way, the Trojan war may be said to have developed European equestrianism. Rapid proficiency they made, too, pending that long struggle, which was at last settled by the stratagem of a wooden horse intestinal with humanity in panoply of war; for, whereas, at the beginning, nobody rode but Ulysses and Diomed, in the fifteenth book of the "Iliad" one man rides four horses.

"Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat and vaults from one to one;
And now to this and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes."

Thus Pope murders Homer in description, leaving the trot of the grand old master's hexameter to be imagined from the pace of his own two-footed iambics, which neither race, canter, nor trot, but simply walk with the regularity of so many foot-soldiers.

The Romans repeat the story of Greece in this respect, but take their appreciation of the horse, which afterwards develops into the equestrian order, from their Parthian foes. Still, as a people, the Romans were never addicted

to horses. As a race, in everything they did they always went a-foot. The brilliant, the spirited, were alien to the plodding, methodical Roman mind—equally alien to the rhythm of the Latin language. Homer's hexameters run mad with the trample of steeds, having all the thrill of the Saracen's fire-shod stallion. Now and then, his verses race, canter with the thunderful music of the hoof-beat. Not so those of Virgil, the representative of Roman epic. Hexameters, with plentiful dancing dactyls, they are; but they always walk—stalk with great dignity, it may be, but never canter with spirit. As compared with Homer's, they are like Longfellow's or Sir Philip Sidney's hexameters in comparison with the splendid dactylic and spondaic trample of Swinburne's "Hesperia"—the only real bit of Homeric hexameter the English language has yet produced. Listen just here:—

“Out of the golden, remote, wild west, where the sea without
shore is,
Full of the sunset, and sad if at all with the fulness of joy.”

Or, again, and more to the purpose:—

“By the low sea-wall and the margin of years,
Sudden and steady as eight hoofs trample and thunder.”

You hear the very thud and music of the hoofs that cleave night asunder, in the passage quoted. You see the very steeds of the poet as, through the night, they shoot Hesperia-ward. There is a vivid, actual, hexameter canter in the very motion of the syllables (just as if they were so many hoofs of so many living horses), which no heroic stalk of iambs could possibly translate effectively.

Ancient European equestrianism began thus. A wave of the Asiatic spirit rolls over Greece, and leaves it there as a sort of Phrygian relic.

But modern begins a trifle differently, though from an Asiatic source. The Saracens occupy Spain, and recede, leaving algebra and equestrianism.

From this beginning, a romantic incident introduced it in England. The Spanish Armada, intended for the subjugation of English Protestantism, landed nothing but a few horses of real Arabian pedigree on the coast of Galloway; and thus the English ideal of the horse, like the Greek ideal of woman, was cast up by the sea. They might have made a myth of the matter, had it happened in an age when myths were in fashion; but, as it was, the material for a magnificent fiction was lost in the Saxon adherence to the literal facts of the thing. However, the Scots turned the accident to the Armada to account in the adoption of the castaway Arabians; and when James of Scotland became James of England, one of his first acts was the foundation of the Newmarket course. Hence, racing in England, with its Epsoms and Ascotts, founded by the Duke of Cumberland; its Doncasters, due to the munificence of Colonel St. Leger, and its Derbys.

In 1667 a liberal subsidy was granted for the course on Newmarket Heath, which is really the Jerome Park of England; and thus the English metropolis precedes the American by almost exactly two hundred years in the popularization of horse-racing.

It must be premised that Virginia, settled by cavalier stock, was first to engraft upon American institutions the sporting proclivity of the parent aristocrat, which the Puritanic New-Englander hated with a hatred of fourth-proof intensity. So the dissemination of pedigreed horses radiates from the Old Dominion in all directions, as the annals of horse-racing abundantly prove; the turf, as an institution, being emphatically of Virginian parent-

age. Trotters move outward in all directions from the same common centre; though trotting is a younger sport than racing, and was legitimated by the once-famous Mambrino of trans-Atlantic celebrity. The first importation took place in the South, in the shipping of Mambrina, a daughter of the English trotting stallion; and the name swells the list of New York trotters in Mr. Robert Bonner's Mambrino Bertie, which that critic in horses pronounces the most extraordinary colt the world has yet produced. Mambrino Bertie has, says his master, the easiest of trots; is nearly as large as the Auburn horse, but is more "rangy," with stride of length only exceeded by that of the mythical Indian in "Hiawatha,"—

"Every stride a mile he measured,"—

which has never been equaled even by a descendant of ancient Mambrino. Of course, while Mr. Bonner owns it, the gifted colt will never make its *débat* as a lion of the turf.

Trotting and racing are, however, as distinct as trotters and racers; and there are those who contend that royalty of blood never trots. The racer is oriental, descends primitively from the stallion of the desert, and the whole running stock of the world may be traced back to the Selims, Saladins, and Aldebarans of the Saracen. When the first wave of Asiatic civilization—the Phrygian—rolled over Greece, it left traditions of horses and heroes. When Saracenic civilization receded from Spain, it left the stallion of the desert as well as the Arab's weird creations of art in the strange old Alhambra. Judging from antique sculptures, the ancient horse raced even in harness, and tackled to the clumsy vehicles of the earliest ages. Blood, says the horseman's proverb, must run, and the proverb embodies the experience of centuries.

It seems probable, therefore, that the natural trotter is rather a representative of the native European horse than of the Oriental; though there are plenty of critics who urge that the trotter sprang from the racer by a sort of Darwinism—in a word that Mambrino illustrates Darwin's theory of the origin of species. However this question may be settled, the antique and classical are in favor of the racer, to which, and the motion of which, ancient poetry and ancient sculptures bear witness. Homer's famous passage imitative of the rhythm of the hoof could never have arisen from the anapest patter of the trot. The horse runs in dactyls and spondees; trots in anapest and iambic; so that, notwithstanding the utility of the trotter, the real poetry of equestrianism is the run, with its dactyl dance of hoof and tornado swell of spondee. Trotting is prose; running is lyrical, almost as lyrical as wings. Besides, trotting is modern and u-Homeric.

But, dismissing the upper-ten-thousand of trotters, for trotting is more nearly allied to ordinary road practice, take a trip to Jerome Park. The Olympic games come on regularly in June, and the last of May is exactly the date when breezes are daily and the park is a city of thoroughbreds. The best way to get there is by way of the Bloomingdale Road. On the western heights and hill-tops villas, like bubbles of the beautiful, overtop wildernesses of trees and shrubbery; and before half of the three leagues or so has been traversed, you will find yourself on excellent terms with the æsthetic: just the mood for appreciation of the points of a horse, or of those of William Morris's "Earthly Paradise." You are there presently, having put in a mental request for a lodge in some vast wilderness at every step of the way. It is a city with gates and walls, a city of blooded horses, and

trainers and jockeys, with a constitution and municipal rules of its own, not for the governing of the horses, but for that of their masters. Beyond the little Italian clubhouse, which is the capitol, runs a perfect street of brown edifices, one story high, and handsome enough for ordinary cottages for ordinary people—more comfortable, too, than ordinary people can afford. The mere enumeration of the couple of hundred animals, with their pedigrees, would fill a tome with romantic names; for American owners are apt to be poetic in the nomenclation of their pets. Bayswater, Bayleaf, Lightning, Maroon, Tisdale, Nina, Florida, Tom Woolfolk, Magnolia, Citadel, Yellowhammer, Durindana, Newminster, Knighthood, Glycera, Ulrica, Luther, Aldebaran, and Trovatore are high-sounding, but seemingly of no particular application to horses, though Lightning must, perhaps, be excepted. Fleetwing means something to one who has attended a race, for it was a subtle idea that endowed Pegasos with wings, and a racer on his mettle really conveys the impression, spurning the earth somewhat as the ancient fabled that Pegasos did. Ruthless and Vandal, Cyclone and Onward, Zigzag, and Leatherlungs, are happy hits, too—but why not tornadoes and hurricanes and whirlwinds, than which nothing could be more appropriate? Relics of Scottish nomenclature and the dawn of the sport in England, are Balrownie, Glencoe, and Bonnie Scotland. Idlewild embalms one of the hits of N. P. Willis; Lexington, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Carolina are distinctively American; and nobody but an American would ever have thought of calling a horse Monday, or Two Bits, or Barefoot. August Belmont has a Maid of Honor—a pretty name, by the way—and Topaz answers for a name in place of something better.

Of course you will not omit Kentucky, the

“Nihil simile, aut secundum”

of the American turf. More splendid specimen of horsehood America boasts not. McDonald once made a study of him in sculpture, but then marble is not muscle and color; and painting is better and more vivid than stone, while Kentucky is more vivid than either. Cid, Moor or whatever he was, never bestrode stallion more powerful. Well-muscled all over; thighs powerful; legs sinewy, with strong, elastic pasterns; clean, as though hard work were not embodied in four miles at seven minutes and a half. Nobler head and face, denoting both spirit and good temper, and the very ideal of thorough breeding, were never the luck of horse. So compact is the physique that, standing quietly in his stable, an ordinary observer would mistake him for a small horse. In his clothes he seems diminutive; but, stripped and mounted for the tourney, then he looks the sixteen hands high that he is; then, like Diomed,

‘He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.’

His motion has the haughtiness of a Selim—the transparent, distended nostril suggesting the mythical simile of breathing fire. Son of Lexington and Magnolia, daughter of Glencoe,

“A creature full of strength and grace,
The noblest of his noblest race”—

Kentucky is a sort of poem in the shape of a horse, as, indeed, every race-horse is, to a greater or less extent. Nowhere else is found that cleanness of limb, which amounts to transparency almost, or that spirited laugh

of muscles at the flank, which suggests and indicates the racer. But fame with horses is as fleeting as the fame of poets; and the sovereigns of the turf now are not they who were sovereigns when Jerome Park was first opened to the public. Of the hundred or more now training for future meetings, the reader will find few of the celebrities of 1866, when Fleetwing, Onward, and Idlewild tried hoof with Kentucky, and were beaten in two straight heats of four miles: time, 7:35 and 7:41½.

The splendid physical horsehood of Kentucky has been photographed with some minuteness, for the sake of a starting point. His performances at Jerome Park must not, however, be mistaken for the best that horse can eke. The inauguration stake, won by Kentucky, in competition with Fleetwing, Onward, and Idlewild—famous horses all—by no means exhibits the fastest of the record; and more recently, in his struggle against time, the handsome son of Lexington has been beaten, though not ignominiously, at 7:32½. As a *point d'appui* to the discussion of the unquestionably fast, the official summary of the inauguration stake, first day of the meeting of 1866, is worth noting. There were four entries—for four-mile heats, best in three—Kentucky winning in two consecutive heats. In official form the record stood:

| | | |
|--|------------|---|
| J. Hunter's black horse Kentucky, by Lexington; dam Magnolia, by Glencoe, five years old, 114 lbs. | 1 | 1 |
| Forbes's and Jerome's Fleetwing, by Brandywine; dam Rhody, by Glencoe, six years, 114 lbs. | 3 | 2 |
| James S. Watson's Onward, by Ringgold; dam My Lady, by Glencoe, four years, 104 lbs. | 2 | 3 |
| R. A. Alexander's Idlewild, by Lexington; dam by Glencoe, age not stated, 114 lbs. | Distanced. | |
| Time of first four miles | 7:35 | |
| Time of second four miles | 7:41½ | |

In fact, no recent contests have taken place in which the wonderful exploits of the two lions of the turf—Lexington and Lecomte, 1852 to 1854—have been equaled. Previous to that date Fashion had (in 1842) made the best four-mile heat, in $7:32\frac{1}{2}$, which for almost ten years held precedence as the fastest of the record. Boston's best four-miles—and Boston was famous in his day and generation—was made in $7:40$, that is, seven minutes and forty seconds. This was beaten by Henry, who crept the four in $7:37\frac{1}{2}$. Still subsequently, Gray Medoc and Altoof, in a dead heat, reduced the limit to $7:35$, which Miss Foot repeated, having run one heat—an unprecedented performance in those old days of racing. George Martin and Fall Trade, in their day, did the four miles in $7:33$; and next, in 1842, Fashion reduced the limit to $7:32\frac{1}{2}$. Then came the golden age of American racing, under Lexington and Lecomte, in which Lexington was at last victor after three hardly contested races, the first and third with Lecomte, and the second against time. The rivalry between these two stallions and their partisans was something unprecedented in the annals of horse-racing, and it was not until after a two years' struggle that Lexington was admitted to the kingship of the American turf. The contest developed the supremest rapidity on record until quite recently, and gave a popular impulse to the classic sport, similar to that which has been given it by the *clat* of Jerome Park and its hosts of fashionables.

The contest was begun in 1852, in a race between Lecomte and Lexington, four-mile heats, best in three, in which Lexington was beaten in two straight heats: time, $7:26$ and $7:38\frac{1}{2}$. This seemed to establish the supremacy of Lecomte beyond a doubt. The fastest four miles on record had been beaten by six seconds and a half, and

turfmen did well to question, can this be equaled? So the fame of him of Gaulish name waxed great in prose and wood-cut, and the name thereof was on every tongue. With this defeat, Lexington might well have been withdrawn, for victory by a thunderbolt is victory over less rapid adversaries. But plucky old Ten Broeck, owner of Lexington, had unbounded faith in his horse, and faith is equal to the removal of mountains. Accordingly, Ten Broeck began a campaign to regain the lost laurels of Lexington, and early in the ensuing spring the stallion was pitted for a four-mile heat against time, and to beat the fastest four mile on record, now that of Lecomte, who had done the work in 7:26. Events proved that Mr. Ten Broeck had not over-estimated the speed and endurance of Lexington, the incomparable; the gallant descendant of the desert stallions, doing the four miles in 7:19 $\frac{3}{4}$, which still remains as the quickest long heat on record. Having beaten Lecomte's best time, Lexington was now ready to defeat Lecomte *in propria persona*, and in the fall of the same year the two were again pitted one against the other in the tug for supremacy. As between these two, other horses were nowhere, it was a grapple between two Titans of the turf, with whom the feebler of the day could not even compare. Imagine it: the splendid spirited trample of Lecomte, and the fox-like creep of the more oriental Lexington. The former is magnificent, looks the king in horsehood; the other, greyhoundish in aspect, and like a very spirit in the quietude of his motion. But Lexington, the fox, wins, and Lecomte, the splendid, is beaten, his best time being beaten as well. The four-miles is traversed in 7:23 $\frac{1}{2}$, which, again, is the fastest, horse against horse, on the record, and will, no doubt, continue to be so until the dawn of the next golden age. American Eclipse, son of

Duroc, son of Diamond, son of Florizel; Ariel, Flirtilla, and Black Maria; Trifle, Wagner, Gray Eagle, Boston, and Fashion were no longer gods in the mythology of horse-racing. Lecomte was barely Olympian; but Lexington was Jupiter, and as Jupiter is still remembered. A summary of his performances is interesting, as indicating the amount of money a successful racer may possibly win, thus illustrating the business transactions of the turf. In 1853 he was started three times and won three races:

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| At Lexington, Kentucky, mile heats..... | \$1,700 |
| At New Orleans, two-mile heats..... | 1,300 |
| At New Orleans, three-mile heats..... | 8,500 |
| In 1854, he runs once at New Orleans, in four-mile heats.. | 19,000 |
| In 1855, he runs twice—once against time, at New Orleans, four miles..... | 20,000 |
| And once for the Jockey Club purse..... | 6,000 |
| Total earnings..... | <u>\$56,500</u> |

The acts of Lexington are noted thus minutely, because he stands as the ancestor of the present best in the American stud-book, and as the very best race-horse, past or present, which the American stable has yet produced. Scores of his progeny have been and are famous; though not more than a single score have won places in the front rank, and none have equaled the performances of the ancestor. Kentucky stands at the head of them. Then come Ansel, Arcola, Asteroid, Bayflower, Bayonet, Bertie Wood, Daniel Boone, Donegall, Harry of the West, Idlewild, Jack Malone, Lancaster, Loadstone, Lightning, Norfolk, Judge Curtis, Kingfisher, and Thunder. Several of these stand pre-eminent on the record as having made the best cotemporary time. For example, Judge Curtis must be credited with the best mile

heat, at 1:43½; Lancaster, with the best two miles, at 3:35¼, and 3:38¼ respectively; Norfolk, with the best three miles, at 5:27½ and 5:29½; and Idlewild, with the best four miles, at 7:26¼, and lacking only a quarter of a second of ranking with old Lecomte, the splendid. As these are all cotemporary horses, and still *habitués* of the turf, the record will serve to indicate something of their relative value.

By all means beware of betting against the fox-like gait and still motion of the stallion that steals over the course, as if half spirit and half serpent. It is the gait of the desert, and always wins. Others may run more magnificently, but it is the deceptive magnificence that forfeits your money. Grand horses are represented on the sculptures of ancient Nineveh, as disinterred by Mr. Layard—splendid, high-crested, large-headed, heavy-shouldered, long-bodied animals, with powerful limbs, and volumes of shaggy mane, often fancifully plaited, oftener fancifully braided. These are the horses of biblical royalties, which, harnessed to the scythe cars of Assyrian or Phœnician kings, trampled the field of Megiddo, or were buried, through the intervention of Jehovah, in the river of Kishon. Wonderfully minute are these sculptures, often exhibiting details of tendon and artery; and wonderful were these horses for strength. But could they run with the low-statured, small-headed, basin-faced, foxy-moving Arab and Barb, with the long, thin mane, large, full eyes, and delicate and almost transparent limbs? What, again, was the Greek horse? The merest cob, as the groups from the Propylæa of the Temple of Minerva, in the Acropolis at Athens, now in the British Museum as the Elgin marbles, abundantly prove. The ideal horses of Phidias and his pupils they undoubtedly were; but what were they? Not above

fourteen and a half hands high, they had, instead of the graceful, spiry formation of the Arab or Barb, all the short, rigid stalkiness of the common Galloway, and would have run with a Lexington somewhat as a mastiff might with a greyhound. Beware of that supple, foxy gait, the owner of which slips along like a spirit; it means win: and, of all horses ever bred in this country, Lexington had it in the most emphatic degree; and hence, Lexington may be regarded as the founder of a species, or a variation which, according to Darwin, must at last end in a species.

In the study of the strings represented by the membership of the club, the first thing that fixes the attention is the great number that carry the blood of Lexington and his more than equally famous son, the peerless Kentucky.

Horses to one's right,
Horses to one's left,
Horses on all hands—

and more than a third of them with the spirit of Lexington in the splendid hexameter of their motion, and in the clean-cut, shining limbs, that you fancy you could see through, so slender are they from the knees down; proud-stepping, greyhound-ish creatures, of whom—for the relative *which* desecrates their splendid horsehood—you fancy a sort of aspiration to soar Pegasos-like, and from whom it needs no wonderful deftness of imagination to imagine that you see wings starting on either spirited and quivering shoulder; magnificent creatures, whose canter sets you speculating as to the validity of Plato's hypothesis that all being is dimly set to a sort of music: ideal horses!

In 1867, the idea of erecting a city club-house was mooted, and with that intent, Jerome commenced the

erection of the magnificent edifice, corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth street, now occupied by the Union League. But, previous to completion, the idea was abandoned, the Union League taking the building for a period of ten years, with the option of buying it; and the Jockey Club still nestles among the fastnesses of Fordham, having a business office in the city.

In 1868, the spring meeting was attended with an unhappy accident, in the killing of a jockey, who was unseated in leaping the hurdle, and since then hurdle-racing has been voted barbarous in its old form, special precautions having been adopted. In fact, in the course of its history, two accidents of the same kind have happened, of which, however, only one proved fatal: whence, was at last originated the idea of erecting hurdles too flimsy to be dangerous if not fully cleared by the leap.

Again, the same year, Kentucky tried hoof with time, and by time was beaten; which constituted, probably, the most sensational tournament ever attempted at Jerome Park. The writer well remembers the breathlessness of the great crowd for that anxious seven minutes. At blast of bugle off shot Kentucky,

“Every muscle, every sinew straining;”

and off shot Time, with his hoof-beats of seconds, at the same old pace as ever, never straining in the least, but as steady, steady as one of the old Greek Fates of Euripides. Once round whirled Kentucky, really swimming through the air, coming home a second or so in advance of the steady-hoofed old racer, who has cantered at the same pace since the world began, distancing generations of man and beast, only Darwin can tell how many. Half-way round again, and Time prods the gallant stallion.

Then they let out a swarm of half-a-dozen upon him, like a pack of hounds, and Kentucky quickens a little, leaving steady old Time (and the pack of four-footed stimulants) behind for a second or two, and comes round about even with his still antagonist. But, at the third round, with the same eternal steadiness of hoof-beat, Time prods him again, passes him, and comes home a few seconds ahead, Kentucky lagging a few seconds. Whereupon, a great deal of money is shifted from one pocket to another, and it is agreed that Time is a great racer indeed, and cannot be beaten by the fastest horse in America.

In general organization, club-house rules, and the like, the Jockey Club is after the model of the Union and Manhattan, having, like the latter, its board of governors, like the former its president and vice-presidents, and needs, therefore, no special description at length. Its regular meetings are held in June and September, but meetings of the board occur monthly at the city office. The club-house is supplied with a refectory and other appliances, but is not largely frequented by members, except at the regular meetings. As elsewhere, the restaurant is rather unprofitable than profitable, having little patronage except on special occasions.

The racing rules are, of course, special, and subject to special statute. Race-horses take their ages from the first of January. In measuring height one-third of a foot is a hand, that is, three hands make a foot, and fourteen pounds constitute the fixed reckoning of a stone. If an owner enters a horse for a purse he must start, or submit to be ruled off the course, unless the default can be accounted for to the satisfaction of the judges. A sweepstakes can only be constituted by three subscribers; but, in instance of the death of one of the

subscribers, the sweepstakes is not vitiated, and the race is not void.

A plate is a sum offered for a race for which two or more horses may be entered by the same person, but in which no person can run, in his own name or that of another, two horses of which he is wholly or in part the owner on the day of the race, unless by special permission. A poststake is a race in which subscribers are not compelled to declare what horses they intend to run until ten minutes previous to starting. A handicap, a race in which the horses carry weight, regulated according to the decision of the handicapper. The winner of any given heat is entitled to the pole at the next start; and others take their places to the right or left, according as they came out on the previous heat. In running for a purse, the places for starting are raffled for; but in sweepstakes, plates, poststakes, and handicaps, the clerk of the course determines the order of starting, and which shall have the pole, or inside of the track; and from his decision no appeal can be taken. All riders must wear the jockey costume, consisting of cap and jacket of silk or satin, pantaloons of white corduroy, cords, flannel, or buckskin, and top-boots. The colors selected by owners are recorded by the clerk of the course, and, after record, cannot be appropriated by other parties. A list of all colors that have been recorded is, for the benefit of spectators, posted at the judges' stand.

Insufficient identification voids an entry, said insufficiency consisting in the omission of color, sex, name, age, pedigree—with the exception that, with a horse having once run on the course of any known association, name and age are regarded as identification sufficient to entitle to the course. If, again, the horse has been given a

new name by a new owner, it is necessary to give both names, or the entry is null; that is, in all instances, all names by which the racer has been previously known must be recorded in the entry. In the nomination of foreign horses, the owner must produce the certificate of some racing club of the country whence coming, or from the mayor or other public officer of the district, stating the age, pedigree, and color of the horse, and the marks by which it may be identified; and if a horse is not sufficiently identified, not only is it not permitted to start, but the owner is liable to pay the whole stake, if the race be play or pay, or a forfeit if not. Fraudulent entry constitutes a perpetual disqualification of the horse so entered, and the owner is compelled to return any money which may have been won. No person can start a horse for any race in his own name or that of another person, unless both owner and namer have liquidated all former stakes and forfeits; this rule extending to forfeits incurred on any course to which the club extends the honor of recognition; and persons appearing in the forfeit list are disqualified, so long as dues and forfeits remain unsettled. The list of weights to be carried by running horses is thus specified:

| | <i>Pounds.</i> |
|-------------------------------|----------------|
| Two year olds..... | 75 |
| Three-year olds..... | 95 |
| Four-year olds..... | 108 |
| Five-year olds..... | 114 |
| Six-year olds and upward..... | 118 |

However, in all races exclusively for three-year olds, weights must be one hundred and ten pounds, and in all for two-year olds exclusively, one hundred pounds; while, with the exception of handicaps and races where weights are absolutely fixed, an allowance of three pounds

is made in favor of mares and geldings. The feather-weight is fixed at seventy-five pounds; the welter weight at twenty-eight pounds, added to the weight for age, as specified in the table. The interval between heats is also fixed by table, thus:

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------|
| Between mile heats | 20 minutes |
| Between two-mile heats | 25 minutes |
| Between three-mile heats | 35 minutes |
| Between four-mile heats | 40 minutes |

Dead heats and other matters are also regulated by special rules; special rules governing the behavior of jockeys, who, in default of exact obedience, are subject to penalties varying from twenty-five to one hundred dollars. In mile heats, forty yards constitute a distance; in heats of two miles, fifty yards; in heats of three miles, sixty yards; in heats of four miles, seventy yards—the distance being reckoned from the winning post, at the proper interval from which is located the stand of the distance judge, whose duty it is to drop his flag in case a runner shall not have passed him before the foremost horse has passed the winning post.

The betting rules constitute a complicated system, to be fathomed by nobody but an expert. As a rule, as the stakes so the bets; and in all cases there must be a possibility of winning when the bet is made. All bets, unless stipulated to the contrary, are play or pay. When a race is postponed all bets must stand; but bets on a dead heat are void. Money given to lay a bet cannot be demanded, though the race should not be run; and the person who lays odds has the right to select his horse against the field—the whole forming a complex network of taking risks, upon which no novice should enter without special study or acute legal counsel, so intricate are its quips, quirks, and windings, and special exceptions.

The present condition of the club is flattering. Its membership is in excess of one thousand, affording from dues an income of fifty thousand a year; while its annual income from admissions to the races has, thus far, exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand; and hence it may be regarded as the most solvent of all the leading clubs, with the exception of the Union League, Manhattan, and Union—which latter, owning property to the extent of four hundred thousand, is ridden by a mortgage for one hundred and forty thousand.

During its brief biography it has developed the finest stables in this country. First on the list stands that of August Belmont; Sanford's next, probably; after which may be mentioned half-a-dozen only less valuable. Jerome Park has, in fact, become a little city of blooded horses—an aristocracy of animals as sternly dependent on pedigree for social standing as any member of the old *régime* by which the leading clubs are mostly supported. Its success has given an impulse, too, to the passion for

“The thoroughbred of purest breed,”

which nothing else could have developed; and prominent citizens everywhere are becoming amateur turfmen, to be a turfman having been decreed fashionable. Under its influence, also, racing has won a certain popularity as compared with trotting, which, at present, surrounds the runner with especial *éclat*. *Gloire*, which means something quite distinct from English glory, is not an American word, but an American passion it certainly expresses; and something of the halo indicated by the term has been engrafted upon racing and its concomitants by the fashionable galaxies which the meetings of the club have called. “*Palmam qui meruit, ferat*,” remarked the learned ex-secretary, in laudation of Kentucky, on the

occasion of the great national handicap, and so one may say of the American Jockey Club. For decorum, fashion, and propriety, nothing in the annals of the American turf has been equal or even second to its meetings, which have, at least, had the merit of translating the slang of the profession into respectable English, thus eliminating numerous barbarisms from the already barbarism-bedridde: language. So far the club is entitled to the thanks of the purist in manners; and, by and by, perhaps, it may deserve the thanks of the purist in morals, by the invention of some method of betting not classifiable in the general category, or subject to its vices, and the elimination of that maelstrom of abomination, rightly named the pool, from the fact of its sucking in whatsoever comes within the circle of its fascinating eddies.

The club is thus officered:—President, August Belmont; Vice-Presidents, W. Butler Duncan, Leonard Jerome, John H. Purdy, and William R. Travers: Executive Committee, David Crawford, Jr., William Constable, A. C. Monson, William H. Vanderbilt, and David Dunham Withers, in addition to the president and vice-presidents, who are members of the committee *ex officio*: Treasurer, A. C. Monson; Secretary, C. Wheatley: Board of Governors, S. L. M. Barlow, C. W. Bothgate, James A. Bayard, August Belmont, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., R. W. Cameron, J. W. Glendenin, E. Boudinott Colt, William Constable, David Crawford, Jr., George Denison, William P. Douglas, Henry Duncan, W. Butler Duncan, William J. Emmett, W. A. Fitzhugh, Paul S. Forbes, John R. Garland, W. H. Gibbons, George Griswold Gray, H. W. Gray, G. G. Hammond, John Hoey, G. G. Howland, John Hunter, Lawrence R. Jerome, Leonard W. Jerome, Duncan F. Kenner, Carroll Livingston, Alexander S. Macomb, Adolphe Mailliard, Manton Marble,

William H. McVickar, A. C. Monson, Francis Morris, Lewis G. Morris, Edward Pearsall, Jr., John F. Purdy, William Redmond, A. Keene Richards, Elisha Riggs, A. Robeson, M. H. Sanford, Francis Skiddy, Henry A. Stone, R. Taylor, William R. Travers, William H. Vanderbilt, Craig W. Wadsworth, and David Dunham Withers. The membership, resident mostly in New York, is included in the subjoined list:

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Abecases, J. S.; Adams, D. M.; Adams, H. M.; Adams, J. J.; Alexander, J. E.; Alexandre, Francis V.; Allen, D. B.; Allerton, A. M.; Alley, George B.; Alvord, Alwyn A.; Amsinck, Gustave; Anderson, John; Andrews, George P.; Angier, William R.; Anthon, William H.; Anthony, C. L.; Anthony, James L.; Appleton, Nathan; Appleton, W. H.; Appleton, W. W.; Armstrong, D. Maitland; Arnold, B. G.; Arnold, Charles; Arnold, F. B.; Ashley, O. D.; Aspinwall, Lloyd; Aspinwall, W. H.; Atkinson, R.; Austin, David; Austin, James; Austin, S. F.

Babcock, Henry C.; Babcock, Samuel D.; Babcock, Stephen B.; Baby, Frank R.; Backman, Charles; Bacon, Francis; Bacon, George; Badgley, J. D.; Baile, Robert; Bailey, J. Muhlenburg; Bailey, N. P.; Baker, F.; Baldwin, C. C.; Baldwin, G. V. N.; Baldwin, Nathan A.; Banker, James H.; Banyer, Goldsborough; Barclay, Henry A.; Barclay, James L.; Barclay, Sackett M.; Barger, Samuel F.; Barnard, George G.; Barnes, Charles; Barker, Dr. Fordyce; Barker, Iove; Barre, James H.; Barreda, F. L.; Barrett, Alexander; Barrott, Geo. C.; Barrett, William C.; Barretto, F. J.; Barrow, J. W.; Bartholomew, J. O.; Bartow, George L.; Bassett, O. M.; Bates, J. H.; Bates, Martin; Bathgate, Alexander; Bathgate, James; Baxter, A. S.; Baxter, H. H.; Bayard, Edward; Bayley, William A.; Beecher, John S.; Beekman, G. L.; Beekman, B. F.; Belden, William; Bell, Edward R.; Bell, Isaac; Bell, J. W.; Bell, M.; Bend, George H.; Bend, William B.; Benkard, James; Bezrimo, Barrow; Bent, S. S.; Berryman, Charles H.; Beresford, J. G.; Betts, George F.; Bickley, H. W.; Binsse, Edward; Bishop, David W.; Blague, G., Jr.; Blanchard, R. W.; Blodgett, D. C.; Blodgett, W. T.; Bloodgood, John; Bolles, Richard J.; Bond, E. N.; Bond, Frank S.; Bond,

William; Bonner, E. H.; Bonner, George T.; Bonner, John; Boody, A.; Booraem, H. Toler; Borie, Beauveau; Borrow, W. B.; Bostwick, H. A.; Bouvier, J. V.; Bowles, Charles B.; Bowdoin, George R. J.; Bowdoin, George S.; Bowerman, Henry; Bowers, Henry; Branden, Edward; Bradford, J. Henry; Bradley, James S.; Brady, John R.; Braem, H. M.; Bradhurst, T. C. P.; Brewster, Benj. Harris; Brewster, Henry; Brewster, J. E.; Brevoort, Henry W.; Brennan, M. T.; Briggs, William H.; Bristed, C. A.; Britton, John W.; Broadhead, George H.; Brock, Morton; Bronson, Isaac; Brooks, Edward S.; Brooks, Elisha; Brown, Clarence S.; Brown, J. Carter, 2d; Brown, John W.; Brown, Lewis B.; Brown, Lewis M.; Brown, Philip H.; Brown, Robert J.; Brown, T. E.; Brown, Vernon H.; Brown, W. H.; Bruce, S. D.; Bryce, James; Buckingham, J. A.; Buckley, T. C. T.; Burden, James A.; Burden, J. Tow send; Burnham, Douglas W.; Burns, W. H.; Burrill, Charles D.; Burrill, James E., Jr.; Butterfield, Daniel.

Cadwell, S. U.; Cammack, Addison; Cammann, Charles L.; Carnochan, Dr. J. M.; Carver, B. F.; Carroll, J. F.; Cashman, M. A.; Caswell, W. H.; Cater, Aymar; Catherwood, R. B.; Cecil, George; Cecil, J. R.; Center, Henry; Center, Robert; Chalfin, S. F.; Chase, Nelson; Chadwick, Henry A.; Chamberlain, Charles; Chapin, E. S.; Charlick, Oliver; Chickering, C. F.; Chrystie, Albert N.; Clafin, H. B.; Clark, Frank H.; Clark, George C.; Clark, Luther C.; Clarke, William M.; Clapp, Harry; Clapp, Hawley D.; Clapp, N. D.; Clason, Augustus; Clason, Augustus W.; Clerke, W. B.; Clews, Henry; Cochrane, John; Cockroft, J. H. V.; Coe, Spencer W.; Coffin, Julien R.; Colburn, G. C.; Colburn, Warren; Coleman, A. B.; Coleman, W. T.; Collins, C. B.; Connolly, J. A.; Connolly, J. T.; Connolly, M.; Connolly, Thomas B.; Connolly, W. A.; Constable, James M.; Constable, William, Jr.; Cooke, Henry D.; Cooper, D. Johnson; Cooper, Edward; Cooper, Henry W.; Cooper, Mervelle W.; Cooper, W. B., Jr.; Copcutt, Francis; Corlies, E. L.; Corlies, J. W.; Cornell, C. G.; Cornell, J. R.; Cornell, Thomas C.; Cornwallis, K.; Coster, Daniel J.; Coster, Henry A.; Coster, John G.; Coster, J. H.; Cottenett, Edward L.; Cottrell, George W.; Courtney, Samuel G.; Courtright, Milton; Cox, S. S.; Crane, H. C.; Craig, W. W.; Cranston, Hiram; Cross, John W.; Cryder, W. W.; Curphey, James S.; Curtis, Abijah; Curtis, N. B.; Cushing, J. G.; Cutler, O. N.; Cutting, B.; Cutting, Hayward; Cutting, J. D. W.; Cutting, Robert L.; Cutting, Robert L., Jr.; Cutting, Walter; Cutting, Walter L.; Cutting, Wilham.

Dailey, John T.; Dailey, W. J. F.; Daly, K. B.; Dale, John G.; Dane, Andrew J.; Darling, A. B.; Dater, James; Dater, Philip; Davenport, C. F.; Davies, Henry E., Jr.; Davies, John T.; Davies, R. K.; Davis, S. M.; Davidson, Stratford P.; De Bary, Adolphe; De Bary, Frederick; De Bary, L. A.; De Camp, A. L.; Decker, N. H.; De Comeau, O.; De Comeau, U.; De Coppet, H.; De Coster, C. M.; D'Hautville, F. S. G.; De Jonge, J.; Delafield, M. L.; Delmonico, Laurent; De Louisada, Marquis; De Neufville, Jacob; Denison, Charles; Denis, Charles, Jr.; Des Marets, Earnest A.; Detmold, C. E.; De Visser, Simon; Dibble, Edward D.; Dick, W. B.; Dinsmore, William B.; Diven, General A. S.; Dobell, Edward; Dodge, C. C.; Dodge, Edward; Dolan, Henry; Dore, John; Doremus, R. O.; Dossell, Thomas W.; Douglass, James; Dowling, J. W.; Draper, David S.; Draper, J. H.; Duer, Dening; Duer, Edward A.; Dufais, F. F.; Duffon, P. V.; Duncan, David; Duncan, Stephen, Jr.; Duncan, S. B.; Dunscomb, Alexander H.; Durant, Charles W.; Durant, T. C.; Durkee, Harrison.

Earle, F. P.; Eckerson, Jacob; Eccles, F. H.; Edey, Charles C.; Edgar, R. W.; Edgar, Leroy; Edgar, Newbold; Ejustein, Edwin; Elwees, Captain C. F.; Ely, Richard S.; Emmett, Richard S.; Engs, George; Eno, Amos F.; Evens, Silas C.; Evens, W. W.; Eyre, Henry.

Fachiri, Theodore; Fahnestock, H. C.; Fanshawe, G. A.; Fanshaw, W. S.; Faye, Thomas; Fearing, D. B.; Fearing, George R.; Fearing, Henry S.; Ferris, Henry; Ferris, Warren; Fesser, E. M.; Field, E. G.; Field, Maunsell B.; Fields, Thomas C.; Finck, Eugene; Fischer, Charles P.; Fischer, Frederick; Fish, Nicholas; Fisk, James, Jr.; Fiske, J. M.; Fitzhugh, Henry; Fliess, William M.; Fleitmann, Herman; Flint, James L.; Flint, T. J. S.; Foote, T. M.; Forbes, De Courcy; Ford, Smith; Forrest, George J.; Foster, Henry A.; Foster, J. P. G.; Foster, William; Fowler, John, Jr.; Fowler, Mortimer L.; Fox, D. G.; Francklyn, Charles G.; Frank, G.; Freeman, George A.; French, S. Barton; Furbish, Henry H.; Furman, J. M.

Gafney, John H.; Gaillard, Joseph, Jr.; Gandy, Sheppard; Gardner, Peter; Garner, James G.; Garr, George; Garrison, C. K.; Garrison, W. R.; Gebhard, William H.; George, John W.; Gerard, James W., Jr.; Gerry, E. T.; Gibson, Wood; Gibert, Fred. E.; Gillilan, Hercules E.; Gillespie, I. W.; Gimbernat, J. R.; Godwin, J. H., Jr.; Golet, Ogden; Golet, Robert, Jr.; Goodhue, Charles C.; Goodridge, F.; Gossage, Charles; Gould, Edmond L.; Gould, Jay; Grace, W. R.;

Gracie, Charles King; Grafton, J.; Grainger, J. E. J.; Grant, O. De Forest; Gray, Bryce; Green, Edward Murray; Green, Martin E.; Greenleaf, A. Warren; Grice, Charles C.; Grinnell, G. B.; Grinnell, Irving; Grinnell, Moses H.; Griswold, C. W.; Griswold, George; Griswold, John A.; Griswold, J. C.; Griswold, J. N. A.; Grote, F.; Grubb, E. Burd; Grymes, C. A.; Gunther, C. Godfrey; Gunther, F. F.; Gunther, William Henry; Gurnee, W. S.

Hadden, John A.; Hale, Seth W.; Hall, E. S.; Hall, F. M.; Hall, George C.; Hall, George W.; Hall, Peleg; Halsey, W. L.; Hamilton, Alexander, Jr.; Hamilton, James A.; Hammond, E. H.; Harbeck, C. H.; Harbeck, Henry; Harbeck, John H.; Harbeck, William H.; Hargous, P. A.; Harley, Henry; Harmon, P. C.; Harney, Charles H.; Hart, Ben.; Hart, E. B.; Hart, Henry; Hartshorne, J. M.; Harvey, Alexander W.; Harway, J. L.; Haslings, C. C.; Hatch, Rufus; Hatch, R. E.; Haughton, M. G.; Haven, G. G.; Haven, N. P.; Hawley, E. Judson; Haxtum, John R.; Hayden, Joel, Jr.; Heath, A. H.; Hecksher, John G.; Hedden, Josiah; Heineman, Emil; Hendricks, E.; Hendricks, Joshua; Henriques, William H.; Henry, M. H.; Herbert, George F.; Heslapp, Joseph Stitt; Hildreth, D. M.; Hiller, William S.; Hoadley, George E.; Hoag, F. M.; Hobbs, John; Hodge, John G.; Hoffman, C. B.; Hoffman, L. M.; Holbrook, Edwin W.; Holladay, Benjamin; Hollinshead, J. S.; Homans, I. S., Jr.; Homans, Shepard; Hone, R. L.; Hopkins, Henry; Hopkins, S. W.; Houston, James B.; Howe, Frank E.; Howes, Reuben W.; Howland, Meredith; Hoy, H. E.; Hoyt, Gould; Hoyt, Henry S.; Huchins, R. C.; Hudson, W. Holley; Hunt, E. T.; Hunt, M. Furman; Hunting, James H.; Huntington, L. B.; Hurst, F. W. J.

Ingalls, Rufus; Ingraham, Daniel P.; Irvin, R., Jr.; Isaacs, Montefiore; Iselin, Adrian; Ives, Frederick E.

Jackson, E. J.; Jackson, F. W.; Jaffray, W. P.; James, David H.; James, F. P.; James, Julien; Jameson, J. A.; Jarvis, N., Jr.; Jay, Louis; Jay, William; Jerome, Eugene; Jerome, Isaac; Jerome, Thomas A.; Jewel, L. B.; Johnson, Bradish; Johnson, Francis L.; Johnson, George W.; Johnson, H. A.; Johnson, Theodore; Johnson, Wilmot; Johnson, William; Jones, David; Jones, Frederick M.; Joseph, L.; Josephson, Louis; Joslyn, O. W.; Jova, John J.; Judson, Charles J.; Justh, E.

Kane, John G.; Kellogg, George G.; Kemeys, Edward; Kemp, John H.; Kendall, J. S.; Kerner, C. H.; Kernochan, J. Frederick; Ketchum, Charles J.; Keteltas, Henry; Keteltas, J. Gardner; Kim-

ber, Arthur; Kimball, Robert J.; King, A. Gracie; King, D. J.; King, C. V.; King, Edward (42 Ex. P.); King, Edward (68 E. 34); King, E. H.; King, Oliver K.; Kingsland, Ambrose C.; Kingsland, A. C., Jr.; Kingsland, Daniel; Kingsland, Emile; Kingsland, George L.; Knapp, A. M.; Knapp, G. L.; Knapp, Shepherd F.; Knickerbacker, K.; Knowiton, George W.; Kohn, A.; Kobbe, William A.; Kutter, George.

Lafarge, Alphonze; Lally, James; Lamb, David; Lambard, C. A.; La Montagne, Edward; Lancey, R. C.; Lange, A. K.; Lansberg, S.; Lansing, Arthur B.; Lathers, Richard; Law, George; Lawrence, Alexander C.; Lawrence, A. G.; Lawrence, Bryan; Lawrence, Geo. P.; Lawrence, J. K.; Lawrence, J. R.; Lawrence, John S.; Lawrence, J. W.; Lawton, J. Warren; Leary, Arthur; Leavett, H. S.; Lediard, Charles; Lee, D. B.; Lee, W. P.; Leland, Charles; Leland, Simcon; Lemmon, William; Leonard, Henry K.; Le Roy, Herman R.; Leslie, Frank; Levine, M. H.; Lewis, George M.; Littlefield, Erastus; Livingston, J. B.; Livingston, Johnston; Livingston, Robert J.; Locke, S. M.; Lockwood, Alfred; Lockwood, S. F.; Loew, Charles E.; Long, George W.; Long, Jacob M.; Lord, John T.; Lorillard, G. L.; Lorillard, Louis L.; Lorillard, Peter; Lounsbury, Richard P.; Lovegrove, Arthur; Lowry, John A.; Luckemeyer, Edward; Ludlow, Edwin; Ludlow, Thomas W.; Luling, Charles; Lydig, David.

Macauley, John L.; Main, S. A.; Mali, H. W. T.; Mali, W. W.; Manice, E. A.; Marie, Peter; Marshall, Charles H.; Marston, William H.; Martin, W. R.; Marx, Louis; Mason, Henry; Mason, Sidney; Matthews, Edward; Matthewson, Park; Maxwell, James E.; Maxwell, John D.; Maxwell, Dr. W. H.; McClave, John; McClure, George; McCullum, George W.; McConnell, T. R.; McCracken, Ernest L.; McCready, D. A.; McCready, N. L.; McCulloh, James W.; McCnne, Charles W.; McDougal, G. C.; McGinnis, John, Jr.; McGown, H. P.; McGrath, W. B.; McIntosh, John E.; McKim, R. V.; McLane, Allen; McLane, Louis; McLean, George W.; McLean, James M.; McLean, S.; Meeker, W. B.; Meyer, Christopher; Meyers, T. Bailey; Miller, A. B.; Miller, A. M.; Miller, Edmund H.; Miller, Henry; Millbank, Samuel W.; Millbank, A. J.; Mills, J. G.; Mills, W. J.; Minor, A. J.; Mitchell, Alexander; Mitchell, James L.; Mitchell, M.; Moller, Geo. H.; Moller, Peter; Moller, Peter, Jr.; Moller, William; Moller, William F.; Monroe, James; Montague, D. P.; Monson, Marcena, Jr.; Montant, Alphonse P.; Moody, H. J.; Moore, E. C.; Morgan, Chas.; Morgan, Edward; Morgan, M.; Morgan, Theodore M.; Morgan, W.

D.; Morris, Fordham; Morris, A. Newbold; Morris, G. W.; Morris, J. A.; Morris, James L.; Morris, W. H.; Morsell, J. Fergusou; Morton, Levi P.; Mosher, A. T.; Moss, Theodore; Motley, J. M.; Mott, Alexander B.; Mott, James; Mott, John; Mott, John W.; Mott, Jordan L.; Motz, Ferdinand; Moulson, John; Mount, W. S.; Mowry, Sylvester; Mudgett, B. F.; Mullaney, J. R.; Munzinger, Charles; Murdock, Uriel A.; Murphy, John; Murphy, Thomas; Murray, John B.; Myers, A. L.; Myers, J. L.; Myers, Theodore W.

Nathan, Benjamin; Natorp, Gustavus; Naylor, Henry; Naylor, Joseph; Neill, Edward M.; Neill, J. De Lancey; Nesbitt, George F., Jr.; Nicholas, George S.; Norrie, Gordon; Norvell, C. C.

Oakley, H. C.; O'Brien, James; O'Connor, Charles; Oddie, John Van Schaick; O'Donnell, J. M.; O'Donohue, Joseph J.; Oecks, Anthony; Oelberman, E.; O'Fallon, James J.; Ogden, Alfred; Ogden, Charles H.; Ogden, W. B.; Olliffe, W. M.; Oppenheim, E. L.; Orcutt, C. C.; Osborne, C. J.; Osgood, Franklin; Osgood, George A.; Otis, Dr. F. N.; Otis, George K.

Paine, W. H.; Palmer, Charles P.; Palmer, Henry; Palmer, H. D.; Palmer, Richard S.; Paris, Sherman; Parker, James V.; Parks, C. C.; Parks, William M.; Parsons, L.; Paterson, James A.; Paulding, J. N.; Pearsall, Denton; Pearsall, Thomas W.; Penneman, C. R.; Penneman, S. G.; Perez, Don Manuel; Perkins, C. L.; Perkins, H. B.; Perrin, Robert P.; Perrine, W. H.; Pettee, D. L.; Pettes, William R.; Phelps, Royal; Phillips, Arthur Edward; Phipps, George; Phoenix, Lloyd; Phoenix, Phillips; Pierrepout, Edwards; Pitzipio, George D.; Place, Charles; Platt, Frank; Platt, John R.; Platt, Samuel R.; Pleasanton, A.; Plock, Otto; Polhemus, H. D.; Pond, L. S.; Ponvert, Elias, Jr.; Ponvert, Louis; Post, Charles A.; Post, E. A.; Potter, Edward E.; Potter, R. B.; Potter, William Henry; Powell, A. H.; Punnett, James; Purdy, E. H.; Purdy, Lovell; Purdy, Samuel M.; Purser, George H.; Pyne, John.

Rader, Louis B.; Rader, M.; Randall, Nathan; Randolph, E. D.; Ray, Winthrop G.; Raymond, Charles M.; Read, C. H.; Read, T. B.; Read, T. T.; Reed, Edgar; Reed, Isaac H.; Redmond, Goold H.; Redmond, R.; Redmond, William, Jr.; Reford, J. J.; Remsen, W. R.; Renshaw, J. M.; Rhodes, James A.; Richardson, John G.; Richardson, W.; Richmond, Henry A.; Rieck, J. G.; Ripley, Joseph; Risten, John A.; Robbins, H. A.; Robbins, S. H.; Robert, Frederick; Robinson, Beverly, Jr.; Robinson, Douglas; Rodewald, H.; Rogers, Fairman; Rogers, John; Rogers, W. C.; Roome, Charles; Ronalds,

Thomas A.; Ross, W. D.; Routh, H. De B.; Rowe, Edward; Rowe, Thomas P.; Rubino, Jacob; Ruggles, J. F.; Ruppil, Henry G.; Russell, Charles W.; Russell, Harry; Russell, T. B.; Rutter, Joseph O.

Samanos, S. A.; Sands, Andrew H.; Sanford, Charles F.; Sanford, George W.; Savory, George; Sayre, Lewis A.; Schanck, D. S.; Scheffel, Adolphe; Schell, Augustus; Schell, Richard; Schenck, Edward; Schenck, J. F.; Schenck, W. I.; Schepeler, J. D.; Schepeler, J. F.; Schermerhorn, F. A.; Schermerhorn, John; Schermerhorn, W. B.; Schieffelin, Charles M.; Schieffelin, W. H.; Schnabell, Richard A.; Schneely, A.; Schuyler, C. P.; Schuyler, George L.; Schuyler, Philip; Scott, Edward P.; Scott, W. G.; Searles, James L.; Sears, K. W.; Sellar, David P.; Sellye, W. W.; Solover, A. A.; Solover, James M.; Seton, Alfred L.; Seward, Clarence A.; Sherman, Frederick; Sherman, W. W.; Sherwood, John; Sherwood, Warner; Shirley, Henry; Simmons, Z. E.; Slingerland, William A.; Slingerland, William J.; Slocomb, Thomas; Smith, David; Smith, Desha; Smith, E. Delafield; Smith, Hugh, Smith, H. M.; Smith, James; Smith, James M.; Smith, James Read; Smith, J. Galt; Smith, L. Shuster; Smith, Murray F.; Smith, Selah; Soher, A.; Spear, Charles; Spencer, James C.; Spofford, Gardner S.; Spofford, J. L.; Sprague, Joseph A.; Squire, Frank; Squires, Robert; Starin, W. H.; Stebbins, C. H.; Stebbins, Henry G.; Stedwell, J. H.; Steers, Henry; Stephens, John L.; Stephens, W. A.; Stetson, Alex. M. C.; Stevens, Frank S.; Stevens, Paron; Stevens, P. H.; Steward, John, Jr.; Stewart, Thomas E.; Stewart, William P.; Stiastney, L. J.; Stillman, Charles; Stiner, Joseph; Stiner, Philip; Stokes, E. S.; Stone, Joseph F.; Stone, W. Oliver; Stoughton, Charles B.; Stoughton, Edwin W.; Stow, J. A.; Strong, Charles E.; Strong, W. E.; Strong, W. L.; Struthers, James; Sturgess, P. D.; Sturges, T. T., Jr.; Stuyvesant, A. Van Horn; Stuyvesant, Robert R.; Sumner, G. Edwards; Suydam, D. L.; Suydam, Ferdinand F.; Suydam, P. M.; Suydam, Richard L.; Swan, Benjamin E.; Sweeney, J. M.; Sweeney, P. B.

Tag, Charles F.; Tailer, E. N., Jr.; Talman, George H.; Taylor, Alexander; Taylor, H. A. C.; Taylor, H. S.; Taylor, Stuart M.; Taylor, William H.; Teft, E. T.; Telfair, J. R.; Thayer, J. S.; Thomson, Christopher; Thomson, James; Thompson, A. C.; Thompson, Henry; Thompson, Samuel C.; Thorne, Eugene; Thorne, W. S.; Thorp, A. S.; Tiffany, C. L.; Tiffany, George; Til-

den, Samuel J.; Tillingbast, Crawford T.; Timpson, B. F.; Timpson, Theodore; Tobias, Joseph F.; Todd, Reuben J.; Toel, William; Toler, James B.; Toler, William E.; Townley, George A.; Townsend, Effingham; Townsend, John Jackson; Townsend, Peter; Tracy, F. W.; Tracy, John F.; Trask, B. I. H., Jr.; Tucker, Gideon J.; Turnbull, Henry; Turnbull, L. G.; Turbull, R. J.; Turbull, William; Turnbull, Wm.; Turner, David L.; Tuttle, Charles; Tuttle, C. A.; Tweed, William M.; Tyler, George F.

Underhill, I. F.

Vail, Henry F.; Van Buren A.; Van Buren, Smith T.; Van Courtland, Augustus; Van Courtlandt, P. J.; Van Courtlandt, J. S.; Vanderbilt, C.; Vanderbilt, J. H.; Vanderhoff, E. W.; Van Saun, A.; Van Schaick, E. H.; Van Schaick, J.; Van Voorhis, Barton W.; Varian, W. A.; Vatable, Jules; Verhuven, Henry F.; Vibbard, Channcy; Vickers, J. Milner; Vié, Egbert L.; Von Hoffman, Louis; Von Hoffman, Richard; Von Keller, Herman; Vyse, Thomas A., Jr.

Wadsworth, J. C. L.; Wainwright, J. Howard; Walker, Thomas George; Wall, Michael W.; Wallack, J. Lester; Walrave, J. E.; Walsh, C. Allison; Ward, George B.; Ward, Henry H.; Ward, John E.; Ward, Samuel; Waterbury, James M.; Waterbury, Lawrence; Watson, Goodwin; Watson, L. G.; Watson, William; Webster, Sidney; Welch, Edward V.; Welch, J. H.; Wells, Kirk B.; Wenman, J. F.; West, James O.; Wetmore, George P.; Wheatley, Charles; Wheeler, De Witt C.; Wheeler, S. G., Jr.; Whipple, John; White, Charles E.; White, Charles W.; White, Samuel B.; Whitehouse, E. M.; Whitewright, Wm., Jr.; Whitaker, Thomas A.; Whiting, J. R.; Whiteman, N.; Whitney, Frederick A.; Wild, Alfred; Wilkes, George; Willard, E. K.; Williams, A. D.; Williams, Barney; Williams, Howell L.; Williams, W. S.; Wilmath, A. F.; Wilmerding, George G.; Wilmerding; Theodore T.; Wilmerding, Thomas A.; Wilson, George W.; Winchester, L. W.; Windle, James B.; Winthrop, Buchanan; Winthrop, Egerton L.; Wolfe, J. Burke; Wood, Alexander G.; Wood, Benjamin; Wood, Charles B.; Wood, J. R.; Wood, W. Stannard; Woodruff, Benjamin L.; Woodward, W., Jr.; Woodward, W. S.; Wooley, Chaales W.; Woolsey, Edward S., Jr.; Woolsey, Theodore B.; Work, Frank; Worrall, Lawrence; Wright, Edward H.

Zimmerman, John E.

A new and substantial up-town club-house has just

been completed and entered. Situated on Madison Avenue, in the very heart of the most aristocratic precinct of the city, it is somewhat less elegant than that of the Union League Club (erected by Mr. Jerome), but speaks well for the prosperity and permanency of an organization so young. The club employs forty waiters and servants at the club-house, exclusive of superintendent and clerk, and as many jockeys during the racing season, who are, however, regarded as regularly in the pay of the association. Hostlers and stablemen are employed by owners.

VIII.

AMERICUS CLUB.

INDIAN HARBOR, CONN.

The Americus Club was started as early as July, 1849, being in point of age fourth among the existing clubs of the city, and only three years younger than the Century. It was at first intended as a purely social organization—a sort of club for gentlemen of leisure with sporting proclivities. But, in those days, gentlemen of elegant leisure were not plentiful, and the club, consequently, did not get on very thrivingly: indeed, not until William M. Tweed, president at present, became its master, did people begin to hear it quoted. By organization, it approximates to the old English form of the club.

In its original intent it was a summer club, and was to have a club-house convenient to the city, with a fleet of pleasure craft. This intent has been carried out in all substantial respects. The club owns a number of sailing vessels and several steamers, which latter are employed in summer in conveying passengers between New York and the camping ground—said passengers consisting exclusively of members and invited guests. In fact, a new steamer, the *Americus*, was added in 1870, and several new sailing vessels. They are, however, the property of the club as a body, not of individual members.

The peculiar feature of the association is the annual campaign in camp, dates of the opening and closing of

which are determined at the regular June meeting, when all indebtedness must be paid under penalty of loss of membership, except in cases of sickness or death in the family of a member, who is then excused for the time, but must settle with the president or secretary previous to opening day. The regular meetings of the club are quarterly instead of monthly. The annual meeting for election of officers is held on the second Thursday in September, at eight o'clock, P. M.

The interesting period of the club is the annual camp, which begins about the first of July and generally continues until September. A ball or two in the winter, and a steady frequenting of the Blossom Club-rooms, compensate the members for the lack of a city club-house.

The rules of the encampment form a special part of the organization, and constitute a body of laws worth condensation:

1. Meals are served at regular and stated hours—breakfast at seven o'clock, A. M.; dinner at twelve o'clock, M.; tea at six o'clock, P. M.

2. Bathing is not permitted within one hundred yards of the club-house between sunrise and dark.

3. On any question, whether of business or of pleasure, the majority rules, except when the decision thereof transgresses some fixed rule or by-law of the club.

4. Any member abusing or destroying the property of the club is held personally responsible, and it is the duty of officers to note violations of the rule, and report at the regular meeting.

5. Members visiting the grounds must wear the uniform of the club during the whole term of their sojourn there.

6. Members are strictly prohibited from lending any

portion of their uniforms to any but members, and any member violating the rule must pay a penalty of five dollars.

7. Guests are not permitted, under any circumstances, to wear the uniform of the club.

8. Every member is entitled to five cards of invitation, which contain the signature of the president, and the name of the person receiving. These the member is at liberty to present to his friends, endorsing them with his name, and guests must present them upon arrival at the club-house to the officer whose business it is to look after the matter.

9. Members cannot invite any person to stay more than two nights, if any member of the club objects.

10. Members or guests must not make any unnecessary noise, or cause annoyance to members sleeping in the house between the hours of midnight and five o'clock in the morning.

Violations of these rules must be reported to the supervisory board, and by that body reported at the regular meeting next succeeding the months of camp; and the president or supervisory board, as may be most convenient, is empowered to make special rules at need, intended for the preservation of houses, grounds, or property of the club. Rules thus made must be obeyed as by-laws, but are subject to revision at any special meeting of the members, to be called on three days' notice, and for the specific purpose of revision or emendation.

The camp uniform consists of blue cloth navy pantaloons with gold cord down the seams; blue sack coat of the navy cut; white cloth vest cut low, and navy cap. The purveyors of the club, and custodians of properties and uniforms, when not in use, are Drumgold & King,

clothiers, 746 Broadway. Uniforms of ushers, waiters, servants, are also manufactured by the same firm, and kept in store subject to call of the club.

The erection of the new building at Indian Harbor for the summer use of the 'Mericules, in the winter of 1870 and spring of 1871, brings up the subject of club buildings in New York, where, principally because clubs have leased instead of building, no great progress has been made. The building of the Union is grand, massive, and imposing as one of Blair's periods, but not exactly cosy, agreeable, or even convenient. The ceilings are of dizzy height, and the massiveness of the general air admits of very little ornamentation—too little, in fact, to secure that home-like atmosphere which renders the club comfortable. The Union League building, light, graceful, and easy, is very superior in this respect. Its rooms have lower ceilings, and the general style admits of those cosy corners, nooks, and crannies, which are so fascinating to lovers of *tête-à-tête* and gossip. So, those of the Century, though the building was not erected for club-house purposes; but, for the most, they are simply Fifth Avenue mansions converted into club-houses, with no exterior, and very little interior metamorphosis.

The finest club-house in the world is probably that of the Travelers' Club, London. It is a noble Italian edifice, of the Roman palace manner, in contradistinction from Palladianism and its orders. Professionally, I believe they call it the *Astylar*; more intelligibly, the Italian palazzo mode. The building of the United Service Club has a Roman-Doric portico of great purity.

Grandier, more massive, of greater severity than that of the Travelers', is the building of the Athenæum, which is Grecian, with a frieze copied from the Panathenaic procession in the frieze of the Parthenon. Over the

Roman-Doric portico stands a colossal Minerva by Bailey. The interior is remarkable for grandeur and massive severity, but not for cosiness or comfort, and, though unlike that of the Union in details, is vaguely like it in effect.

In the way of summer accommodations, the new house at Indian Harbor is by far the finest in this country. It is a wooden building, of L shape, and occupies the south-western portion of the club's property. On Indian Harbor it has a front of one hundred and thirty-two feet, and a like extent of front on the Sound. That portion of the structure facing the Sound rests on an old wall of solid masonry. The style of the building is Gothic—the first story being thirteen feet high, the second twelve, and the third twelve: the latter, according to the prevailing type in vogue—the more's the pity—being constituted by that squatty cap of a roof known as the Mansard. The first floor contains the grand parlor, seventy-two feet nine by thirty feet ten, a rarely splendid *salon*, elegantly frescoed and elegantly furnished. The grand reception room, otherwise the Tweed room, is also on the first floor, and is, it is needless to say, gorgeously appointed. The twelve remaining rooms on the first floor—all twelve feet by twelve feet six—are used mainly by the officers of the club; and on the same floor, at the southeast corner, is the barber's shop, thirty-two feet by eleven feet eleven, with bath-rooms, and every possible convenience for the renovation of the outer man. A piazza encircles the whole floor, and affords shelter in bad weather—also a promenade, seven times around which is equivalent to a mile.

The second and third floors are fitted up alike, and contain bedrooms for members and guests. The number of bedrooms to the floor is thirty, making in all

sixty, averaging twelve feet square; and, of course, the bedding and furniture is of the best money can buy. The leaders and wealthier members have, in fact, had their rooms fitted up at their own expense.

Externally, the effect (in Gothic) is assisted by a couple of towers—one at the northwesterly, the other at the southwesterly angle of the building—which have an elevation of sixteen feet above the roof-top of the main structure. The central tower perfects the Gothic effect. This, designated as the grand tower, occupies the centre of the building, in the angle formed by Indian Harbor and the Sound, rising to the height of fifty feet above the roof, and one hundred above the sea-wall.

In this tower above the third floor are fitted up rooms for the use of guests of distinction—for it may be supposed that an organization so powerful and opulent has had plenty of guests falling under that head; and thus committing to the tower gets a new meaning, quite distinct from what it had in old days, when it meant treason. From this floor of the tower, by winding stairway, easy of ascent, access is had to the observatory, one hundred feet above the base of the building. The view is vast—magnificent. On the north, Connecticut for leagues; on the south, Long Island, and the long, ribbon-like Sound; away to the southwest, with that softening that the magic of distance lends, the busy, bustling, noisy metropolis—seen but not heard, visible but silent, as a mere city of mirage might be.

Some few points still remain to be noted. The grand entrance is a sort of poem in its way, though not exactly in that which, straining a metaphor, one might term Gothic. Beautiful it is, nevertheless. It occupies the northwestern angle of the building, is thirty-two feet by twenty-four, and looks out upon elegant walks. The

grand staircases, too, are models of elegance, in carved walnut: the cost of the edifice having footed up to about three hundred thousand dollars, irrespective of all upholstery.

The erection of so elegant a building gives occasion for some remarks as to club buildings in this country. The Academy of Design, and the splendid edifice facing it, can scarcely be regarded as club buildings, a club differing from an association, more especially in having a sort of home-life, in being a communal experiment. Primarily, it should have no purpose except a social purpose, and primarily it had none except that. Associations banded for moral, æsthetic, or artistic purposes, are not clubs, except they make a home-life for members, and give it prominence over all other considerations. For this reason, musical societies and the like are not clubs, since, primarily, clubs were bodies of small membership, first developed out of the private dinners of the Greeks: which were private dinners at public tables: at which, the tables being set for fifteen, vacancies were filled by ballot. Cicero was a club-man, and frequented the confraternities. The early English and American clubs were limited in membership to twenty-five often, more often to fifty, but seldom it was that the roll of names was not fixed at less than one hundred. The example of membership practically unlimited was set by the Athenæum, London, in 1824, when the gates were opened, twelve hundred members flowed in, and all privacy and exclusiveness were lost. The example was copied by American clubs (but not by the Hone and Kent); and, hence, in the two great cities of New York and Loudon have been developed vast bodies in the club form: not social and *en famille*, as the old clubs were, but rather gregarious, with a tendency to

break into cliques. These inhabit huge palaces of brown-stone or marble; but they are not clubs in the ancient sense. Palaces—palatial indeed—are the structures they erect, but not club-houses.

The interests of the club suffered in the fall of 1871 from the same causes that disturbed the symposia of the Blossoms, and the building was, in the spring of 1872, reported to be in the hands of the sheriff; but recent events have extricated the organization from pecuniary difficulty, and it resumes under the old auspices, though not likely to be so lavish in expenditures, having had its lesson, in the necessity of making a debtor's and absconder's castle of the elegant Indian Harbor structure.

This, however, is gossiping by the way, and not particularly descriptive of the organization. The club is managed upon a somewhat less extravagant plan than previous to the downfall of the late Tammany magnates, in that halcyon year of 1871, when Mr. Tweed was at once president and treasurer, and the club-house at Indian Harbor was a sort of *Hôtel de Tweed*; for, whereas in the summer of 1871 the cost of entertaining the numerous guests of the members was no less than forty thousand dollars, the bar being free, last summer members introducing guests were assessed at the rate of three dollars a day for board, wines and cigars extra and paid for on delivery. The consequence was that guests were fewer in number and a trifle more select, and that, while in the summer of '71 the average number who sat down at the table was one hundred and fifty per day, partaking, gratis, of the hospitalities of the club, in '72 they were so sporadic—these elegant loungers—that the summer was really less jolly than usual (though the house was made to pay expenses), and the convivial lounged for the close of the season.

To discuss the 'Mericuses is to discuss William M. Tweed socially and politically. He made the organization what it was in the days of its prosperity, when Governors, Mayors, Legislators for the whole State of New York were elected at Indian Harbor. When he fell it fell.

A man one-third fox, one-third lion, and one-third elephant, was this William M. Tweed: a sun about which revolved a whole solar system of smaller political villains, equally ready to commit a murder or a perjury at his beck, and depending upon him for light, warmth, and political vitality. Something colossal there was about the man; something vast and intricate there was about the schemes he pondered—something imposing and Napoleonic in the manner in which those schemes were accomplished; yet his success was of a kind, accomplished by means, that could only have occurred in a country where politics had become a gambler's game, not a gentleman's profession; for his method resolved itself into one simple principle, to wit, universal corruption. It was a method of dollars and cents—a commercial method—neither better nor worse than that which rules Wall Street or Broadway: only Mr. Tweed, like James Fisk, Jr., was somewhat extraordinarily audacious in the application of it. Most of the *colossi* of the world are (and have been) scoundrels. Indeed, to be great politically, it is inherently necessary to be a great scoundrel. When Lanfrey has lifted the veil that hid the real Napoleon, what see the gaping crowd? A colossal scoundrel: a man who was not even a gentleman: a liar in word and act, whose whole life was a spectacular drama, of which, tinsel-tricked and star-bespangled, he was the central figure. When Fronde has puffed away the illusion enveloping about Queen, Elizabeth, what

remains? A coarse, vulgar, jealous, intriguing female scoundrel: a coward who murders a rival with a pretext, having hinted the propriety of her assassination to every villain about the court. Stripped of the splendid mystifying verbiage of Carlyle, what is Frederick the Great? The coarsest, vulgarest, weakest, burliest, most colossally egotistic scoundrel of them all: the prototype of Mr. Tweed, who is herewith recommended to the next success-worshipping Carlyle as the subject of an historical epic. It is one of the merits of human wickedness that it can be colossal, sensational; of human goodness, that it cannot. So Lucifer is a deal the grandest and most fascinating figure in "Paradise Lost," as Tweed has been in New York politics; overtopping the goody Hoffman, the jocose Hall, the frightened Connolly; playing with his puppets as Napoleon did, and shifting the stage-scenery of politics to suit his own purposes.

You see the man thus at a distance; the elephant and the lion preponderating. Scan him more closely, and the fox comes out. The craft and low cunning of his broad, heavy physiognomy begin to impress you. "Yes," you mutter to yourself, "a Frederick the Great in toxi-ness and cunning—Carlyle's hero and man of success over again! Poor, demented Carlyle, who can find no heroism except in success villainously huge, hugely villainous!"

Unjust this may be to Frederick the Great, mayhap unjust to Mr. Tweed; but when, O Carlyle of the future, thou wouldst a hero worthy of thy steel, seek one who, ambitious as Frederick, did let success slip from his hook rather than bait it with meanness and hypocrisy, and thy heroes will be neither Fredericks, nor Napoleons, nor Tweeds, nor Fisks. The trouble is that these men have made history: costumed themselves in togas, and

insisted they were Romans; and the men who have written, have not had the courage to strip them of the costuming, and photograph them as they appeared in the green-room. Small the difference between a Nero and a Napoleon, a Frederick the Great and a Tweed, except in the costuming! But dismiss the disagreeable topic.

The membership of the Americus is limited to one hundred; it is the only club of note the membership of which is practically limited, for a thousand is really no limitation at all. Hence, the admission fee and dues are fixed at a scale by no means economical—the former being two hundred and fifty dollars, the latter one hundred a year, payable quarterly in advance. No candidate can be elected except upon the unanimous voice of the members, a single black ball excluding, which is, primarily, a principle of club organization. About the preliminaries there is one point that is original. Any person wishing to join must deposit one hundred dollars with the president, which, in case of rejection, is returned; but, if elected, is credited to his initiation fee. On election, the candidate pays the rest of the fee, with the addition of dues from the date of the last annual meeting; that is, all persons becoming members are required to pay all dues and assessments *per capita* from the date of the previous September meeting. Any member resigning, forfeits all interest in the property of the club, but is eligible as an honorary member.

The club has no special peculiarities of organization. The officers consist of a president, vice-president, secretary, assistant secretary, treasurer, captain, and five trustees, the president and treasurer constituting, *ex officio*, two of the five. These are elected at the annual meeting in September. The president appoints all com-

mittees, is invested with the duty of keeping the larder supplied, and has sole authority and supervision over the department of restauration. Duties of secretary and treasurer need not be specified. The captain is invested with authority over all boats, steamers, and sea-going properties of the club, and employs what help may be necessary for his purposes. The board of trustees have the custody of the properties of the club, and perform as well the function of an auditing committee. The reception of guests devolves on the president and vice-president.

In connection with the fleet and club-house, the association employs one hundred and fifty persons or more, and has an income of ten thousand a year from dues. In general, however, the members are opulent, and put their hands in their pockets freely for the benefit of the club.

The officers are: President, William M. Tweed, late of the Department of Public Works, No. 237 Broadway; Vice-President, Henry Smith, No. 1 Broadway; Secretary, C. H. Hall, No. 135 Madison street; Assistant Secretary, John Scott, No. 54 Eldridge street; Treasurer, William B. Dunley, No. 21 St. Mark's place; Captain, George E. Mann, No. 197 Monroe street. Board of Trustees, James M. McGregor, William H. Schaffer, William M. Tweed, William B. Dunley, Edward Marrenner. Board of Control, John Vanderbeck, Owen W. Brennan, Edward Kearney, Henry Smith, and William M. Tweed.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Scott, John; Miller, James L.; Ely, William L.; Van Arsdale, P. B.; Dunley, William B.; Macgregor, James M.; Schaffer, William H.; Marrenner, Edward; Vanderbeck, Francis; Davison, Wil-

ham; Kirk, Lewis J.; McGarigal, John; Davin, Ed. A.; Clancy, Lawrence; Kinney, Francis; Southworth, Joseph; Betts, John S.; Shandley, Edward J.; Butt, George W.; Schaffer, Christian W.; Roche, Walter; Braisted, Peter D.; Bassford, Edward D.; Garvey, Andrew J.; O'Brien, William K.; Roosevelt, George W.; Keenan, Patrick H.; Shannon, Joseph; Farley, Terence; Shook, Sheridan; Charlock, William H.; Barnard, John T.; Watson, James; Huelat, Henry H.; Boyle, Edward; Stymus, William P.; Cornell, Charles G.; Brennan, Owen W.; Pickford, John, Jr.; Durnin, Eugene; Yard, Wesley S.; Ford, John J.; Hagerty, Edwin M.; Hogan, Edward; Jones, Morgan; Grafulla, Clandius S.; King, John T.; Kearney, Edward; Young, Joseph B.; Corson, Cornelius; Canary, Thomas; Taylor, Robert M.; Jackson, Joseph A.; Barber, Amaziah D.; Jones, Edward; Fleming, Charles L.; Sharp, Jacob; Satterlee, John; O'Brien, James; Bleakley, Andrew; Donohoe, Thomas; Brown, Martin B.; Cuddy, Edward; McGowan, John T.; Tripler, Thomas E.; Davidson, John McB.; Ingersoll, James H.; Rogers, William C.; Woodward, E. A.; Sayles, Sol.; Miller, George S.; Keyser, John H.; Dewey, William C.; Berrian, Daniel; Ryan, James; Oliver, Isaac J.; Pentland, John; Miller, David; Lawrence, Charles L.; Shandley, Michael, Jr.; Felter, Henry D.; Chamberlain, John F.; Boyle, James W.; O'Conner, Chris.; Van Elten, Kuseman; Vinanta, Daniel; Frear, Alexander; Fisk, James, Jr. (*deceased*); Gould, Jay; Kirkpatrick, Thomas; Harrison, Joseph G.; Selmes, Reeves E.; Loew, Charles E.; Fields, Thomas C.; Mitchell, George H.; Pyne, John; Gambleton, James J.; Ferris, Thomas H.; O'Donoghoe, T. J.; Jones, James E.; Garvey, John; Harway, James L.; Phillips, T. Augustus; Carnochan, John M.; Brennan, Matthew T.; Barker, James; Borrows, William B.; Barnum, Henry A.; Halsey, Schuyler; Watson, James S.; Sturtevant, Newell; Collier, James W.; Helmbold, Henry T.; Osgood, George A.; Brice, John; McCabe, Francis; Harnett, John H.; Coulter, James E.; Bedford, Gunning S., Jr.; Barnard, George G.; Bleakley, Andrew, Jr.; Funk, Augustus; Trainer, Peter; Schirmer, William; Georgi, Adolph E.; Koch, Joseph; Van Tassel, William.

Receptions are always given during the summer season, with special receptions to the lady friends of the club.

IX.

LOTOS CLUB.

NO. 2 IRVING PLACE.

“In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.”

ON the afternoon of Tuesday, March 8, 1870, six young New York journalists met together in the office of the New York Leader, to take the initiatory steps necessary for the formation of a club. They were De Witt Van Buren, of the *Leader*; Andrew C. Wheeler, of the *Daily World*; George W. Hows, of the *Evening Express*; Frederick A. Schwab, of the *Daily Times*; W. L. Alden, of the *Citizen*; and J. H. Elliot, of the *Home Journal*. These gentlemen, besides filling various other positions on the journals with which they were connected, were all musical, dramatic, and art critics, tolerably well known in literary and art circles, and fairly representative of the younger portion of metropolitan journalism. The idea of forming a club had been discussed by them in a desultory manner for many months, and had finally seemed to assume a tangible shape. A strictly journalistic or literary organization of the kind was known to be impossible, successive failures of such attempts having proved that beyond a peradventure. Following somewhat the example of the Savage, Garrick, and Junior Garrick Clubs, of London, it was decided then to found the new club on the broadest possible basis consistent with its central and distinctive idea—in a word, to make it an art

club, using the term art in its truest and most comprehensive sense. The central idea was to bring into the most agreeable social contact journalists, literary men, painters, sculptors, musicians, actors, and members of the learned professions, gentlemen of leisure, and business men, in active sympathy with the æsthetic as well as the practical side of life. The first meeting of what was to become the Lotos Club, resulted simply in a firm determination to maintain this idea scrupulously in the organization proposed. Exactly one week later, March 15, that organization was effected, the half-dozen gentlemen mentioned having enlisted the coöperation of Albert Weber, the famous piano manufacturer; Thomas A. Kennett, formerly proprietor of the *Buffalo Express*, now of the Broad Street firm of Noyes & Kennett; Harold Bateman, Esq., son of the well-known manager, and brother of Kate Bateman, the *tragedienne*; and Montgomery Schuyler, of the *World*. The following officers were elected for the first year:—President, De Witt Van Buren; Vice-President, Frederick A. Schwab; Secretary, George W. Hows; Treasurer, Albert Weber; Directory, De Witt Van Buren, George W. Hows, A. C. Wheeler, T. A. Kennett, J. H. Elliot. On the following Saturday, March 19, the name and constitution of the club were adopted. Among the many titles proposed, the compounded Melolotos seemed to find the most favor, but, as it was especially suggestive of music, Lotos alone was finally adopted as typical of a resort where might be always found the social intercourse and pleasant surroundings which tend to promote repose rather than action, and induce quiet and rest for the overworked brain and nervous system, in an atmosphere both soothing to the sense beautiful and aromatic, with agreeable regalia flavors. The Constitution set forth the

distinctive object of the club in Article I., Section 2, as follows:

“ Its primary object shall be to promote social intercourse among journalists, literary men, artists, and members of the theatrical profession.”

To this section was subsequently added a clause requiring that at least two-thirds of the members should belong, either directly or indirectly, to the professions named, and still later the limit was fixed at one-half instead of two-thirds. The initiation fee was fixed at twenty dollars for regular, and one hundred for honorary members, and the dues for the former at five dollars per month, payable in advance. The Constitution provided that the Directory should be the virtual governing and controlling power of the club, hold weekly meetings, appoint necessary committees, and pass first upon the candidates for membership. Regular club meetings, for the transaction of business, were appointed for the last Thursday in each month, and the annual meeting for the third Saturday in March. Nine affirmative ballots in every ten were required to elect candidates, after their names, residence, and occupation had been posted on the bulletin at least six days previous to being acted upon. Honorary members were elected on the same conditions, and entitled to all privileges except that of voting.

The experiment was now fairly inaugurated—the foundation laid whereon to build a structure, which, unique in its social features, should be an honor alike to its originators, promoters, and the metropolis of America. Pending the selection of a local habitation for the club, meetings were held in the parlors of the Belvidere House, then located on the corner of Fourth avenue and Fourteenth street, and the membership increased in

a short time to between thirty and forty. Meanwhile, the committee appointed for the purpose, selected the house at No. 2 Irving Place, adjoining the Academy of Music, as the most suitable, desirable, and available for the club, and after no little expressed misgiving on part of a few faint-hearted members, the Directory was empowered to secure it for one year, at a rental not exceeding three thousand dollars. Following these instructions, they secured it for one year at a rental of two thousand eight hundred dollars, with the privilege of retaining it two years longer at an annual rental of three thousand dollars. Formal possession of the premises was taken on the fifteenth of April, and on the twentieth the ground floor was furnished and the first meeting held. On the twenty-ninth the club was incorporated under the general act, and from this time the name and fame of the Lotos spread rapidly, and long lists of candidates for membership were voted upon at every meeting. The names proposed were thoroughly canvassed, and great pains were taken to admit no one who could not subscribe heartily to the objects of the organization as set forth in the Constitution. By this means, there was gradually gathered a remarkably fine body of gentlemen, possessing in the aggregate far more than the average amount of good-breeding, talent, and influence. Such acquisitions naturally fastened upon the club the distinctive reputation which its projectors had most desired, and at a comparatively early day in its history, it could no longer be fairly called an experiment.

On the fifth of October, a little less than seven months after the foundation of the Lotos, its first president, De Witt Van Buren, died, after a comparatively brief illness, although he had been in delicate health for many weeks, struggling bravely the while to conceal his failing

strength, and attend as usual his manifold duties. The bereavement was a sore one to the young club, for its members had all learned to respect, esteem, and admire their president, and to regard him as præeminently fitted for the prominent position he held among them. De Witt Van Buren was, indeed, a rare gentleman, a warm lover, and a true friend. A poet by nature, a student and a scholar, there was in his manly presence and whole demeanor something that seemed to lift him a little above his fellows, and inspire a sort of reverence among those who knew him well. His interest in the club had been from the first very deep. He labored earnestly for its best welfare, and to the last its success was one of his foremost desires. Resolutions expressive of the universal esteem in which he was held, were passed at a special meeting, and forwarded to his family, and a delegation of the members attended his funeral at Schenectady, his native place. Thus early in its career was the Lotos draped in mourning for one who had hardly crossed the threshold of early manhood, and before whom, at the time of its inception, a brilliant future had seemed to open.

On the twenty-sixth of October a very large representation of the members of the club met to elect a president to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Van Buren. The two candidates presented were Hon. A. Oakey Hall, Mayor of New York, and Colonel Thomas W. Knox, the well-known traveler, author, and correspondent. The ballot resulted in the election of Mr. Hall, who formally accepted the position thus proffered at an inaugural dinner given to the club not long afterwards. It was then clearly understood that he assumed his office entirely in his social capacity, as a journalist, *littérateur*, dramatist, and patron of art generally. In his happy and well-timed

address, he took pains to declare political honors of small importance compared with the social honor thus conferred upon him, and predicted that the Lotos would eventually become the foremost club in America. As if to fulfill the prediction at once, the club took a new lease of life and prosperity. At the suggestion of Mr. Hall, Saturday evening of each week was set apart for a general reunion of members, and the "Lotos Saturday Nights" soon became famous, and were continued throughout the season, with constantly increasing attractions. In the early evening a repast was served, and subsequently there were new works of art to be seen, and music and recitations to be heard in the parlors. With artists like Beard, Reinhart, Burling, Lumley, Chapin, Rosenberg, Bispham, and Pickett; pianists like Wehli, Mills, Hopkins, Colby, and Bassford; singers like Randolf, Lawrence, Thomas, Macdonald, Perring, Seguin, Matthison, and Davis; and actors like Edwin Booth, John Brougham, Edwin Adams, Lawrence Barrett, Mark Smith, Walter Montgomery, D. H. Harkins, and George Clark, all members of the club, to contribute to the success of these weekly festivals, it is certainly no wonder that they became so widely known that invitations thereto were eagerly sought. Noted guests like the veteran actor and manager, William Creswick; the veteran comedian, Charles Mathews; Bristow, the composer; Villanova, the pianist; Simpson, the tenor; Eben, with his silver-voiced flute; and Levy, with his magic cornet, were present on various occasions, and added measurably to the delights of the reunions. Speaking of Levy's cornet recalls an informal but very jovial "Saturday Night," which was celebrated long before the institution proper was inaugurated. At the close of the Beethoven Festival, held at the Empire Skating Rink in June, Gilmore's Band,

headed by P. S. Gilmore himself, serenaded the Lotos, and was invited to partake of its hospitalities. The night was one of lively enjoyment, and will always be remembered as the occasion of the first public compliment to the club. How jubilantly the projector of the great Boston Peace Jubilee of '69 entered into the spirit of the unique little entertainment, and how the notes of Arbuckle's cornet rang again and again through the length and breadth of the club-house, will sometimes be told as among the more memorable of early Lotos events. The Saturday Nights will be continued from season to season, with very many additional sources of pleasure and entertainment, and it is not unlikely that some of them may be arranged as receptions for the lady friends of the club and its members. Should such be the case, they will speedily become prominent among the social and artistic gatherings of the metropolitan season.

On the first of December the initiation fee was increased to fifty dollars for active, and two hundred and fifty dollars for honorary members. On the first of January following the annual dues were fixed at forty dollars, payable quarterly in advance. The first annual meeting and election of the Lotos took place on Saturday evening, March 18, of the year 1871. At the last previous regular meeting of the club, the Constitution had been amended and altered in several important particulars. As thus amended, Section 2 of Article I, which has been previously quoted, reads as follows:

"Its primary object shall be to promote social intercourse among journalists, literary men, artists, and members of the musical and dramatic professions; and at least one-half of the members and two-thirds of the officers of the club shall be connected with said professions."

An additional office, that of Corresponding Secretary, was created, and the government of the club was directly vested in the Directory, increased to twelve, including the president and vice-president as members *ex officio*. These officers and ten directors were to be elected by the club, and the remaining officers and all committees by the Directory, from its own number. Regular meetings of the club were abolished, and regular Directory meetings fixed for the last Thursday of each month. Names of candidates for membership were required to pass from the election committee to the Directory, where two black balls rejected them. The necessity and desirability of these emendations had gradually become so apparent that they were adopted unanimously. At the annual meeting, the secretary read a very interesting report of the first year's existence of the club, and the treasurer's report showed a handsome balance in the treasury, with no indebtedness, save two issues of bonds to members, one thousand dollars and two thousand five hundred dollars respectively, for the purpose of furnishing the house. The election passed off quietly. There were two tickets in the field, but their only difference was in four or five nominees for the Directory, and what was known as the regular ticket was elected by a large majority. The polls were open from 10 A. M. to ten P. M., and the result of the ballot was as follows: President, A. Oakey Hall; Vice-President, Thomas W. Knox; Directory, A. C. Wheeler, T. A. Kennett, George W. Hows, J. H. Elliot, C. G. Rosenberg, Albert Weber, J. H. Hager, Henry D. Palmer, Thomas J. Hall, T. E. Baker. The Directory subsequently elected George W. Hows as Recording Secretary, J. H. Elliot as Corresponding Secretary, and Albert Weber as Treasurer, and appointed the following committees:

Finance—T. A. Kennett, H. D. Palmer, T. J. Hall. Election—G. W. Hows, A. Weber, J. H. Elliot. Literature—A. C. Wheeler, T. E. Baker, T. A. Kennett. Art—C. G. Rosenberg, A. C. Wheeler, G. W. Hows. House—March 18 to July 1, 1871, H. D. Palmer, T. A. Kennett, T. J. Hall; July 1 to October 1, 1871, A. Oakey Hall, George W. Hows, J. H. Hager; October 1 to January 1, 1872, Thomas W. Knox, A. C. Wheeler, C. G. Rosenberg; January 1 to March 18, 1872, T. E. Baker, Albert Weber, J. H. Elliot.

At the beginning of its second year, then, the Lotos was firmly established on the basis which had been laid for it. It had outlived all probable dangers and disasters, and gained an importance and influence which it is believed no club in this city ever before gained in so short a time. Its originators looked upon it with wonder and admiration, scarcely able to recognize in the vigorous and thriving organization the fruition of their humble endeavors. The only real danger that had ever threatened was that its distinctive purpose might be unwittingly undermined by carelessness or indifference, and so allow it to drift into an ordinary club, without special significance or any fixed purpose. This danger was happily passed with the rest, and nothing was left to bar the progress and prosperity which have steadily attended it.

At hardly eighteen months old, the club had a membership of nearly two hundred, and was constantly making fresh acquisitions. The names of some of its prominent representatives of art have been given. Among other well-known members may be mentioned Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, M. C., Mr. Henry G. Stebbins, Mr. Frank Leslie, Douglass Taylor, Esq., Hon. Thomas E. Stewart, Mr. Edwin F. De Leon, former United States Consul-General in Egypt; Otto Fulgraff, M. D., John Hay, the

poet; Bronson C. Howard, the dramatist; Patrick S. Gilmore, Mr. Charles E. Wilbour, Charles Inslee Pardee, M. D., and Hon. John R. Reed, of Long Island. Nearly all the leading journals of the city are represented by two or more members, many of whom have a reputation as authors, writers, and poets outside the newspaper world. Music and the drama are additionally represented by such *impresarii*, managers, dramatists, and conductors as Max Maretzek, Max Strakosch, Dr. James Pech, J. C. Fryer, Charles Gayler, Augustin Daly, James E. Hayes, Henry Tissington, John A. Duff, Fred. Lyster, J. H. Magonigle, Theodore Moss, Harry Palmer, F. J. Pillott, C. W. Tayleure, John F. Cole, Carl Rosa, J. H. Selwyn, and others. Medicine, law, the fine arts, engineering, commerce, finance, and trade generally are all worthily represented.

Here closes Mr. Elliot's narrative, with some compliments to A. Oakey Hall. And here, alas! the old fatality, dissension, intervenes; Mephistopheles appears on the scene; and it ceases to be, in the pleasant words of the text—always afternoon. Out of the discontented of the Lotos is evolved an Arcadian, in which, be it hoped, it is always afternoon of a dozy Arcadian day, with lulling breezes—for, surely, these sensitive spirits will migrate again, in vain groping after the land where it is always afternoon, should a single rose-leaf of the new Sybaris turn awry. The merits of the case concern not the writer. The Lotos sustained the shock bravely, and began the new year with the following list of officers: President, Whitelaw Reid; Vice-President, John Brougham; Recording Secretary, Charles H. Miller; Corresponding Secretary, Charles Inslee Pardee; Treasurer, William Appleton, Jr.; Directory, Whitelaw Reid, John Brougham, Thomas W. Knox, J. B. Bouton, Wil-

liam Appleton, Jr., Charles H. Miller, Charles Inslee Pardee, John Elderkin, J. Henry Hager, Thomas E. Morris, Daniel Bixby, C. F. Chickering.

As its Saturday evening reunions constitute a feature of the Lotos, the rules pertaining thereto are of popular importance.

To prevent the overcrowding of the club-house, and the presence of unauthorized persons during the Saturday evening reunions, a servant of the club is stationed at the door every Saturday evening during the season, with orders to admit none but members and guests.

Unless accompanied by the member inviting him, each guest must be provided with a card of invitation, which is furnished to any member on application to the steward, and the card must bear the name of the guest and the member inviting him, together with the date for which the invitation is given.

No member may bring or invite more than two visitors to the club-house on any one Saturday evening, and the names of all visitors must be placed on the register.

As members indebted to the club an amount exceeding ten dollars for more than three months are deemed expelled, the doorkeeper is furnished with a revised list of members, and gentlemen whose indebtedness exceeds ten dollars for a period of more than three months, are considered subject to the penalty prescribed.

Gentlemen who are guests of the club require no special visiting cards for Saturday evenings.

No refreshments can be served from the table, in the parlors, during the regular Saturday evening reunions.

The honorary list, which is entered by paying two hundred and fifty dollars, includes P. S. Gilmore, of Boston Jubilee fame, and the American Jullien; Alex-

ander Henderson, Thomas R. Perry, and Thomas E. Stewart. The necrological list consists of D. W. Van Buren, died in 1870; Walter Montgomery, the well-known actor, whose tragic death thrilled London and New York in the summer of 1871; and Theodore Hagen, the well-known music publisher, and proprietor of the *Weekly Review*, whose death occurred early in 1872.

The club is in an exceedingly prosperous financial condition, and has given several very elegant receptions in honor of Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, John Hay, Edmund Yates, the English novelist; P. S. Gilmore, James Anthony Froude, and other notabilities. One of its finest Saturday nights was that in honor of Weber, at his Fifth Avenue piano palace, on the evening of Saturday, April 6, 1872. The gathering was in response to an invitation issued by a committee of the following members: Hon. Henry G. Stebbins, A. C. Wheeler, F. A. Schwab, Albert Weber, H. D. Palmer, George Dudley Waring, George W. Hows, J. M. Bundy, Mark Smith, Thomas J. Hall, Thomas E. Baker, Clarence H. Livingston.

The throng was remarkable as a gathering of celebrities in the world of music, literature, and art. No less than fifteen *prime donne* of more or less renown were present, and so was nearly every singer and pianist of note, every leading newspaper in the city being represented. Operatic managers were there, in the persons of Max Strakosch, Carl Rosa, Mr. H. Jarrett, Max Maretzek, De Vivo, Signor Albites, Gilmore, of jubilee fame: dramatic, in the persons of Mr. Magonigle, the popular manager of Booth's Theatre, and Lester Wallack.

Especially notable among the musical people were Parepa-Rosa, Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Cary and Miss Morensi, Madame Anna Bishop, Madame Fabbri, Madame Clara M. Brinkerhoff, Mrs. Seguin and her daughter,

née Zelda Harrison; Mlle. Marie Leon Duval, Madame Van Zandt, Miss Doria, Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Miss Canissa, Miss Clara Perl, Fraulein Elzer, Miss Graziella Ridgway, Madame Melanie Reboux, Mrs. Picton Rowe, Santley, the great baritone; Capoul, Jamet, Barré, Ferranti, Tom Karl, Ronconi, Jacob Muller, of the Fabbri opera troupe; Randolfi, G. F. Hall, S. C. Campbell, J. R. Thomas, composer; W. S. Leggatt, and McDonald, vocalists; Charles Lyall, Antonio Mora, the organist; violinists, Sarasate, Dr. Damrosch, Signor Padovani, and Mlle. Filomena; and the pianists, Mills, Wehli, Vilanova, Pattison, Lindsay Sloper, G. W. Colby, F. Korbay, Agramonte, and Carlo Bosoni.

The general society list embraced the names of Henry Clews, Joseph W. Harper, Jr., of Harper Brothers; Mr. Frank Leslie, Dr. A. K. Gardner, wife and daughter; Powell, the artist; G. G. Havens, the banker; Mr. James H. Benson, B. F. Reinhart, artist; S. S. Conant, of *Harper's Weekly*; Walter Condit, Colonel Dodge, Benjamin Gurney, Dr. William W. Strew, Colonel H. G. Stebbins, Arthur Lumley, the artist, and many more: while among the daily journalists present were Montgomery Schuyler, Mr. W. L. Alden, Joseph Howard, Jr., editor of the *Star*; W. Francis Williams, the musician and able critic of the *Post*; Mr. Henry Sedley and Mr. Frederick A. Schwab, of the *Times*; Mr. Myron A. Cooney, of the *Herald*; Mr. Albert W. Orr and Melville D. Landon, of the *Commercial Advertiser*; Mr. Townley, art critic of the *Evening Mail*; George W. Hows, of the *Express*, and Mr. L. S. Israels, representing the *World*.

The musical entertainment was informal and of high excellence, the performers doing their best to please so critical an audience. Of the *prime donne* who favored the company were Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, in a song

by Clay, "She Wandered down the Mountain Side," which she rendered in finished style; Miss Jennie Van Zandt, Madame Brinkerhoff, in a pleasing ballad; Miss Zelda Seguin and Miss Kate Moreusi. Among the gentlemen singing foremost stood Santley, who was followed by Randolfi and McDonald. The pianists who played included Mr. S. B. Mills and Mr. James M. Wehli. Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Colby, Mr. Sarasate, Mlle. Filomena, and Mr. Dachauer also took part—the whole going off with an *éclat* rarely equaled.

Later receptions of considerable importance have been given, one of which will be noticed hereafter: the Lotos and the Union League having until lately, appeared to embody the greater part of the social vitality concentrated in New York club-life.

The social mission of the club is a subject that naturally occurs in the discussion of the Lotos. The receptions given by the Union League, the Standard, the Lotos, the Arcadian, have called up the question of the advisability of so expanding the conception of the club as to render it a society or an intellectual power. So far as the Lotos and the Arcadian have taken part in this impulse they seem to have done so at the expense of the interests of criticism, having become partisans of the artists, actors, vocalists, musicians, poets, and lecturers represented on their respective lists, to the extent of their power over the press. Both have unconsciously adopted positions as combinations of critical and newspaper influences, assuming to make and unmake reputations at will; and hence, the journals controlled by their members in no way represent impartial criticism, being conducted in the interests of a set of professionals, not in the interests of the public.

But impossible as it is that a club should usurp the

critical function, without detriment to public interests, it by no means follows that the social function is not susceptible of expansion. The Rue Vivienne Cercle, Paris, presents an example of an attempt in this direction, though an attempt somewhat subordinated to political purposes; and the Woman's Club, (Sorosis), that did stately tea and talk at Delmonico's, though without earnest purpose, social, intellectual, or moral, unless notoriety-seeking may be considered as such, reveals another phase of the same tentative, but ever restless putting-out of the century's hand for the freer, nobler, more beautiful, more organic and efficient in culture. Seed-ideas, hitherto barren and infecund, bud and blossom into institutions strong with progressive vitality; for though in one aspect the age is one of intense commercialism and of general crooking of the supple knee to the god Mammon, in another aspect it is an age of intense and speculative groping after the real: of groping that fertilizes seminal ideas, long asleep in fallow ground, as no groping after the Utopia has done before.

From the discussion in the abstract of this phase of progress the Lotos and Arcadian clubs may be dismissed; for though the Saturday nights of the former bring together the best rising professionals in the city, and the Thursday night receptions of the latter are intellectually important, the social ovations of neither have any definite relation to general society, such as is held by the receptions of the Harmonie or of the Standard, of the Union League or the Century.

But why not apply the principle of the club on a large scale to society purposes? The segregation of society into sets has been vastly accelerated, particularly in New York, by the incapacity of the ordinary *salon* to accommodate large gatherings; besides, the modern

parlor lacks perspective, and is by no means a suitable stage upon which to exhibit the artistic in toilette; and the fact that *salons* like Delmonico's are frequently called into requisition to give private receptions, seems to demonstrate that the need of larger spaces has already forced itself upon public attention. Here, then, is a new field for coöperative enterprise. Let a certain number of gentlemen of the first standing, with ample capital, club together and erect a building adapted to the purpose of giving receptions on the magnificent scale in which a few society leaders would like to indulge, did the conditions of the modern residence permit.

The idea is a feasible one, and would introduce into modern society a centripetal tendency it now sadly lacks. The building should be one of splendid *salons* for dance and promenade, with beautiful hanging balconies for music stations, cosy little by-parlors for whist and conversation, an elegant theatre and stage, like those at the Union League, for readings, *tableaux vivants* and private theatricals, beautiful conservatories for moonlight rhapsody, and an excellent caterer affording the best at moderate prices—the whole upholstered and furnished with all the perfect art of the merest *bijou* parlor of a private residence, and constituting a kind of pleasure-palace adapted to the larger needs of the modern society queen: for, while the differentiation between private and social life has become more definite from year to year, the type of building erected for purposes of residence has remained practically unaltered.

A club modeled upon this plan would necessarily become a great social engine; hence, the necessity that its function should be controlled by private parties, to pre-

vent its degeneration into a vast society hotel, with a hotel's lack of exclusiveness; and thus a completeness of art and organization would be introduced into a field hitherto inartistic, inorganic, and responsible to no laws except those of accident or caprice.

The Rue Vivienne Cercle, constituting in some respects a political and social event even in Paris, suggests, then, in the purpose of its organization, a principle susceptible of unlimited expansion and of an application to society life: for though ladies are excluded from membership, they are admitted to the *soirées*, concerts, and balls given in the magnificent *salons* during the Parliamentary session: indeed, one of its intents is to bring general society into coherent body and harmony; and thus a grand social centre, about which may revolve those crystallizations generally designated as sets, has been established, the society solar systems of Paris taking a new unity in the new relation to a central luminary. A new unity, stumbled upon, as all the discovered unities have been, quite by accident, is a new revelation having many and various relations to practical problems, of which, after all, paradox though it be, the key is always found in theory; and in suggesting a new political unity in a unity of politics with social forces, the Cercle suggests a new society unity, having both a social and artistic mission.

Why not apply the same principle in New York? While there is a tendency on the part of metropolitan society to break into sets: to segregate, then aggregate into terrestrial Saturns with rings more or less luminous: there is a counteracting tendency on the part of these sets to expand and assimilate, until, having waxed too unwieldy for the facilities of the dwelling-house *salon*, they break and readjust into new sets, more convenient in their number of *cynosuræ*; that body

termed modern society exhibiting the phenomenon of a kind of centripetal force balanced against a centrifugal: a tendency to fly off at a tangent and to assume closer coherence: a tendency to individuation, as the poet of German philosophers expresses it, and a balancing tendency to closer assimilation of elements, both of which are necessary to a healthy social organization, the one tending to the exclusive, the other to the universal. There are wheels within wheels, sets within sets, unities within unities; and now and then, it happens that some luminary greater than the rest renders the unity almost universal.

As intimated, one of the determining causes of segregation has heretofore been constituted by the limited area of the *salon*: it being impossible or impracticable so to expand the private parlor as to answer the demands of the higher society unity. The question, a party or reception being contemplated, is not who shall be favored with the coveted cards of invitation, but who shall be dropped? who of the circle which has expanded by ordinary laws until it cannot be compressed within the limits of a modern parlor, can be spared with the least perceptible loss to the rest? Where there are few weeds, this process of weeding out is not a pleasant one, and is liable to awaken social bickerings and jealousies, which, like Banquo's ghost, will down at no bidding of apology or reparation. It may be that in the nature of things offences must come, but woe unto her through whom the offence cometh! And yet, the invitations distributed, the most careful weeding has not prevented a crush fatal to all art, all ease, and all enjoyability; and the few dropped from the list, in nowise, apparently, contribute to the relief of the many who remain. It has been fuss and feathers, and no bird: all the way round to nothing!

Certain heart-burnings have been caused, and nobody has benefited by them: not the giver of the party, because the few who could be dropped formed no appreciable proportion of the aggregate set: not the guests, because the crush was not appreciably lessened, and half a dozen more or less could have resulted in no intensification of the discomfort.

And comfort at a party or reception depends materially upon pleasuring of the artistic sense. For this purpose there must be spaces, distances, intervals of light and shade—in short, perspective. The proximity begotten of crush vitiates art in toilette. The finest exemplar of Worth's handiwork must be seen as a whole, at distances rendering it one instantaneous impression, to be appreciated or even appreciable. Textures may be ascertained in a crush, the genuineness of laces or gems determined, but to impress the sensibilities with an image of beauty and fitness is impossible; and any person of analytic turn who will subject the discomfort of a modern party to rigid scrutiny, will find most of it referable, not to the fact of having been actually crowded and elbowed, but to confusion of the sensations, to want of unity in the *mise-en-scene*. The art-sight has been offended somewhat as it is offended by a Gothic front as manufactured now-a-days, with all oneness lost in meshed and confused intricacies of tracery-work; and when will people learn that the art-sight—the form of beauty in the mind—is potent for good or ill, even in ordinary society gatherings? Or, if it is nothing, why rehearse a wedding ceremony? why arrange for perspective of woe at a funeral? why seek to pacify the seeing of the beautiful that might be, through the beautiful that is, in any of these work-a-day or weep-a-day details? Why? Because there is a ghost of beauty in the mind—a spectre of what

might be forever visible in the body of what is, like the god shining through the marble, yet intangible to the senses, in a Phidian statue—that revenges itself, if not appeased by something like proximate satisfaction; and Lady Vere de Vere can no better afford to disregard it at her party than Mr. Tintoretto on his painted canvases.

These two great considerations are altogether distinct from the minor inconveniences, such as compelling gentleman guests to repair to the third story preparatory to entering the *salon*, ladies to the second story—all resultant from the fact that dwelling-houses are built to live in, not to give parties and receptions in. In primitive modes of life, this discrepancy is not visible; but, in proportion as the differentiation of society needs from household needs advances, the discrepancy becomes more and more distinct from generation to generation; and, taking an impartial survey of the present facts, few persons of great society experience will deny that the differentiation is now such as to call for a differentiation of the residence from the party-giving structure, of the home from the *salon*.

It must come at last to a recognition of this fact, and the erection of the huge society Sybaris, not a roseleaf awry, heretofore planned: and what then remains to be suggested, but some river Crathis for the benefit of the ladies, Sybaris near by, the waters of which

“Electro faciunt similes auroque capillos,”

completely to satisfy the sense beautiful?

The collection of an art gallery was begun in the spring of 1872, an addition to the club-house having been built on for that purpose—artists like A. J. Tait, J. G. Brown, John Pope, Bougreau, Le Croix, Van

Elten, J. N. Beard, Horsford, of the Savage Club, London; Heade, Samuel Coleman, J. N. Dolph, V. Nehlig, and Arthur Lumley, whose clever pencil saved "Saratoga in 1901" from oblivion, contributing good examples from easel or portfolio; and, as if to prove that the convulsions and travail of the struggle of the winter and spring of 1871-2 had done no harm, the opening of the 1872 season on Saturday evening, the fifth of October, was converted into a veritable *nox ambrosiana*, with plentiful ambrosia both intellectual and alcoholic, and plentiful professional Olympians at the symposium.

Few are the opportunities offered, even by the most popular London clubs, to scan a list of guests like these that follow: Mr. Maddick, of the *London Court Journal*, and Alexis Lomonsoff, member of the Imperial Mineralogical Society of Russia; Rubinstein, the king of the keys; Edmund Yates, the English novelist and lecturer; Wieniawski, the Polish violin wizard; Henry Jarrett, of the Academy of Music; Engel, organist; MM. Meurice and Mercier, editors, and M. Charles Villa, dramatic critic of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*; the great basso, Jamet; Moriami, the savage *Nelusko*; and Charles Lyall, of the Italian Opera company and one of the contributors to the *London Vanity Fair*; J. W. Simonton, of the Associated Press; Coulon, Rizzo, Captain James Price, Jr., of the steamship *Manhattan*; Joaquin Miller, Butin, of Eastern Siberia and member of the Russian Geographical Society; Riembelinski, Behrens, the conductor; Sauret, the violinist, and half a hundred other notables.

The members came out in strong force, including Whitelaw Reid, the popular Lotos President; genial John Brougham, Vice-President; Mayor Hall, once President of the club; William J. Florence, fresh from Paris; D. H. Harkins, who plays husband to Agnes

Ethel in "Agnes;" Bronson C. Howard, author of "Diamonds;" Frederick A. Schwab, musical critic of the *Times*; George Clark, the actor; Colonel John Hay, of the *Tribune*; W. A. C. Fulton, one of the first gentlemen of the press; Thomas E. Morris, Philip Bonfort, C. A. Welles of the *Evening Mail*; Henry A. Elliot, Arthur Lumley, H. C. Bispham, the lion painter; Lemuel Hayward, Charles W. Brooke, G. W. Colby, Norman F. Cross, J. A. Picard, Robert B. Roosevelt, Max Strakosch, F. J. Smith, William Curtis Noyes, William McDonnell, Thomas A. Kennett, Blair Scribner, the publisher, and many more.

Mr. Henry Stanfield sang a song; then Rubinstein set music trickling from the keys of the piano, weirdly suggestive of Goethe's strange strain:

"Who rideth so late through the night-wind lone?
It is a father with his son.

"He foldeth him fast, he foldeth him warm;
He prayeth God's angels to keep him from harm."

Or of the weirder conclusion of the same ballad of the "Erl King:"

"The father rideth, he rideth fast,
And faster rideth through the blast.

"He spurreth wild through the night-wind lone,
And dead in his arms he holdeth his son."

I can imagine it—for there was once, when I had a few pet poems, among them the "Haunted Palace," "Annabel Lee," Longfellow's "Siege of Prague," the "Ancient Mariner," Shelley's wild "Serenade to an Indian Girl," and this same "Erl King," the beauty of which made me weaken and long to die, with a sense of the unattainable:

and had it not been that Florence followed with an Irish story about Shakespeare's skull, reversing the nerve-currents to that tending, members and guests, in their then susceptible condition, must have fainted by common consent and fallen under the table in one entranced heap: doing which imagine that worshipper of Auguste Comte, the goddess Fama, and the beautiful, Mr. John Elderkin, who had burdened himself with the responsibility of sending a report to the *Home Journal*. John Brougham then told a story; Edmund Yates, having had two dinners beforehand, excused himself on that ground; Mr. Lemuel Hayward rendered the pathetic ballad of "Jim Bludso," the hearers weeping at the wrong passages. After that they went home, or, rather, formally shook hands with that ostensible intent; for some of them, I dimly apprehend, like the gust of wind that came so near knocking down Mr. Pecksniff, did find others similarly disposed, and made a night of it, many more wending their way homewards, seeing erl kings in every lamp-post, and more than usually impressed with the importance of the law of gravitation, if not personally prone to demonstrate the principle inductively, in loving embraces of Danaë earth: the unwonted phenomenon being due to the fact that Rubenstein's fingering of the keys had so disordered the relation that usually exists between volition and the muscles, that the latter, insisting upon doing business on their own responsibility, did thus somewhat embarrass the function of locomotion, and to it impart that wavy zigzag that Virgil attributes to the gods.

Habités of London clubs solemnly allege that salmon, taken in large quantities, produces a condition analogous to intoxication; and if so be it with salmon, why not with Rubenstein, who is a greater than salmon?

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Adams, Edwin; Alden, Harry N.; Allen, Henry W.; Anderson, John; Andrews, W. S.; Appleton, William, Jr.; Arthur, W. H.

Baker, Frank; Baker, T. E.; Baldwin, A. H.; Ballard, L. Mortimer; Barrett, Lawrence; Bassford, E. D.; Bassford, W. K.; Bauer, John R.; Beard, James H.; Bixby, Daniel; Bliss, E., Jr.; Bonfort, Philip; Booth, Edwin; Bouton, J. B.; Bouvier, M. C.; Bowen, H. B.; Bradhurst, P. T. C.; Brelsford, C. M.; Bridgman, Herbert L.; Brooke, C. W.; Brougham, John; Brown, J. W.; Bundy, J. M.; Burling, Gilbert.

Calkins, Hiram; Carozzi, G. N.; Casey, Joseph J.; Castle, William; Chapin, C. H.; Chase, W. S.; Chickering, C. F.; Clarke, George H.; Coe, Spencer W.; Colby, Geo. W.; Cole, John F.; Comstock, F. S.; Condit, Frank M.; Corson, Cornelius; Coutan, Charles E.; Crane, Albert; Crosby, U. H.; Cross, Norman F.; Crouch, George; Curtis, V. B.

Daly, Augustin; De Leon, Edwin F.; Denison, George; Develin, John E.; Dinsmore, S. P.; Ditson, Charles H.; Dolby, George; Dolph, J. H.; Dorr, S.

Efner, H. W.; Elder, William H.; Elderkin, John; Elliot, J. H.; Elliott, Henry A.

Favarger, A. A.; Flint, F. J. S.; Florence, William J.; French, T. H.; Frobisher, J. E.; Fryer, J. C.; Fullgraff, Otto; Fulton, W. A. Chandos.

Gaul, E. L.; Gayler, Charles; Gazzam, Audley W.; Gedney, F. G.; Gerlach, F.; Greey, Edward; Griswold, S. N.; Gurney, Benj.

Hager, J. Heury; Hall, A. Oakey; Hall, Thomas J.; Hand, John T.; Harkins, D. H.; Hasbrouck, Price W.; Hay, John; Hayes, James E.; Hayward, Lemuel; Hills, James S.; Hiltman, G. P.; Hoey, George C.; Holmes, C. E. L.; Hough, C. C.; Howard, Bronson C.; Howell, H. C.; Howell, W. R.; Hows, George W.; Hughes, J. M.; Hull, A.

Jackson, N. Hart; Johnston, Archibald.

Keen, W. W.; Kelly, J. M.; Kennett, Thomas A.; Knapp, A. Melvin; Knox, Thomas W.; Kurtz, W.

Lacoste, Palmyre; Larrowe, M. D.; Laurence, Albert; Leet, George K.; Leoser, C. McK.; Leslie, Frank; Leslie, Henry; Levett, Morris; Livingston, C. H.; Locke, D. R.; Lumley, Arthur; Lyster, Fred.

Macdonald, William; Macdonnell, Alex.; Magonigle, J. Henry; Mariotte, Henry A.; Mason, J. Henry; Mathews, J. Brander;

Matthison, Arthur; Maxwell, James E.; Meade, Edwin R.; Meighan, T. W.; Merriam, William H.; Miller, Charles H.; Mills, S. B.; Miner, Allen B.; Mitchell, Moses; Morris, Thomas E.; Moss, Theodore.

Noyes, Fred. B.; Noyes, W. Curtis

O'Rourke, C. A.; Orr, Alexander M.; Oweus, John E.

Paillard, A. E.; Palmer, B. R.; Palmer, H. D.; Palmer, John C.; Pardee, Chas. Inslee; Parsons, Levi; Pech, James; Perring, James E.; Phelps, Charles; Picard, J. A.; Pickett, B. M.; Piguet, R. E.; Pillot, F. J.

Rachau, E. W.; Randolfi, A.; Raymond, Henry W.; Reid, John R.; Reid, Whitelaw; Reinhart, B. F.; Rice, E. C.; Roberts, Charles, Jr.; Roosevelt, Robert B.; Rosa, Carl; Rosenberg, Charles G.

Salmon, L. N.; Sanford, A. Wright; Schell, Richard; Schueler, Henri; Schuyler, G. L.; Schwab, Fred. A.; Scott, Julian; Seguin, E.; Selwyn, John H.; Simpson, George; Smith, F. J.; Smith, Mark; Smith, William F.; Smythe, Douglas; Solomon, S. B.; Southwick, R. A.; Spotts, A. P.; Squ're, W. C.; Stebbins, H. G.; Stedwell, J. H.; Stetson, A. McC.; Stetson, P. R.; Stocking, W. F.; Stone, J. F.; Stout, George H.; Stow, J. A.; Strakosch, Max; Sturgis, H. H.; Sweet, C. W.

Tait, A. F.; Tayleure, C. W.; Taylor, Douglass; Thomas, John R.; Thorp, E. B.; Tissington, H.; Tooley, James W.; Trowbridge, S. A.; Trull, W. C.; Tunis, W. E.

Van Sickler, S. H.; Vernam, William S.; Vinton, F. L.

Walker, N. B.; Ward, John A.; Waring, George Dudley; Wason, George T.; Webb, Malcolm G.; Weber, Albert; Wehli, James M.; Welles, C. A.; Wheeler, Andrew C.; Whitely, James; Whitney, Ira G.; Wilbour, Charles E.; Wilkes, George.

Zimmermann, J. A.

X.

BLOSSOM CLUB.

129 FIFTH AVENUE.

THE Blossom Club was originally projected for purposes purely social, having been developed out of the famous Blossom Lodge. As a formal organization, its existence dates from October 15, 1864, when the club-rooms were opened at 41 and 43 Franklin street. Previous to that date, it was a sort of coterie of which the late John Clanev was the literary centre. Owen W. Brennan, still incumbent, was the first president; William M. Tweed, the first vice-president. The secretaries were C. H. Hall and George Pearson. The late John Jourdan, whose efficient services in the Police Department are memorable, acted as treasurer; and the board of directors consisted of Henry Smith, James Watson, the famous Judge Joseph Dowling, Morgan Jones, and Edwin M. Haggerty.

Thus officered, and with a modest membership, the club begun its career in modest rooms, quite down town, and in sight of that mausoleum of criminals, and sole American example of pure Egyptian—the Tombs.

For three years the Blossom Club continued to sojourn in Franklin street; but, at length, in the spring of 1867, a second floor on Broadway, near the New York Hotel, was taken and occupied; handsome, genial, beau-ish Ben Gurney, the photographer, occupying the upper floors of the same building, and hob-nobbing with the most

convivial of them. Every Broadway promenader remembers the phrase *Blossom Club*, as it then appeared in tinsel letters over the little side-door leading directly up-stairs.

Here, again, the Blossoms remained three years—luxuriating in second-floor quietude, and the vintage at Dodge's, Gurney taking their photographs. These were golden days to some of them—days of luxury without especial stylishness—in short, days of a kind of Teutonism in club-life, in which the German spirit of the substantial predominated over the American spirit of glitter and the grand; and a gay and festive number was No. 709 Broadway, with the Blossoms, and Gurney, and the best stocked wine cellars in the city. Not long, however, did these days last. Fifth Avenue is the goal towards which every club toils with communal energy; and, finally, in the spring of 1870, another removal was determined upon.

Accordingly, the old Townsend mansion, still one of the most elegant and commodious on the avenue, was leased, and the club prepared to migrate. The saunterer who now passes No. 129 Fifth Avenue finds the Blossoms there in all their glory, with ranks a little thinned, however, of the old membership, and greatly recruited with new members. The keen, active Jourdan has dropped his baton, and rests from his labors. Clancy is only dimly remembered. But Brennan, and Dowling, and the rest of them, are still Blossoms, having no especial wishing to be translated into angels; and the club still wags on, with all its ancient conviviality.

Pleasanter and cosier club-house than No. 129 cannot be found on the avenue. Having pulled the bell, send your card to whom it may concern, and you will be ushered into the elegant reception room on the right,

where a Titanic portrait of Mr. Tweed stares you in the face, and with the imperturbable good humor of the Napoleon of Democratic politics, appears to be saying, "You're welcome, my dear fellow; pray help yourself to a look at the club-house." Just beyond is the library and office of the actuary. It is likely that you will here meet the dark, stylish, Spanish-looking John Pyne, whose bookstore on Nassau street has long been the resort of a literary coterie, and whose antiquarian and *bric à brac*-ish tastes entitle him to first standing as an American collector of rarities. Mr. Pyne was, in fact, the leading spirit in the formation of the new library, which consists of four or five hundred volumes, elegant in dress of Russia, and bearing the monogram of the club in gilt letters. As the library stands, it is rather the nut of a library than a complete collection; but the project takes the proportions of a couple of thousand tomes, all in the same style, and with the monogram of the association. The bookcases are of Gothic framework, beautiful in effect, and wrought in dark, hard wood.

Still beyond, you enter an extension built by the club at an expense of fifty thousand dollars, and converted to the purposes of a billiard-room. Wine lists and portraits of celebrities adorn the walls here and there—the former elegantly illuminated, and as elegantly framed as the latter. It may be gathered from this fact that the members of the Blossom are eminently social—jovial—convivial—in their habits, which they certainly are, though not more so than those of the Union, the bar of which is the most profitable in the city. With the exception of the Manhattan, of all clubs it is most frequented by members, particularly in the evening. The broad, pleasant, kindly face of Brennan is always visible

at this place, as the almanacs say of eclipses. So Justice Dowling—always elegant in his dress—in fact, almost a Beau Brummel in his habitual exposition of the latest fashion. A kindly man, though keen, Justice Dowling is, and a gentleman of heart, and soul, and princely liberality, who can be as stern and implacable as a Roman when it suits his purpose to be so. You will meet Tweed, too, with his large, grand, good-humored phiz and physique; but here, again, the will of a Roman slumbers under the suavity of a Parisian—for no man so well illustrates the old Latin phrase, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. He can make *coups d'état* with all the easy taciturnity of the last Napoleon, whom the world will by and by credit with having being as great in one way as his unció was in another. His nose is half-Brongham, half-Roman, and a man with a nose of that sort is not a man to be trifled with. Senator C. G. Cornell, who has made a great deal of noise in the world, is also a regular *habitué*; and, of course, it would be wrong to omit the tall count-ish looking C. H. Hall, whose *soubriquet* of the Prince is certainly not in the least misplaced, and who, a natural society beau, always appears to be in full-dress elegance, no matter what he has on. Then everybody has heard of the tall, silent, taciturn Burrill, as a keen lawyer, and a man whose brain is a sort of spider, spinning webs of logic and law with exceeding subtlety of mesh. Peter B. Sweeny is, likewise, a member and *habitué*.

It was a blustering night in the spring of 1871, when, with the introduction of a leading member, I dropped in on the Blossoms by way of taking a note for the *Home Journal*, and a glass of the liquid amber capped with foam, at the same time. I had taken the amber, which produces a wonderful inclination for taking notes

and setting them in filigree-work of fancy; and now turned to look about me. The pleasant reception room was a-buzz with conversation, and alive with remembered political faces. Dowling and Kelso—like Siamese twins—talked in low tones in a quiet alcove. The dashing Hall—distinguished and foreign-looking—sauntered up and down, imagining himself perhaps, on the avenue, of a sunny afternoon. The elegant and fastidious Pyné was dreamily contemplating the library he had created, and the bindings over which he had exercised a special supervision. Scattered here and there in knots of twos and threes, the Blossoms talked politics and discussed the wasted hopes of the young Democracy—vanquished, alas, by a single sweep of the wand of the grim, semi-humorous, but potent magician, Tweed, directed—so said—by the crafty, keen, suave, secret and silent Sweeny—a second Cecil on a small scale.

The battle had been fought: the Young Democracy had long since surrendered. *L'empire c'était paix!* And Tweed was the Napoleon.

Just a year after I dropped in on the Blossoms again.

“A thousand years went by, and then
I passed that self-same road again,”

runs the rhythm of a quaint ballad, or rather, the discourse of the prophet, who,

“ever young,
Thus loosed the bridle of his tongue.”

Not so did I, for, to parody the words of the prophet,

“A single year passed by, and then
I went that self-same road again.”

But the metamorphosis was almost equal to that which the prophet witnessed after a thousand years of absence. The Blossoms were few and sad, with an inclination to

repeat Ossian's weird refrain, "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate"—by Balclutha, of course, meaning Tammany, through the halls of which, at least metaphorically, the fire had meanwhile resounded. Here, one was hiding from the sheriff—for had not the upholstery of the new Court House proved very expensive upholstery to the city? There, another trembled in his corner; and grim Tweed, erst the Cedar of Lebanon, his head was bowed, too.

There has been some weeding out of the too notorious since the apocalypse, also, and the membership is, consequently, somewhat less than it was when Mr. Tweed's photograph, life-large, faced the visitor as he entered the *salon*. Many have fallen off; few have been added; but the organization came out of the fray with fifteen thousand dollars in the treasury, and was thus enabled to pass that critical period of transition from a political club to one frequented by a somewhat different class—for sixty-five out of every hundred on the roll are now business men, and considerably less playing for high stakes is practiced. Not that the political element has been wholly eliminated by the late earth-shake. On the contrary, it is still numerous, though less noisy; and senators, judges, and honorables in general are quite too plentiful for thorough respectability. But progress is progress, even though qualified with as many *quemadmodums* as a logician uses in proving a proposition; and the Blossom has improved.

The dead-roll of the Blossom, besides that of Jourdan includes only two names too well known to be omitted, to wit—John Clancy, under whose supervision the now defunct *Leader* won its brilliant literary reputation, and James Fisk, Jr., whose phenomenally notorious career was ended in a manner as phenomenally notorious. It

was Mr. Clancy who called about the *Leader* that circle of talented contributors, whose impulse was felt long after their immediate services had been absorbed in other fields, and who, until as late as 1866, occasionally enlivened the columns of the Tammany organ with their wittiest scintillations of their most fanciful concoctions of romance. A rare coterie was that of the *Leader* in those days. Henry Clapp, with his caustic brevities; the brilliant and audacious Fitz James O'Brien; the cynical, humorous and poetic George Arnold; the acute and critical, yet dreamy and speculative, William Winter; the lamented Frank Wood, whose brief career was like a rainbow for brevity and brightness; A. Oakey Hall, James T. Brady—these together formed a circle of intellectuals seldom gathered about a single journal, and showing a rare personal magnetism and a rarer appreciation on the part of the man who thus concentrated them in the production of a weekly American *Blackwood* such as New York journalism will not again soon see.

Of magnetic type in a lower walk, was the late James Fisk, Jr., and a man of peculiarly original humor withal, though he never expressed himself on paper—a being, indeed, in whom all contradictions met to form a kind of phenomenal individuality, potent for good or evil, mostly for the latter. Analysis of the man must begin with the conception of a gigantic force controlled by no corresponding conscience—an audacious fertility of resources modified by no sense of right and wrong—a personality whose God was success. But blame the age, not the man. As Napoleon was a product of the first revolutionary era in France so James Fisk, Jr., concentrated in himself the spirit of the age that foaled him—its materialism, its audacious gambling for money, and place, and power, its reckless and terrible activity of the

lower intellect, its contempt for the spirituality of the higher. He pursued his Real—no more; and his Real was that of the century which gave him birth, and then sought to reprobate him for carrying its commercialism to its logical deduction.

Though a native of Vermont, in person and mind Mr. Fisk was of the New York rather than the New England type, with the exception of his humor, which was typically dry and Yankee. There was something large and imposing about him; and when he had unpleasant work on hand he preferred to commit its execution to the tools, legal, judicial, and manual, that swarmed to execute his wishes.

Heavy in physique, as in physiognomy, his nose was the interpreter of his career, and the beak of a bird of prey in every particular of its conformation: a beak equally hawk-like and acquisitive, indicative alike of indomitable will and executive audacity.

“The saddest words in all the world,” says Whittier, “are these—it might have been;” but what Mr. Fisk might have been is comprehended in what he was. Had he been less unscrupulous, he would have been less great, and might have lived and died unnoticed; for the greatness of his career was that of an ordinary intellect knowing no law except that of success.

But I must go. The club has about five hundred members, and a monogram, and differs little in details of organization from the older clubs. The officers consist of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and three directors, who, with the president and secretary, constitute a board of directors. These are elected at the annual meeting, occurring on the second Saturday in June, but a vacancy may be filled at any meeting of the club by a majority of the members present, provided

notice of intention shall have been given at the previous meeting. A committee of five, termed the committee on the club-house, and having the function of a house committee; a committee on by-laws, of three, and a committee on membership, of twenty-one, complete the enumeration of officers. The president appoints these committees, and is an *ex officio* member of all of them.

Though the committee on membership elects, it is the duty of the directors to ascertain the facts as to the eligibility of a person proposed, and to report to the club at the regular meeting. If eligible, the name is referred to the committee on membership, with which three black-balls, or one vote in seven, rejects. The access is rigidly hedged about. First, a candidate must be proposed by a member of the club, and his name, residence, and occupation, with the name of the proposer, must be bulletined for fifteen days, during which it is the duty of the directing board to make inquiries. Names found eligible are then passed into the hands of the committee, and the candidate, if elected, puts his name to the constitution and disburses one hundred dollars, which is the regular admission fee. The dues are five dollars a month (in advance), or sixty dollars a year; and the regular monthly meetings are held on the second Saturday of every month. Special meetings may be called, however, by the board of directors; but the president cannot call a special meeting except upon the requisition of five members.

The fines and penalties are invested in the discretion of the directory, whose duty it is to investigate all complaints; the board having the power to impose proper penalties, or to expel, though the decision is subject to the approval of a majority of the club. When a member becomes indebted to the club to an amount exceeding

thirty dollars, it is the duty of the secretary to notify him; and if, after notification, he fails to pay within two months, he ceases to be a member, his name is stricken from the list, and notification thereof is served upon him by the secretary. Should he, however, present to the club within thirty days thereafter a satisfactory excuse for having neglected to pay, he may be reinstated upon liquidation of arrearages. All resignations must be made to the secretary in writing; and no resignation of a member indebted to the club can be accepted.

None but members are entitled to the privileges of the club-rooms; and strangers and visitors are not permitted to enter any except the reception rooms. Any member violating this rule by piloting a visitor about the house, pays a penalty of five dollars. This rule applies only to residents in this city, non-residents having the privilege of the club-house for one month, upon introduction by a member, and register. The rule may also be set aside by formal assent of a majority of the members present.

From April to October, fifteen members constitute a quorum at monthly meetings; for the rest of the year, twenty. The order of proceedings is fixed by rule:

1. Roll call.
2. Reading of the minutes of previous meeting.
3. Collection of fines and dues.
4. Reports of committees.
5. Treasurer's report of funds.
6. Directors' report.
7. Election of officers and members.
8. Miscellaneous business.

Motions to adjourn, to lay on the table, for the previous question, and to reconsider, are not debatable, and no member can speak twice, until other members have spoken; and every member present must vote on all

questions under consideration. If five members call for ayes and noes on any question, the vote must be thus ordered and recorded.

The finances of the club are in excellent condition, and the building of a new and more commodious club-house is already mooted. The restaurant receives a heavy patronage.

The officers are:—President, Owen W. Brennan; Vice-President, William M. Tweed; Secretary, James McGowan; Treasurer, Walter Roche; Directors, Henry Smith, John Pyne, and Robert M. Taylor; Board of Directors, Henry Smith, Robert M. Taylor, John Pyne, Owen W. Brennan, and James McGowan; Committee on Club-house, Henry Smith, Owen W. Brennan, Walter Roche, Edward Kearney, and Robert M. Taylor; Committee on By-laws, C. H. Hall, Isaac J. Oliver, and John E. Burrill; Committee on Membership, Walter Roche, James J. Gunbleton, Henry Smith, P. Dorlan, Isaac J. Oliver, Terence Farley, Jacob Sharp, John Vanderbeck, Edward Kearney, John Pyne, Frederick C. Wagner, Michael Norton, C. G. Cornell, Henry A. Barnum, Robert M. Taylor, William C. Dewey, Dennis Burns, A. J. Jackson, J. M. Varian, Jr., E. W. Lawrence, and John Murphy.

The club employs thirty waiters, servants, and ushers, and has an income of fifty thousand a year. In some respects it must be regarded as a sort of city resort of the Americans. In fact, the members of the latter are mostly members of the Blossom also, making it their winter quarters; but the latter has an unlimited membership, while the former limits its roll to one hundred.

Of the members, nearly five hundred, A. Oakey Hall is, perhaps, one of the most frequent *habitués*. Jay Gould belongs, and James Fisk, Jr., was a member. Judge

Gunning S. Bedford is also frequently found at the pleasant rooms of the Blossom, but more frequently at those of the Union. Of names famous in political history, the association has a perfect solar system. A few have been noted as frequenters. Judge Barnard might, in the days of his glory, have been sought here almost any evening of the week, with the prospect of finding him. Thomas J. Creamer, once leader of the Young Democracy; Sheridan Shook, J. A. Ingersoll, and dozens of others, celebrities in the game of politics, once made almost a home of the club-rooms at No. 129. Frank Blair, since the death of John Van Buren, the most humorously effective of democratic orators; Homer A. Nelson, S. L. M. Barlow, Douglass Taylor, C. S. Spencer, Comptroller Connolly, John J. Bradley, and Terence Farley, are quite too popularly familiar to be dismissed without special mention. James Renwick, the soul of the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, and very celebrated in his profession, also appears on the roll. Dan Bryant and Neil Bryant are members. Journalism is not very fully represented. Colonel Gaul is enrolled; so, also, George Wilkes. Matthew T. Brennan, now one of the men looming into political prominence as a coming Democratic Titan, heads the list, which is arranged in the order of admission; deaths and resignations omitted. For other celebrities, the reader can pick them out and fix them in memory, pending examination of the list.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Brennan, Matthew T.; Dowling, Joseph; Brennan, Owen W.; Jones, Morgan; Roche, Walter; Hall, Charles H.; Stacom, John; Clancy, Lawrence; Haggerty, E. M.; Smith, Henry; Huelat, Henry H.; Bleakley, Andrew; Sweeny, Peter B.; Tweed, William M.; Loew, Charles E.; Barber, Amaziah D.; Cornell, Charles G.; Butt, George W.; Miller, David; Garvey, Andrew J.; Connover, Daniel D.;

Pyne, John; Shandley, E. J.; Young, James B.; Daniels, George B.; Purser, George H.; Dorlau, P.; Sharp, Jacob; Brice, John; McGowan, James; Jackson, Joseph A.; Kearney, Edward; Jackson, Abraham J.; Lynch, William; Golden, Timothy; Gardner, Hugh; Burrill, John E.; Chamberlain, John; Sherwood, Horatio W.; Murphy, John; Houghtalin, John; Dodge, William; Taylor, Robert M.; Stewart, Thomas E.; Irwin, Robert; Bell, Isaac; Gridley, John V.; Barnard, Henry; Schaffer, W. A.; King, Vincent C.; Bixby, S. P.; Chamberlain, Charles; Houghtalin, Frank; Bedford, Gunning S.; Bradley, John P.; Farley, Terence; Thompson, A. A.; Creamer, Thomas J.; Bliss, A. M.; Levy, John J.; Sayles, S.; Mitchell, George H.; Shook, Sheridan.; Purdy, Israel C.; Oliver, I. J.; Dewey, William C.; Boyle, James; Winant, Daniel; Graffula, C. S.; Vanderbeek, John; Varian, J. M., Jr.; Hutchings, R. C.; Morton, W.; Johnson, W.; Donohue, Thomas; McLean, George W.; Davidson, J. McB.; McCunn, John H.; Filter, Henry D.; Fields, Thomas E.; Smith, L. Shuster; Panghorn, Jeremiah; Chittenden, H. M.; Rodman, Isaac; Hall, A. Oakey; Jones, George O.; Parker, James; Cardoza, Albert; Barnum, Henry A.; Gumbleton, James J.; Morton, James M.; Durnin, Eugene; Burns, Dennis; Woodward, E. A.; Ingersoll, J. H.; Miller, George S.; Miller, J. L.; Duryea, W. E.; Ford, J. H.; Taylor, James B.; Leverick, John B.; Boller, C.; Sturgess, M. J.; Alexander, George; Slote, D.; Spencer, Charles S.; Lush, R. M.; Ottiwell, John D.; Bassford, E. D.; Burnett, A.; Conner, William C.; Calkin, Peter; Polloek, Alexander; Joseph, S. A.; Dunn, Joseph M.; Hart, Benjamin; Work, Frank; Taylor, Douglass; Barger, Samuel F.; Hildreth, D. M.; Blair, Frank P.; Adams, Daniel W.; Garrison, E. K.; Marvin, Joseph J.; Marvin, William J.; McGowan, John T.; Dunlap, Thomas; Kane, William J.; Hopkins, Sidney N.; Boynton, S. C.; Allen, Charles C.; Littlefield, E.; Schell, Richard; Cooney, John M.; Davidson, William H.; Jarvis, Judson; Molone, Patrick; Vandyke, M. M.; Angel, E. M.; Doyle, Cornelius; Renwiek, James; Schenck, James V.; Cunningham, James; Scheider, Joseph; Mullaly, John; Bertram, A. N.; Hitchman, William; Frear, Alexander; Radford, W. H.; Wallace, Henry; Quinn, Denis; Coman, Thomas; Cook, William H.; Harley, Henry; Cody, W. J.; Fisk, James, Jr.; Gould, Jay; Greer, George B.; Higgins, Francis; White, Francis C.; Connolly, Richard B.; Hoadley, George E.; Nathan, Gratz; McClave, Stephen P.; Brown, Ira; Gaul, Edward L.; Jones, James E.; Pennoyer, William J.; Max-

well, George; Howe, William F.; Newman, James F.; Fellows, John R.; Jones, George; Brown, Robert C.; Sullivan, J. H.; Kriolin, Thomas; Simmons, J. Edward; Simmons, Charles E.; Mead, Edwin R.; Hogan, M. K.; Barclay, James; Edgworth, James; Simmons, Z. E.; Cole, William L.; Casserly, Bernard; Levy, Isaac; Laws, J. Q.; Radford, George J.; Joachimsen, Philip J.; Squire, Frank; O'Donnell, John; Gedney, Edward M.; Bell, William R.; Donohue, Thomas J.; Morrow, H.; Tweed, William M., Jr.; Perley, John R.; Dayton, Isaac; Kelso, James J.; Donohue, Joseph J.; Wightman, L. C.; O'Connor, Chris.; Harnett, John H.; Birdsel, D. C.; Genet, Henry A.; Hillyer, John H.; Mitchell, Peter; Cox, John; Corson, Cornelius; Fisher, Thomas R.; McCabe, Frank; O'Connor, Charles; Oliver, J. W.; Burnett, Gilbert J.; Kinney, Frank; Rogers, W. C.; Hatch, Simon; Wilkes, George; Coster, John M.; Moloney, W. H.; Canary, Thomas; Scott, John; Van Name, John; Murphy, Owen; Sayles, J. L.; Walsh, John J.; Burke, E. V.; Bryant, Neil; Walsh, Edward; Bryant, Dan; Hughes, Henry; Cuddy, Edward; Stiner, Joseph; Smith, Hugh; Kirk, Lewis J.; Nesbit, John; Caulfield, George; O'Donohue, Dennis; Lawrence, Edward; Barnard, John T.; Watson, James S.; Barnard, George G.; Andrews, R. F.; Miner, William B.; Collis, George G.; Trainer, Peter; Van Brunt, George B.; Donnelly, G. L.; Wagner, F. C.; Nyse, W. S.; Andrade, Joseph; Bleakley, Andrew, Jr.; Fields, Richard; Lawrence, Charles L.; Chamberlain, John F.; Koch, Joseph; Halsey, B. S.; Simmons, William S.; Nelson, Homer A.; Dimond, James G.; Barlow, S. L. M.; Gill, A. N.; Thompson, A. D.; Hanna, W. C.; De Barry, Frederick; Colgan, Thomas; Sturtevant, Newell; Knox, Edward M.; Ridabock, F. A.; Lane, Edward; Stokes, G. L.; Walsh, P. F.; Roberts, William R.; Alburger, F. A.; Hennessy, James S.; Pike, Samuel N.; McGuire, Joseph; Durye, Joseph N.; Kane, Robert A.; Coe, T. F.; Gnidet, Charles; Van Elten, Kusmin; McCollough, R.; Drake, Isaac J.; Van Tassel, William, King, Henry L.; Mullins, John; Tripler, Thomas E.; Bushnell, John C.; Smith, William V.; Wheeler, Henry N.; Solomon, Samuel N.; Funk, August; Sniffin, John; Jerome, Lawrence R.; Van Ranst, E.; Morris, Moreau, M. D.; Raphael, Z. Z., M. D.; Bell, John; Dewey, S. Foster; Gray, William H.; Hamilton, F. H.; Mott, Jordan L.; Shaw, John C.; Shaffer, E. B.; Hows, George T.; Brennan, Thomas S.; Bell, James W.; Wylie, Daniel I.; Milligan, Phillips; Lambert, James H.; O'Callaghan, Thomas; McCarthy, William H.; Bruner, Peter; M u-

omy, George W.; Redmond, James; Zack, Leander; Childs, Noah A.; Zaucker, Thomas A.; Dennett, Orin; Johnson, A.; Freeman, David V.; Rider, William F.; Concklin, Theodore H.; Soteldo, A. M., Jr.; Herts, Henry B., Jr.; Lightbody, John; Nichols, Sidney P.; Page, R. F.; Lysaght, Patrick; Blauckan, B. W.; Lewis, Samuel A.; O'Brien, W. C.; Wallace, Thomas P.; Leary, Andrew; Tweed, R. W.; Barcelo, John; Trely, John T.; Fitzpatrick, William; Stodart, William H.; Heiser, Henry; Beers, George M.; Cooper, D. F.; Donnelly, John C.

The club adheres to the restaurant plan, and is both wealthy in funds in the hands of the treasurer, and quite out of debt.

XI.

TRAVELER'S CLUB.

124 FIFTH AVENUE.

The great war had dragged its slow length along, like Pope's wounded snake, to the surrender of Lee and the end of its historical paragraph.

It was a year of inflation and a year of collapses; a year of great money-making, and of unusual want with the working-classes; a year when gold went down and gold went up, and men went down and went up with it; a year in which the assassination of a President had thrilled and shaken the pulses of the nation until people shuddered and gasped, what next?—a year of semi-military and of semi-civil rule, that is, if rulers are ever civil in the proper acceptance of the word; a year in which speculation governed Wall street, stalking to and fro, like Satan in the book of Job, and playing fantastic pranks with men's wits and men's pockets as well; a year in which the nation, having writhed for four years apparently *in articulo mortis*, was pronounced by Dr. Seward to be convalescent. In a word, it was the year 1865, with its processions, and its funeral never paralleled since the decease of that pet son of thunder, the eloquent and erratic Henry Clay.

This year was marked in New York by the formation of two clubs, now ranking as lions—the Traveler's Club and the Manhattan. Both occupy splendid residences on Fifth Avenue, in the annals of club-gestation being

twin brothers. Both had rooms, at their inception, very near together on that aristocratic thoroughfare. The latter still ruminates at No. 96, corner of Fifteenth street: the former soon abandoned the Fourteenth street corner, now occupied by ever-busy Business, for No. 222, just above G. W. Carleton's magnificent palace of letters, only to be driven out by Business in the spring of 1872, and to migrate to No. 124 Fifth Avenue, where the clubhouse is now situated. Madison square is fast becoming a kind of club-centre—a sort of ganglion of the nervous system of that great body of communism, the separate atoms of which scatter themselves by day into every nook and cranny of the metropolis, to drift together at night at this one central point. In the same sense, City Hall square is the great ganglion of news—the brain of New York, so to speak, where sensations are received, translated, commented upon, disseminated through the whole body politic, and at last packed away in small pica, minion, nonpareil, and brevier—being thus, to carry out the metaphor, remembered.

The Travelers' has, of course, no very lengthened history, as history is measured by years, though in events, receptions, and gossip, it is older even than the Union. Its receptions have been social events of considerable *éclat*, never failing to attract from the ranks of fashion and belle-ship: though, of late, the association has waxed phlegmatic, and receptions have been less frequent than formerly.

It was founded and incorporated under and in pursuance of the act passed April 11, 1865, entitled, "An Act for the Incorporation of Societies or Clubs, for certain social or recreative purposes." Under this act no special bill for incorporation is necessary, as it was in the days of the incorporation of the Century, which became a

legal body by special statute. Its original incorporators were Edward E. Dunbar, E. George Squier, the Central American traveler; C. D. Poston, Lewis Carr, Henry Grinnell, Sinclair Tousey, J. B. Wheelock, Perry McDonough Collins, John R. Griffith, Ehrhard A. Ahl, C. W. Hull, Edward G. Parker, S. Van Winkle, Albert H. Almy, Marshall O. Roberts, Courtlandt A. Sprague, John H. Adam, George G. Hobson, Jr., George T. Bonner, Henry L. Pierson, Jr., and William R. Garrison. These gentlemen did hereby certify that they wished to form a club to be named the Travelers' Club. They did also specify that the particular business and object thereof was to be the promotion of literature, the acquisition of knowledge, intellectual improvement, and social relaxation. Of the latter they have availed themselves in plentiful measure; but the laudable purpose of improving their minds, acquiring knowledge, and promoting literature, has, of late, fallen into exceeding neglect—though it must be owned in extenuation that the frequenting of clubs is not the very best way on record for improving the mind, albeit there is nothing like it for improving the manners.

However, with laudable intent thus formally promulgated—the customary fees having been disbursed—the amiable Justice of the Supreme Court, T. W. Clerke, graciously consented and approved—not only consenting and approving, but incorporating the above-named gentlemen according to law. Be it understood, albeit, that they were first compelled personally to appear before a notary public, in this instance answering to the name of Edward E. Cowles, and to make affidavit that they were themselves, proving their identity as one proves it at a banking house, and that their intentions were honorable.

Having done this, and disbursed the proper fees—for this is the way a club is gestated—they were pronounced

to be a corporate body, being thus *Siamesed* for the purpose of improving their minds and acquiring knowledge. *Il y avait un géant!*

In this way it happens that, in the fall of 1865, the writer finds the Travelers' Club in occupancy of the premises corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth street, where its first receptions were held. At its inception, one of the principal purposes of the association—and one that rendered it distinctive—was the reception of noted travelers, and their introduction to the public; but, latterly, these reception have fallen into comparative senility. Hon. E. George Squier, the Central American traveler, and probably the best American master of the antiquities of that Indian race only remembered in the Halls of the Montezumas and the broiling of Gautemozin, was among the first to deliver an address. Since then, other noted travelers have been entertained, entertaining the public in return. Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, the companion of the lamented Dr. Kane, in his attempts to find the North Pole, has delivered interesting and ingenious papers, both on the Arctic flora and fauna, and on the best method of finding that Northern axillar projection upon which the world is supposed to spin like a Titanic top. John Savage, lately Fenian Head Centre, and compelled to be a party to all Celtic processions, has related his experiences with that mixing of humor, wit, and pathos, which, like a correct druggist, he can put up at a moment's notice on prescription. Stephen H. Massett has here electrified the ladies with his Hyperion curis and front like that of Jove himself—the grim old Olympian would take this as a compliment, were he living—and his humorous notes on the Japanese. E. Hepple Hall, who has digested a plan for getting round the world in forty days, has recounted, to select audiences,

the fascinations of travel in Hindustan, and the best method of fighting the tiger in his native jungle. Hon. Anson Burlingame, lately deceased, was the lion of the club for an evening during his last sojourn in America; and the famous African traveler, the author of "My Apingi Kingdom," has here held forth with enthusiasm on the anatomy of the African baboon, and its possible recognition as the embryo man, as which Darwin regards it in his last book. Professor Agassiz, on his return from Brazil, was briefly a guest of the club, and elucidated to its select guests his theory of glacial formation.

These were palmy days, when the association, or the members thereof, tried to carry out the intent of improving their minds, and when the receptions were social reunions of *éclat*, brought to a climax by feast and wassail, at which old Jupiter himself, judging from his habits as hexametered by Homer, would not have disdained to hold the post of honor. But, *O tempora! O mores!* as Cicero interjected in his most celebrated oration. They have made an end of all that, having settled into a body as quiet as Mr. Mantilini expected to be after taking a bath in the Thames. The club is now very differently constituted. Its literary *prestige* has mostly departed; and it now struggles for social *prestige* only, its original purpose having become practically a dead-letter.

As set forth by its founders, in a preamble still preserved in manuscript, the Traveler's club, as would be inferred from its name, had a distinctive purpose. It proposed to effect a combination of the social and literary attractions pertaining to the general club, with the special advantage of bringing together, where their knowledge and experience might be made available to themselves and others, the travelers and explorers of this and other countries: thus to supply a central pivot, about which ac-

tivity in the region of geographical and ethnological inquiry might turn. "In its sphere," remarks the preamble, "it is intended to promote peace on earth and good will towards men, by a more full and familiar intercourse of travelers of all nations." It is evident, therefore, that in its original spirit it was intended to be cosmopolitan in the fullest sense of the word—to foster a sentiment of fraternity and cosmopolitanism among travelers and promoters of physical inquiry, both at home and abroad.

In pursuance of this end, it has already amassed a comprehensive library of books of travel and of physical exploration, with a valuable collection of maps and drawings. Its cabinet contains a collection of minerals, odd works of art, curiosities, and *objets de vertu*, which, in its way, is both fresh and interesting, as well as available for the solution of knotty problems of geology, ethnology, and comparative æsthetics. Its reading-room is well supplied—in fact, critically supplied—with periodicals, American and European, bearing upon the realization of its original purpose; but its membership is less intellectual, though more fashionable, perhaps, than in the days when the *litterati* formed a larger complement of it.

In organization, the club is, in some respects, peculiar. It has a restaurant, like others; but, unlike others having a restaurant, it keeps no accounts with its members. Payments may be omitted informally; but, when so, members omitting to pay as they receive, are bulletined weekly for the information of the rest. A debt of ten dollars, for two months unliquidated, forfeits *ipso facto* the membership of the party indebted, unless satisfactory explanation is made to the committee. The club-house is not opened on Sundays; and on week-days members cannot claim entrance after midnight. All foreign min-

isters are honorary members; resident consuls may become so upon the nomination of the executive committee, and election by the directory. Persons introduced by members are limited to one visit, but must be registered; and, as at the Union, Lotos, and Manhattan, members are not permitted to give gratuities to servants.

Only members can play cards in the club-house, the only permissible games being whist and euchre, upon which betting is, under penalty of expulsion, limited to one dollar. Billiard tables must not be held for more than two games by the same players.

Candidates must be proposed by one member and seconded by another; but the directory elects by a four-fifths vote. The directory may, however, elect four members a year, though members so elected must be persons of distinction. An annual member may introduce a stranger, of residence more than fifty miles from the city, for two weeks, upon becoming responsible for him—said stranger to be provided with a card attested by the secretary. The entrance fee is one hundred dollars; the annual due, fifty dollars. Both are payable in advance. Persons visiting the city may become monthly members by paying ten dollars a month, but must be proposed and elected under the rules. A life-membership may be bought for eight hundred dollars, though the life-member must also be elected according to statute; and any member elected who omits to pay entrance fee or annual due, within one month, must submit to have his name erased from the roll, becoming thereby ineligible to after-election. Members going abroad are exempt from the annual, upon notifying the secretary in writing. The directory expels by a majority vote; but the member thus expelled may appeal to the club, and, unless the club sustains the directory by a majority vote,

the action of the former body is null and void, and the appellant is restored to full membership. Written specifications must, however, be preferred by three persons before the directory can take action. The number of annual members must not exceed five hundred.

The directory holds weekly meetings—on Tuesdays, always; the annual meeting and dinner of the club taking place on the third Thursday in January, when a new directory is elected.

The system of organization is as subjoined. A directory, consisting of twenty-one members, fulfills the function performed in the Union by the managing committee. This directory elects from its own members a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, general executive committee, and three trustees, in whom the property of the club is vested, and by whom all transfers are made. The directory body has power to amend the constitution and by-laws; to remove from office; to interpret constitution and by-laws, its ruling being obligatory on members at large; and to make its own rules, not subject to the action of the club.

It was formerly the custom to elect a finance committee, and part of the directory now acts in that capacity; also to elect a committee on lectures and receptions, but the necessity therefor has been abrogated by the dropping out from the monthly annals of the association of the old-time habit of holding levées. One of the last receptions given, in which the old-fashioned address was the order of the evening, was that extended to Stephen H. Massett, upon his return from the sun-rise land, and occurred in 1868; the last, that extended to E. Hepple Hall after his round the world journey.

The rooms at 222 Fifth Avenue were occupied in 1867, the association having inhabited the Fourteenth street

mansion just two years. Since the removal, the roll of membership has been greatly modified, many of the *litterati* having dropped out, and a large concourse of fashionable young men having dropped in to fill their places. John Savage and Barry Gray (if the writer is rightly informed) were among the original members, but are now connected with an itinerant club, laying its head at different times in different places, and appropriately dubbed the Wanderers' Club. So Massett, whose name is not now on the rolls. Frank Leslie was once an *habitué* of the club-house: E. G. Squier still appears as a member, so Dr. Hayes: but Captain Hall, the coming lion of Arctic exploration, if he ever gets back to tell his story, has not yet been complimented with an honorary: nor has Captain Speck, whose collection of Alaskan antiquities has never been exceeded in value by antiquarian of the decade current, proving, as it did, the strange analogy that subsists between Alaskan and Japanese carving, and suggesting an identity of the two stocks.

The honorary roll includes, however, a number of eminent names—names familiar to scientists as those of discoverers. Professor Louis Agassiz very properly heads the list: Hon. Anson Burlingame, late envoy extraordinary from his Celestial Majesty at Peking, whose recent decease will be recollected, was formerly honored with that distinction: and Paul B. Du Chaillu, whose first books of travel read so like romances that critics mistook them for fiction in the Robinson Crusoe manner; Sir Samuel Baker, of London; Rev. J. C. Fletcher, Professor Raphael Pumpelly, Hon. J. Ross Browne, Right Rev. Bishop Southgate, and M. Michel Chevalier, lately Senator of France, are likewise included in the enumeration.

The list of membership marks the fact that the club has lost its aroma of cosmopolitanism, as effectually as could any extended comment. Originally intended to afford equal privileges under the rules to travelers, explorers, savans, *literati*, and artists, and to these only, without regard to nationality, politics, or residence, its catalogue presents few names eminent in any of these specialties—in fact, few names familiar in the professions so thoroughly represented in the *Union and Century*. As a patron of travelers, the name of Henry Grinnell merits more than passing mention, as one having been made familiar in connection with that of Dr. Kane, the pioneer of Arctic explorers in this country, whose narrative is scarcely less fantastic than Poe's fanciful relation of the sailings to and fro of Mr. A. Gordon Pym, the ghastly Falstaff of all travelers, who not only found the South Pole, but ploughed through its weird column of mist in open boat. Mr. Grinnell has also been an active patron of Dr. Hayes in his project for finding the open Polar Sea, as elucidated before the American Geographical and Statistical Society in the winter of 1866-67: but what peer of him shows the list?

For amateur students of the curious, the monthly membership offers facilities, without the necessity of becoming a voting member. The cabinet consists of rare curiosities, illustrating the productions—animal, vegetable, and mineral—of at present comparatively unfamiliar tracts. In the library is offered material valuable to the comparative philologist and antiquarian, in a pretty complete list of books of reference as to the language, customs, manners, geography, and the like, of regions comparatively occult to the general reader; while the collection of original papers deposited by members, would be well worth printing. The monthly member has the

entrée to all this treasure of notes, rare and curious, as well as all the privileges of the club-house, with the exception of the ballot; and, although the cabinet is not large, it is the product of intelligent investigation.

Most eminent travelers who have been members of the club, or have been entertained there, have left mementoes of their presence; Agassiz having contributed his picayune, Hayes his, Squier his, and the rest theirs, according to their specialties. Apingi Paul has left his mark, Massett his; and thus has been aggregated the nut of a cabinet which might be developed into a museum, but is never likely to be materially increased.

At present the club-house is a leading resort for America-examining Englishmen, and the head-quarters of an English *côterie* of considerable social importance, though as late as 1868 it still retained its American flavor, as will be seen by scanning the then list of officers: President, W. Butler Duncan; Vice-President, Henry L. Pierson, Jr.; Secretary, William J. Hays; Treasurer, Francis W. J. Hurst; Trustees, Edward E. Dunbar, Marshall O. Roberts, and John J. Adam; Executive Committee, Francis W. J. Hurst, William J. Hays, and John Hobbs. Board of Directors consisting of W. Butler Duncan, Henry L. Pierson, Jr., William J. Hays, F. W. J. Hurst, Edward E. Dunbar, John Hobbs, Courtlandt A. Sprague, E. George Squier, Henry Eyre, Robert Mackie, Henry Grinnell, Isaac I. Hayes, Albert Silt, William R. Travers, Francis Copcutt, John R. Griffith, J. Sefton Brancker, Ferdinand F. Dufais, John R. Webb, Marshall O. Roberts, and Robert S. Culburtson.

As customary, the business of the club is in care of a superintendent appointed by the directory. A clerk keeps the books, attends to the posting of notices, and receives written complaints to be referred to the direct-

ing body. The association has twenty servants and waiters, and has an income of a little over twenty-five thousand dollars per year.

Francis W. J. Hurst is now president of the club, and James Curphey treasurer. In May, 1872, the second removal took place, the organization now occupying the fine old mansion, No. 124 Fifth Avenue. The British Consul and his set, composing the best English-American circle in the city, are leading *habitués*, and give tone to the reunions,—while of the initial members many have dropped off tacitly or by resignation; and thus has arisen a club known as the Wanderers' Club, of which John Savage, Barry Gray (Coffin), and a considerable number of the free spirits early associated with the Travelers', are members. The Wanderers have no local habitation, but hold regular meetings at the residences of the various members, and will, no doubt, soon settle into a dignified corporate body, occupying the function vacated by the older organization, now too intent on society *éclat* to care for intellectual honors.

Owing to a system of monthly membership, which admits *au courant* to the privileges of the club-house, the list of members is very fluctuating.

Henry Tileston is vice-president; Ernest Chaplin is Secretary. The trustees are Ferdinand F. Dufais, James Curphey, and James Lawson, Jr. Executive committee, Robert Mackie, James Curphey, M. W. Wall, Edward La Montagne, Edward M. Wright. Finance committee, John Hobbs, James Curphey, Henry Fitzhugh. Directors, Francis W. J. Hurst, Henry Tileston, William R. Travers, Ferdinand F. Dufais, John Hobbs, J. Sefton Brancker, Robert Mackie, James Curphey, Samuel W. Milbank, M. W. Wall, Fergus Cochran, Davis Johnson, Edward La Montagne, James Lawson, Jr., H. C. Hilmers, Ernest

Chaplin, Joseph Hyde Sparks, Edward M. Wright, Alfred F. Walcott, Henry Fitzhugh, James Douglas.

LIST OF RESIDENT MEMBERS.

Annan, E.; Alburtis, Edward K.; Allen, W. Royce; Appleton, William, Jr.

Brancker, J. Sefton; Buchanan, P.; Brock, Gustav; Begoden, A.; Bertschmann, J.; Balfour, John W.; Brewster, Louis S. J.; Bosworth, George B.; Burns, James J.; Berry, J. E.; Barton, Samuel; Babcock, Henry C.; Browne, George, Jr.; Brand W. E.; Beach, Miles; Bryce, James, Jr.; Boyd, James M.

Curphey, James; Carter, James; Cochran, Fergus; Cochran, Robert; Clapp, Henry; Chaplin, Ernest; Campbell, Lord Walter; Connah, George; Castro, Diego De; Cameron, R. W.; Clarke, T. O. Hyde; Coggill, Henry; Chanler, John W.; Crouch, George; Chisolm, A. R.; Cox, Jennings S.

Duncan, William Butler; Dufais, Ferdinand F.; Dobell, Edward; Destinou, Emil von; Davies, John Try; Douohue, D. O'; Davis, Fellowes; Dale, John G.; Duer, James G. K.; Douglas, James; Davies, J. T.; Davis, Ansley S.

Eyre, Henry; Eyde, Henry W. O.; Evans, Thomas; Efner, H. W.; Elmenhorst, W. R.; Edwards, Pierrepout.

Fanshaw, William S.; Fellowes, Biruey; Ferro, Joaquin; Field, Dr. E. G.; Fitzhugh, Henry; French, S. B.; Fachiri, Theodore; Francklyn, Charles G.

Garrison, W. R.; Gundry, Frederick; Gerard, Edwin; Gossler, G.; Griswold, Samuel N.; Garsia, Alfred C.; Grainger, John E. I.; Gardner, Henry C.; Gossler, J. H.

Hopkins, Charles; Hobbs, John; Hurst, Francis W. J.; Heilbuth, Edward; Hilmers, H. Christian; Haight, C. H.; Hamilton, George; Hoy, William E.; Hobson, John L.; Hughes, J. M.; Hyllested, Charles; Holland, J. C.; Hurtado, Joseph M.; Housman, Charles H.; Henop, Louis P.; Henderson, Robert J.; Hobson, George; Higgins, Francis; Hastings, Hugh J.

Iken, Louis.

Johnsou, Davis; Jordan, George L.; Jennings, Louis J.; Jaffray, Howard S.; Jones, David; Jaffray, William P.; Johnston, Robert; Johnson, F. M.; Jones, Luther Marnard.

Kimber, Arthur; Kimber, Alfred; Kendall, E. H.; Kelly, Horace R.; Kitchen, James.

Lockwood, Benoni; Le Quesne, C. J.; Lounsbery, Richard P.; La Montagne, Edward; Lawson, James, Jr.; Lapsley, S. W.

Mackie, Robert; Milbank, Samuel W.; Monsarrat, N.; Menck, Charles; Marsily, F. A.; Milbank, Henry R.; Meserole, Charles B.; Murphy, Samuel; Mackie, S. Frazer; McCandless, Gardiner F.; Moore, Lucas E.; McClure, William; Motley, W. H.; McCulloh, J. W.; Muser, Richard; Morgan, W. D.; McGowan, Henry D.; Morewood, W. B.; Martin, Charles; Mackie, G. B.; Mohr, William; Mallory, Benjamin E.

Olliffe, C. W.; Orpe, John.

Poston, Hon. Charles D.; Ponvert, Lewis J.; Phillips, L.; Pim, G. F.; Plume, George T.; Paton, John.

Roberts, Marshall O.; Robert, F.; Rait, C. S.; Routh, Henry De B. Small, J. B.; Schell, Richard; Stead, Thomas; Seager, John; Scott, George W.; Sewell, Arthur L.; Sparks, Joseph Hyde; Symington, James; Schlesinger, Berthold; Stewart, William; Satterthwaite, J. Fisher.

Travers, William R.; Thomas, David P.; Tilt, Albert; Torrance, Henry; Tileston, Henry; Treheru, Arthur; Tileston, Thomas; Thorne, Thomas W.; Tuttle, G. H.; Townsend, Robert C.; Toler, W. E.; Tweedle, David.

Underhill, John W.

Van Russum, John P., Jr.; Van Voorhis, E. W.; Van Emburgh, D. P.

Wallace, Henry; Walter, L.; Weir, William; Wall, Michael W.; White, Alfred C.; Watson, L. G.; Webb, Henry; Walker, W. A.; Wiechers, W. A.; Watson, Walter; Wright, Edward M.; Walcott, Alfred F.; Wallack, J. Lester; Wilson, Piercy; Watrous, Halstead; Wreaks, Charles F.

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERS.

Austin, J. B., Philadelphia.

Branch, T. B., Augusta, Ga.

Emery, Joseph J., Cincinnati.

Frye, C. L., Long Island.

Gordon, J. W., Houston, Texas; Gibbons, Dr. E., San Francisco, Cal.

Hilmers, Karl, Orange Co., N. Y.; Howland, W. H., Toronto, Can.; Hart, Charles T., Montreal, Can.; Harris, W. A., Boston, Mas.

Lewis, Dr. J. B., Hartford, Conn.

MacDougall, G. C., Montreal, Can.; MacDougall, H. S., Montreal, Can.; McKinlay, Archibald, San Francisco, Cal.; McNab, Charles, Montreal, Can.; McEwen, R. F., London, England.

Preston, James F., Rockville, Conn.

Raymond, George B., Bordentown, N. J.; Rice, George T., Worcester, Mass.

Shawcross, Reginald, New Orleans.

Tileston, J. D., St. Paul, Minn.; Trenholm, W. L., Charleston, S. C.; Thompson, W. W., Altonwood, N. Y.; Tozer, C. W., San Francisco, Cal.

Walton, Thomas, Cleveland, Ohio; Welsford, R. A., Baltimore, Md.; Wattson, John B., Philadelphia; Whitney, J. Parker, Boston, Mass.

A comparison of the list of members with that of the original incorporators serves to indicate the fact that the club has suffered a metamorphosis as complete as any versified in Ovid, since the date of its incorporation, April 11, 1865, and of its initial winter of exceedingly intellectual receptions, under a directory identical with the incorporating catalogue.

The directory is liable as a body for all expenses incurred by the club, having previously sanctioned the same; and members introducing visitors are liable for any debts to superintendent said visitors may leave unliquidated. The general house rules specify that—

1. The club-house shall be open at 8 o'clock every morning, and no member shall be admitted after 2 o'clock A. M.
2. No games of any kind shall be begun after 12 o'clock on Saturday night.
3. All foreign ministers, duly accredited to the United States, are declared honorary members; consuls to the city of New York, upon the nomination of the executive committee and election by the directory, being entitled to the privileges of temporary members.
4. Any member may introduce to the club, as a visitor,

a resident of the city; such privilege, however, is limited to one visit by the same individual, whose name must be registered in the book provided for the purpose.

6. No member shall take from the club-house, or mutilate, any newspaper, pamphlet, book, or other property of the club.

7. No member shall give a gratuity to any servant of the club.

Life members are admitted upon due election, by paying an admission fee of eight hundred dollars, which accounts for the fact that life members are few.

XII.

THE PALETTE CLUB.

126 SECOND AVENUE.

In the spring of 1869 a few German artists formed themselves into an association to be designated as the Palette. So thoroughly German was the material of the organization, that the constitution and by-laws were printed in German text only; and German was really the only language spoken at the meetings weekly and monthly. For a year or so, nobody heard anything about the Palette Club, any more than as if no club of that name had been in existence. There was a palette, in crimson and gold, displayed somewhere in the vicinity of St. Mark's place, with the effect of occasioning the remark from wayfarers that it was a pretty sign, and most had some lingering notion that it indicated something artistic.

But here lived a club, governed by a constitution queerly entitled *Statuten und Haupt-Gesetze des Vereins*, explained and illustrated with a dozen pages of gibberish of the same sort, of which Coleridge somewhere intimates that it is as if all the consonants had curdled into little unpronounceable knots, by twos and threes and fours, quite intended as exercises antidotal of tubercular consumption. Translating *Artikel 1*, that is the *Zweck des Vereins*, the student becomes aware that this is a club of artists, and has for its intention the bringing together of artists, the reading of papers on artistic and philosophi-

cal subjects, and the exhibition of art-products by the members, who, at the beginning, were only nineteen in number. In its first organization, the membership was separated into active and passive members—a queer Germanism for artists and amateurs—after the manner of the Century. The former were expected to afford the materials for the semi-yearly exhibition; the latter to appreciate and buy: for the Germans are practical people, and can see no virtue in a club unless it ministers to practical and utilitarian ends.

No sarcasm intended. They proceeded upon the very manly hypothesis that the day when artists should submit to be recipients of bounty, had long since passed; that art-products, like other products of brain and hand; were products having a certain commercial valuation, and to be put in the market and sold on commercial principles. Really, they were right and manly in their view of the relation of the artist as producer to the buying public as consumer; and, practically, through the intervention of the middle-men, that is, the art auctioneers, this view received recognition even before the Century was founded. There was a bent old man—a sort of art broker he was—who mediated between the artist and the public in the days of infant New York, having his rooms on the very ground now occupied by the Astor House, and who was accustomed to boast that he had made all the artistic reputations of his day. I think the founders of the Palette had dimly in mind, when they framed the first constitution, an idea of eliminating the middle-men, thus bringing the producer and buyer together: for something of the sort is hinted, though very diplomatically, in several of the expressions defining the duties of members, and in the practically business turn given to the exhibitions. If they intended that, however

business-like and bargain-driving it may appear, they meant well—well for the interests of art, and better for the interests of artists; and the artistic public owes them for that one step in the right direction a vote of thanks.

Besides active and passive members, provision was also made for honorary members, to consist of gentlemen or ladies who had become noted either as artists or as friends of artists; and thus the classes were completed.

For a year, or nearly that, nobody heard of the Palette. In fact, it was not until the celebration of its first anniversary, in the spring of 1870, at Allemanina Hall, that popular attention was attracted to its exhibitions. Both socially and artistically the anniversary was a great success, taking rank with the receptions of the Century in all respects, and with those often given by the Union League. The membership was not then over eighty, having been augmented about sixty during the year; but now the Palette had won its spurs, and artists came knocking at the door for admission, in dozens and scores. So rapid was the increase, that the subsequent November (1870) found the club in possession of a membership of two hundred, which, before the second anniversary came round, had risen to two hundred and twenty.

In the fall of 1870 the former club-house, at No. 17 Stuyvesant street, was leased and put in condition for occupancy by the club, for social gatherings and art purposes. Here, again, was exhibited the practical Germanism of its ideas; and here a new career was entered upon in the carrying out of one of the original projects of the club, in the organization of a life-school, giving the artist members advantages in the pursuit of their studies not to be attained by a single artist in a solitary studio, and, really, advantages nowhere else offered in New York in equal extent and completeness. The necessary altera-

tions were soon made, patent reflectors and other appurtenances were added at considerable cost, and, in a few weeks, the long abeyant project was in practical operation. Next in order came the realization of a second project equally practical in its purpose, in the foundation of a drawing school from the antique; and this, too, was put in operation, with the patient, plodding, persevering adaptation of means to ends so inherent in the German disposition. This last was intended principally for the use of amateurs and younger pupils.

Thus, from a feeble association of nineteen, with C. F. Aliesky as president, Mr. H. Harrison as secretary, and Mr. J. Gast as treasurer, in little more than a year and a half the Palette had blossomed into a powerful and influential organization, somewhat as the Liberal Club has from similar beginnings. The foundation of a valuable library had been laid; standard works, to the extent of several hundred volumes, on art, science, and philosophy, physical and metaphysical, accumulated; and a reading-room, well-stocked with the best journals, German and American, opened.

One of the ideas originally excogitated in the heads of the aboriginal nineteen, has not yet been carried out, but will soon assume objective form, in the publication of the *Palette Monthly*, to which every member will be expected to contribute, subject to the decision of a press committee. It will be remembered that something of this kind was originally propounded by the *Century*, but was never carried into effect in print—in fact, took the form of a *Century* journal, read and discussed at the monthly meetings, only to be dropped after a lingering existence of ten years.

The club is somewhat broader in its scope than the *Century* at first was, and represents the fine arts rather

than what is distinctively termed art. Painting, sculpture, building, drawing, music, steel engraving, copperplate engraving, wood engraving, lithography, photography, literature, and journalism are particularly well represented in the active membership; while the art-loving public in general falls under the head of passive.

Having taken possession of the new rooms, a revision of the constitution was entered upon. The officers of the association at this date were:—President, F. Venino; vice-presidents, A. Hockstein and O. Kunath; recording, corresponding, and financial secretaries, H. Ruhl, M. Eglau, and H. Levasseur; treasurer, Dr. Joseph Wiener; librarians, L. Roeth and G. Hess; board of managers, M. von Mittendorfer, William Kurtz, and Dr. C. Meinecke. On this occasion they did so far abandon the Teutonic as to print the constitution in English and German, in a sort of bi-glot text, and to make provision for the reading of the minutes in both German and English. The new constitution states the aim of the club somewhat more fully, as the promotion of the fine arts, science, and literature, and the support of kindred objects by lectures, exhibitions, concerts, social gatherings, and festivals; also the foundation of a library, reading-room, and art-collection. The membership is limited to artists, authors, and *connoisseurs* of art, which latter constitute the passive part. Honorary members may be elected from promoters of art, science, or literature; or from the ranks of those who have been instrumental in promoting the interests of the association.

The club is governed by a board of managers, one-half of whom are elected semi-annually—elections being held in January and July. This board, consisting of twelve members, elects from its own body a president, two vice-presidents, a recording secretary, a corresponding secre-

tary, a financial secretary, treasurer, and two librarians. The election is peculiarly conducted. The secretary, previous to December 15 and June 15, must send to every member a printed list of all the members, stamped with the seal of the association—on which list the member indicates his candidates for board of managers, and returns it sealed to the secretary within one week. At a meeting of the board of managers these lists are collated. A plurality elects, and the result is announced at the next general meeting of the association. Thus the tedious work of balloting at meetings is avoided, with all its possible details of bickering, canvassing, and electioneering. One-half the board must vacate semi-annually, though the vacating members are eligible to re-election after one term of office shall have elapsed. One-half the board must be artists, and none but artists are eligible to the office of president. Five members of the board constitute a quorum.

Regular meetings of the club are held on the first Monday of every month, with the following order of business:

1. Reading of minutes in German and English.
2. Election of new members.
3. Hearing of reports and communications from officers and committees.
4. Proposal of candidates for membership.
5. Debate and voting upon current regular business.

Twenty-five members constitute a quorum. Social gatherings take place at least once a week.

Candidates for membership must be proposed at a regular general meeting. Names, occupations, and addresses are then registered and bulletined. Upon these names, having obtained all needful information as to manners and morals of candidates, it is the duty of the

officers to report at the next meeting—whereupon all candidates recommended are immediately declared members, unless some member shall call for a vote, in which case one black-ball in five rejects. This vote is, however, not taken until the next regular meeting, and *ad interim* the candidate has all the privileges of the club-rooms.

The subject of expulsion naturally comes next. A member can be expelled on either of these specifications: (1.) For conduct impairing the reputation or harmony of the association; (2.) For being in arrears with his dues, or other obligations, for over six months; (3.) For omitting to return property of the club, after having been requested by the officers. The motion for expulsion must be made in regular meeting and cannot be put to vote until the next regular meeting, and not then, unless the delinquent shall have received three weeks' notification, and has been given ample opportunity to defend, either in person or by proxy. To expel, a three-fourths vote is necessary, and the vote must be, in every case, by ballot.

It is difficult to understand, however, in what manner a member could defend himself for having evaded to pay so trifling a sum as twelve dollars a year, payable quarterly, by way of annual dues. The initiation is, again, only five dollars, for which the member proposing is holden: and thus, membership of the Palette is not an expensive luxury, but a cosy and inexpensive comfort. Eminently German all this is, and eminently sensible and just to the toiling artist as well. No glitter, no glamour, no tinsel, no paying for gilding, no mistaking of the shadow for the substance, no ridiculous attempts at stylishness, *éclat*, and that empty bubble of splendor implied in *gloire*; but a Germanesque conviction running through everything, that a mug of lager is better than

an empty decanter of Bohemian glass, or that a cruller is more valuable in the way of protoplasm than a *windbeutel*. Ah me! The world pays more for airs than for the thing itself—more for the bottle than for the wine.

The whole matter is probably referable to the fact that the Germans are not a sensational people. They toil, they plod after excellence, and having grasped the substantial part of it, are therewith quite content. They are a little grotesque in many things—in decoration, dress, literature, and physical conformation as well; but it is the *grotesquerie* of strong, salient, positive individuality.

In connection with the art-evolution of this country, therefore, this rather distinctively German association has a real mission, and has set about fulfilling it in an earnest and practical way. Its exhibitions have been singularly noteworthy thus far; and as they occur monthly, there is no lack of them—to say nothing of the great anniversary exhibitions. In the course of them Mr. H. B. Bulling has won distinction in the historical field, his “Battle of Hafursford, Norway, in 872,” being really a masterpiece. Mr. Voght—A. Voght—has taken rank as a vigorous cattle-painter; Tom Gaylord has contributed some very brilliant, rapid, and spirited outlines, only needing finish, but of great promise; and Mr. Jansen has produced some of the best heads ever exhibited in New York. Of course in running over the lions of the club, one must not omit the names of S. P. Avery, F. W. Batteau, Thomas Bauer, the sculptor; the Beards, J. H. and James C.; Bearer and Berger, the sculptors, and others of equal note: nor should Knoedler, the art publisher, or Prang, of like occupation, be overlooked. J. Wilson McDonald, who modeled the ideal woman in his “*La Sonnambula*,” a sculptor of remarkable versatil-

ity and of remarkable power in certain walks, deserves also to rank as a lion. Of Nehlig, everybody has heard; and Arthur Lumley is looming forward, and hereafter to stand as a central figure. Then there are Jay, Max Eg-lau, Entle, Hellwig, Hess, Kaun, Kunath, Kuriger, Kurtz, Lafarge, Lawrie, Lawrence, Maur, Mueller, Noelle, Nolte, Reinhart, Robertson, Roehner, Roeth, Roeth, the sculptor; the two Rondels, Rothengatter, Ruhl, the sculptor; Thompson, C. W., Venino, the two Wuests, and a dozen others, whose names are of greater or less popular familiarity. Abram S. Hewitt, whose name is connected with the finest and most exhaustive of all reports of American commissioners at the Paris Exposition, to wit, his very admirable essay on the production of iron and steel—graces the list. Many names of civil engineers and well-known draughtsmen also appear on the roll: many more of persons eminent in the industrial arts, with those of half a dozen professors, and twice as many doctors. The full membership is now four hundred, exhibiting an increase of more than one hundred over the whole list at the end of the second year. Yet, notwithstanding this prosperity, due provision is made for the dissolution of the club, which must continue to exist so long as the membership exceeds eight. In event of dissolution, it is agreed that the property of the club shall continue for one year in the custody of the remaining members; but if, within one year, no reorganization takes place, the said property must then be handed over to some organization having a similar purpose.

The details of organization have now been outlined, a German distinctness appearing in every provision. Thus, the Palette is an art-school as well as a club, and will, no doubt, have great influence in determining the future bent of American art, and in rescuing it from the sensa-

tionalism of the Gallic masters; that is, from the rut of the dramatic and spectacular sensational, in the direction of which M. Taine leads, as well as from that of the romantic sensational, as represented by Baudelaire in criticism, and by Delacroix in execution, and of which the reader gets an excellent idea by supposing Poe's poems and prose tales transmogrified into art creations. That this determination will be in the direction of quiet idealism, good drawing, and conscientious execution, cannot be doubted; and downright honesty of canvas is a great gain to an artist—almost as great as the apostle counted godliness to a saint.

The club occupied until 1872, a dim old house on Stuyvesant street, but held its public *fêtes* at Arion Hall, in St. Mark's place. The rooms of the association were very cosily though Germanesquely fitted up and upholstered, and the effect, on the whole, to the American eye, unaccustomed to the antique and to *bric-a-brac-ishness*, was a trifle grotesque. Odd bits of *fantasquerie* in drawing were scattered here and there. Desks, tables, and the like, were irregularly disposed. But through all ran a sort of rhythm of solidity. Everything remarked, confidentially, "Comfort's the thing—you who run after stylishness spend your time in hunting will-o'-the-wisps." There was no excess of servants and attendants. You could sit and muse for an hour without being disturbed, and had not to make apologies to attendants for not having broken the spirit of your dream with a glass of lager or the amber vintage of the Rhine, by way of taking your romance in liquid form.

But I forget while rhapsodizing of this German passion for the substantial—the comfortable in distinction from the showy—that

"This, all this was in the olden
Time, long ago,"

and that the Palette has lately entered upon the butterfly stage of its existence in a more expensive club-house on Second Avenue, facing St. Mark's Place; that the days of Rhine vintage by the toby in the ancient Stuyvesant street parlors, dim with age and burdened with recollections, are past, and that the long table loaded with strange German dishes is deserted forever. No matter. The Palette will still be the Palette, for Germans will be Germans. The last list of officers that presided over the reunions of the club in the old manse, consisted as follows: President, Paul Schulze; vice-presidents, V. Neellig and J. R. Robertson; secretary, Dr. C. Meinecke; corresponding secretary, George Hess; financial secretary, H. Ruhl; treasurer, Dr. Joseph Wiener; librarians, F. Roeth and G. Hess. A board of managers (in addition to officers) constitutes a standing committee and deliberative board in general. The seal of the association, a palette, ornamented the door in former days, but at the Second Avenue mansion (No. 126, by the way) the door is painted emblematically with all the colors of the palette.

In its new quarters, the club is thus officered:—President, William Kurtz; vice-presidents, James H. Beard and C. Buberl; recording secretary, J. F. Engel; corresponding secretary, B. F. Reinhart; financial secretary, Julius Gerson; treasurer, Dr. Joseph Wiener; librarians, Clark Bell and Theodore Wuest. Council—William Kurtz, James H. Beard, C. Buberl, J. F. Engel, B. F. Reinhart, Julius Gerson, Dr. Joseph Wiener, Clark Bell, Theodore Wuest, J. R. Brevoort, C. O. Ficht, George Hess, Dr. Robert Newman, J. Oehme, of Goupil's Gallery; Napoleon Sarony, of great fame as New York's finest master in photographic art; P. F. Schoen, Paul Schulze, formerly president; Julian Scott, W. G. Wheelwright, and Phineas C. Wright. The composition of the several committees is:

Exhibition Committee—J. R. Brevoort, Clark Bell, J. F. Engel, George Hess, B. F. Reinhart, Napoleon Sarony, D. O'C. Townley.

Art Committee—J. F. Engel, S. P. Avery, Max Eglau, Julius Oehne, Julian Scott, T. L. Smith, D. O'C. Townley.

House Committee—P. F. Schoen, Clark Bell, Julius Gerson.

Entertainment Committee—Dr. Robert Newman, J. L. Burleigh, Douglas Campbell, F. A. Gerlach, James M. Hartshorne, Prof. Walter C. Lyman, E. H. Neymann, Francis Schreiner, W. G. Wheelwright, Phineas C. Wright.

Music Committee—Julius Gerson, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, Felix J. Eben, George Nembach, Dr. B. J. Raphael, M. A. Ward.

Reception Committee—Clark Bell, J. R. Brevoort, Julius Gerson, George Hanft, B. F. Reinhart, Napoleon Sarony, P. F. Schoen, Julian Scott, W. G. Wheelwright.

Literary Committee—Phineas C. Wright, Clark Bell, George Hess, J. D. Smillie, F. Stengel, Theodore Wuest.

Printing Committee—The three Secretaries and Treasurer.

The list of members includes the best active talent in the fine arts and the related professions. Of persons not resident in New York the address is given, and of members engaged in fine arts pursuits, the particular specialty. The general membership consists mostly of patrons and fosterers of art.

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Oehme, J., of Goupil's; Ogilvie, Clinton, Artist; O'Hara, C. E.; Ollert, Felix, Engraver; Ortendorfer, Oswald.

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Taussig, Gabriel; Terry, E., Artist; Thomas, H. A., Artist; Thomayer, Theodore; Thorp, E. B.; Thorpe, T. B., Brooklyn, L. I.; Thurston, S. H.; Tooley, James W.; Townley, D. O'C.

Uhl, Hermann; Ulke, Henry, Artist, Washington, D. C.; Ulrich, F., Artist; Ulrich, P.

Vance, Fred. T., Artist, Palisades, N. Y.; Vandenhof, George; Vanderlip, G. M.; Venino, Albert; Venino, Franz, Artist; Volk, Charles.

Waeber, G. A.; Walker, James, Artist; Wanier, G. S.; Ward, J. Q. A., Sculptor; Ward, M. A.; Warker, E.; Warker, Thomas; Waud, W., Artist; Weber, A., Architect; Weber, Albert; Weber, John, Architect; Weber, Louis, Architect; Weidenbach, Auguste, Artist, Brooklyn, L. I.; Wells, W. E., Doctor; Wendt, C. E.; Wesendonck, Max; Wetmore, Auguste, Jr.; Wheeler, A. C.; Wheelwright, W. G.; White, A.; Widmayer, W., Civil Engineer; Wiener, Joseph, Doctor; Wiley, Franklin; Will, A., Designer; Willis, George; Wilmarth, L. E., Artist; Wilmurt, T. A.; Wolde, George; Wreaks, Charles; Wright, J. A., Artist; Wright, Phineas C.; Wuest, Theodore, Artist.

Zwetsch, Ludwig, Engraver.

The new club-house has all the artistic half-light that rendered the Stuyvesant street quarters so dream-

like, and is fitted up with the same quaint regard to *fantasquerie*.

“A place in which to fall into reverie,” you say, having just glanced about, “and to forget yourself in, amid the surges of ever-restless New York. A nookish, moody interior, which has all the dimness of one’s remotest and most intangible fancies; and is, hence, strangely fitted to call them hovering about one’s brain. Nothing like it for a day-dream—for going down by oneself into one’s own soul, with now and then just a semi-conscious penciling by the way.”

XIII.

ARCADIAN CLUB.

62 UNION PLACE.

Lounging lazily in the office of the *Hundredum* one dozy October afternoon, when sky and earth appeared to be on terms so remarkably intimate that it was difficult to tell which was which, gossiping low-tonedly with two gentlemen, one an editor, the other a professor: seers both, and makers to see, though in quite different ways: the one a kind of editorial Aristotle, now thinking, now dreaming, the other a Plato in modern life, thinking and dreaming together: the one talking drowsily of *brahm*, and finding in Hindu ruminations the solution of all speculative problems, the other finding the same in Herbert Spencer: the one with a sense of art-form somewhat overslaughing the sense of the higher beautiful, with the art-sight keener than the insight, the other with the sense of the higher beautiful breaking over all rules of art-form, with the insight keener than the art-sight: the one unpractically practical, the other practically impracticable: the one a dreamer detesting day-dreams, and a poet ridiculing poets, the other a dreamer loving day-dreams *pour passer le temps*, dreamy but not flightily, mystical but not rhapsodical: the one remote from life as it is, but imagining himself there with intimate, the other remote from life, and content to be remote and little comprehended: both with heads packed full of dream-work, and keeping up a sort of double living—a living of money-

making and world-battle, and a living individual and ideal: both seeing life through spectacles of their own, and thus profoundly original, yet imagining that life is as they see it, and mistaking the spectre in the mind, the retina-phantom, for the actual fact. Gossiping low-tonedly with these dreamers two, now on the latest kink of speculative philosophy, and whether with some new convolution of the ever and ever in complexity increasing brain, would not come a new comprehension of things; now on life-ideals and topics kin, and whether the ideal was not after all the real, the actual the illusive. Gossiping thus the conversation finally turned, the day being Arcadian, upon the lately founded Arcadian Club, and whether, past experiences accounted, the newspaper-man was of clubbable disposition whereupon the Plato of the two remarked that there was possibly some inherent opposition between the *ebroulement* (which, according to Madame de Staël, is the father of all that is beautiful in the arts), and the clubbable disposition—the one tending to frenzy fine, the other to peacefulness and repose, that is, *brahm*-ward: the Aristotle of the confab venturing to suggest, after gazing for some seconds into vacancy, and finding nothing there worth mentioning, that very likely the newspaper-man, being a distinct species, lacked certain convolutions of the brain which other people had, and that the question was one to be settled only by dissecting a sufficient number of newspaper heads to establish or disprove the proposition inductively.

Nevertheless, I think it was finally accepted that the newspaper-man did lack certain convolutions of the brain that other people had, or had certain that other people lacked, the excess or lack determining his consciousness in the direction of certain eccentricities, among them a very clever faculty for inventing wonderful fictions and

passing them off as sober and ascertained facts: thus conclusively establishing the identity of the ideal and the actual, and saving the philosopher of the future a great deal of troublesome cogitation—for, this one point established, philosophy could boast a basis logical and natural, as haply, heretofore, it has been unable.

It was the kind of weather in which to day-dream and talk low-tonedly and in desultory bubbles and scraps—mere passing memoranda of the momentary mood—a soft haziness edging the jutting eaves, rectangular smoke-ways, and jagged relief of daily life, with a kind of atmosphere beautiful: just the kind of weather in which odd shreds of poetry one has not thought of for months, suddenly occur to one, and in which vague fancies and imaginings, vague longings and unpractical ruminations, bubble up from inner deeps one knows not of till the day comes, and the weather; in which one talks to oneself with a sort of impression that there are two of him, and, on looking about for the other, is astonished to find there is only one of him, and in which one would sooner get along without the after-dinner cigar than present a bill for services rendered. Fortunately, this kind of weather comes not often a year: did it, business would be at a stand-still now and then, when it ought to be going on like clock-work: and having no other advantage of the poor human clocks it keeps ticking than that it never runs down, while they, poor things, not only run down in due season, but, having done so, can never be wound up and make to tick again—besides occasionally getting rickety before they run down, and requiring a great deal of expensive tinkering.

No matter. The day being Arcadian, Arcadian the weather, Arcadian the fancies playing hide-and-seek in the crannies of one's brain in consequence of the weather, it

was but natural that a club excogitated at this dream-season of the year 1871, should take a dream-name of some sort; and thus, I suppose, came the term Arcadian as the name of a club, though it may possibly have arisen from another association, that of an Arcadian with the pipe, *sub tegmine fagi*, for the Arcadians of old are reputed to have been skillful with that instrument, though not to have used it to excess. Gone, the season! Gone, the dream-life!

“ Vel quæ, Tiberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem !”

Give me handfuls of poems, *purpureos spargam flores*. Gone, the season and the dream-life—left are the Arcadian, and the symposium not altogether Platonic!

Lotos and Arcadian: both stuff for dreams. The one excogitated in spring-time, when Nature was taking her break-of-day drowse, previous to getting up and going about business; the other suggestive of Nature indulging in a half-light reverie in a sort of crimson and scarlet dressing-gown, previous to putting on her night-cap and going soberly to bed, after a hard summer's work. The one reminding of a land where it is always afternoon of a day in the last of June, when one can almost hear the music of corn growing, the mystic throes of buds toiling into blossom; the other of a land where it is always about eight o'clock in the morning, with the dew still on the meadow grass, and the world rubbing its eyes and brushing away cobwebs of dream, before buckling down to the day-struggle. The one somehow reminiscent of Egypt and crocodiles, lispings palms and Arabs, of long and lotos-eating days of *koff*, in which even the lazy hours loiter in shady nooks, and the wind holds its breath in sympathy with the general doziness, and

seems to be listening to something; the other of vivid Greek life, with its shepherds,

“Piping on hollow reeds to their pent sheep,
Calm be my Lyra’s sleep,”

of Pindar, of Orphic song, of lost Milesian tales, of a life growing into sculpture or breaking into sinuous hexameter waves. The one mystic, the other beautiful, both symbolical.

But a truce to rhapsody and *rêclame*. The age will nothing but facts. Facts in every style, as the restaurateurs say of oysters. Facts stewed, facts broiled, facts fried, facts roasted, facts scolloped, facts on the half shell: only so they be facts, with no unpleasant allusions to the sky-powers or other supernal trumpery so doated upon by the grandfather.

So facts be it, with no more of this wine-sauce of rhetoric—for the modern man of letters, like the scientist,

“Is but a mill for grinding facts,
That, mixing that and this,
Fills up the grist whene’er it lacks
With crude hypothesis;”

and it is not worth the while to vary from the rule in so minor a matter as the description of a club, facts being solid food, fancies mainly after-dinner smoke.

The tendency to dissension and consequent segregation which attacks clubs composed in the main of *litterateurs*, artists, musicians, and actors, has been remarked upon; and without a binding power of ordinary business men, such associations have hitherto proved very ephemeral. When disputes arose in the Lotos, it was the practical business element that saved the club from dissolution; and the cohesive power of the Arcadian is mostly centred in the same. Men who carry worlds of their own inside of their heads, are not apt to herd sens-

ibly. The reason why *litterateurs* are not clubbable is thus obvious, and not so uncomplimentary as might be supposed. The literary faculty—of all the creative mental energies the most powerful, because the least dependent upon the accessories of color, of form, of sound, of action—is seldom dissociated from overbearing egotism. Indeed, great creative power in fiction, using the word in its largest sense, as an equivalent for *poiesis*, is great though higher egotism, and little else; egotism so overmastering as to insist upon expressing itself, so active as to be forever day-dreaming, forever lotos-eating; egotism, that sees life through its own spectacles, and is long in learning that life is infinitely broader, deeper, freer, and more various than any mere poetic plan thereof, excogitated in a single narrow cranium; egotism (like that of Dickens, of Hawthorne, of Poe, of George Sand, of Victor Hugo, of George Eliot, of Goethe, of Carlyle, the latter's "Frederick the Great" being regarded as the most colossal work of fiction produced in this century), that hues and colors life, moulds and sculpts it, to the ever-present spectre of beauty in the mind, and re-creates men and women, often bringing out the deeper real in human life by so doing, oftener perhaps, unless the insight is as exceptional as the originality, obscuring the same, and hooding it about with vague and mystic hazes: as preëminently did Hawthorne, whose types of human life are sculpturesque and motionless spectres, lacking vitality, lacking progress, lacking dramatic consciousness—fixed, colorless cloud-people, with vague resemblances to people of greater specific gravity! In its very constitution, the literary faculty is isolated, self-centred, introspective. They who possess it, being neither gregarious nor social with the heartiness of other human animals, fall less easily into societies or aggregations, and

by virtue or a certain intensity of egotism, yield less readily to the control of general rules. Jealousies are engendered; the cohesive force being weak, secession results. It may be said that irregularity of habit deserves more prominence than is here given to it, as a determining cause; but I apprehend that even this determining cause is determined by the unbridled self-consciousness of the literary or artistic (the creative) faculty. In either event, the result is the same, and one may be pardoned for adopting the kinder *rationale* of the two. The segregation of the Lotos was from the beginning certain: unless quite free and unconventional in its social aspects, the ultimate segregation of the Arcadian is almost equally certain, toilers after the hero-man being very apt to shirk the duties of the man common.

The rivalry between the two clubs, perhaps I ought to term it emulation, seems quite natural under the circumstances, though a trifle amusing. The Lotos captures Rubinstein, Wieniawski, Edmund Yates, James Anthony Froude; the Arcadian captures Miss Kellogg, and recaptures Froude, for a trip to the islands of penance, to which that gentleman submits with resignation beautiful enough to entitle him to the notice of the next Fox who shall write a "Book of Martyrs," virtually saying—"Gentlemen, the popularity of my lecture series is somewhat dependent on the press, and you see I take it gracefully, expecting from virtue its own abundant reward." The Lotos having captured a couple of poets, John Hay and Joaquin Miller, the Arcadian casts about, and, finding no poets to capture, naturally insists (and very justly, as it happens) that prose is the higher art after all.

Another "Iliad" shall struggle like this be termed?

Or a modern "Battle of Frogs and Mice," in which both get the worst of it, and the public is amused?

Indeed, and unfortunately, with a view to profit from the notoriety of the struggle, sundry obscure and rather uncultured young gentlemen, with a fatal facility for scribbling, saw fit to start a journal of piquant paragraphic lampoons, entitled the *Arcadian*, hoping thus to find for its projectors some brief and ephemeral rescue from obscurity, as editing the supposed organ of a club: the wonder being that others similarly obscure did not ex-cogitate a weekly to be known as the *Lotos*, for which the occasion offered equal opportunity, with a name equally romantic, in this way foisting similar lack of culture upon public attention.

Failed of the coveted *éclat* they of the *Arcadian*, as they of the *Arcadian* deserved: for, if there be one special department of metropolitan journalism, in which unculture, conceit, and freshman callowness are already quite too liberally represented, it is that of dramatic and musical criticism: it being one of the convictions of the aspirant young gentleman yearly coming to New York, that he is endowed with a special gift for the criticism of art, music, or the drama, in the instance of either of which long and intelligent study of the masters must have reinforced real aptitude, before the critic can be counted competent. Having certain vague longings, a certain vague ideal of the excelling, which he mistakes as fitness for the function, the young gentleman forgets that, while the ideal is the metre of what art in the abstract should be, in the concrete the position of an exponent is something to be determined by comparison. One must have listened to the great *prime donne* of the past thirty years, Malibran, Caradori Allen, Grisi, Alboni, and others, or at least to

all the great of the present, before one is competent to fix the position of Lucca; to Thalberg, Von Bülow, and other piano masters, past and present, before criticising Rubinstein; indeed, to masters in every department, before assuming to determine what is mastery, what not: and this being exactly what the said young gentleman has not done, his attempts at criticism are somewhat shallow, uncertain, and unscientific, besides smacking a little of egotism. Aptitude he may have, but here culture is even more important than aptitude. The art-insight is not so very uncommon in American critical circles; but though the intellectual basis of criticism, it is quite inadequate to the work, without culture, which sifts, tests, compares, probes, discriminates.

With great artistic faculty, great talent for the stage, great musical gifts, what assiduous culture is necessary to complete the mastery! With great natural insight similar assiduity of culture makes the critic: study, on the one hand involving profound comprehension of the philosophy and laws of art, involving on the other mastery of its facts and practical understanding of its rules: and for lack of this come transposed phrases from advertising pamphlets distributed by managers and purveyors, and uncertainty of work—puff and pander to-day, cuff and slander to-morrow.

Goethe somewhere, in one of his apothegmic moods, remarks to this effect—that every man of fame, were he closely questioned, would be compelled to admit that, among the men of his acquaintance unknown to popular bruit, he has found greater than among the known and confessed literary masters; and another poetic celebrity of the Weimar school puts the same apothegm thus, in stanza:

“Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute,
 The shallows roar;
 Worth is the ocean, fame is but the bruit
 Along the shore;”

while Byron, with a picturesque directness, and a magniloquence of sound truly his own, embodies the idea, and a cynical dash of Byronic egotism with it, in something like this:

“There have been poets who have never sung,
 Because they did compress the God within them,
 And scorned to lend their thoughts to meaner beings—”

which is certainly unphilanthropic on the part of the poets, and quite un-Byronic besides: since, so far from scorning to lend his thoughts to meaner beings, the author of “Don Juan” and “Manfred” was not in the least averse to selling them outright at the highest market quotation.

The thought presented in the three citations is, though, eminently applicable to newspaper criticism, in distinction from the silent culture centred about clubs like the Union, Manhattan, Century, and Traveler’s. If there have been mute Miltons, as many and glorious, there have been mute critics many more, though not more inglorious; for if the highest intellectual working, now and then, wrapt in self-contemplation, and forever followed by its own shadow, as the intuitive consciousness is, neglects to express itself: ruminates and makes no sign: more frequently still is the making of no sign associated with the less intuitive, therefore less self-active, critical intellect. If there be many a dumb Shakespeare or Shelley, there are many more dumb Carlyles, Emersons, and Whipples; for the gift of criticism is less self-energizing than that of production or of creation, and therefore more likely to make the life-journey without gossiping by the way.

A priori as this conclusion is, it is borne out by facts: nowhere more cogently than by the one fact that the criticism of New York, whether in literature, the drama, music, or art, is not representative of its most liberal culture, and has half fallen into the hands of a number of young gentlemen able to review a book without reading it, to write an essay on the drama without knowing what is really dramatic, to talk learnedly (or bookishly) of painting without being able to tell a daub from a Vandyke. A few phrases like "truth to nature," "realism," "sensationalism," "perspective," "foreshortening," "Rembrandt mastery of shadow," "Titian manipulation of color," and "German dualism in art:" and forth steps a full-fledged dictionary of critical terms, prepared to blunder blindly, but with great apparent erudition, through any duties that may devolve upon him, from Lucca, Nilsson, and Kellogg as *Margherita* in "Faust," to Rubinstein, the piano-magician; from the Metropolitan Museum of Art to Wieniawski, the violin-wizard; from George Eliot's last novel to the latest history of speculative philosophy; from Butler's "Nothing to Wear" to Darwin's "Descent of Man;" from Edwin Booth as *Hamlet*, or Miss Cushman as *Meg Merrilies*, to Aimée in the last opera bouffe, or John Brougham as *King Carrot*.

With these gentlemen the latest is always the greatest; the largest advertiser, the most consummate master of his art. Nilsson present is diva, in the etymological sense of the term; Nilsson absent degenerates into a somewhat superior singer. Lucca here, and such a *prima* the world saw never; Lucca passes hence, and, behold, Lucca was second-rate, after all. It is a drama of ebb and flow; a comedy of over-estimation succeeded by under-estimation; a macaw-like repetition of "*Le roi est*

mort, vive le roi;” an unreal garble of the real called criticism, by retail dealers in fictitious reputations, termed critics, and classed among the formative intellectual forces. A new poet, and the publisher issues his pamphlet eulogy; a new *prima donna*, a new pianist, a new actor, and the manager issues his. Thus far it is natural enough: the publisher having a pecuniary interest in his Joaquin Miller or Bret Harte; the manager, in his Lucca or Rubinstein. But when the so-called critic seizes upon the pamphlet of either as a sweet morsel, rolls it under his critical tongue, expunges a passage here, transposes there, adds a few eulogistic adjectives elsewhere to the sufficiently nauseating dose, and reproduces it as elaborate and carefully cogitated criticism, then there may be trifling doubts as to the propriety of his conduct, the integrity of his intentions, the soundness of his culture; and that this farce of taking the publisher’s verdict on his poet, or that of the manager as to his *prima donna*, is enacted daily, is overwhelmingly proved by the too frequent coincidence of the critic’s cleverest phrases with those of the pamphlets distributed.

Has culture any rights that newspapers are bound to respect? This is the question that a moralist would be likely to ask, imagining perhaps that moral considerations are of some little value in this commercial age—which, by the way, is an imagination not always justified by current events. Mammon has rights, gammon has rights, and the rights of both are quite enough respected. Culture has none that a hundred dollars or a promise of patronage can not buy—none that, in the current organization of the department of criticism, cannot be overridden. It is not pretended that the potency of the dollar is direct in its modification of so-called critical opinion; but though indirect and tacit, it is none the

less all-ruling. Not criticism, but notice: not criticism, but notice. Thus they, both manager and publisher; and not very far distant is the day when the critical column will become simply a higher advertising, unless culture and integrity come to the rescue. Indeed, in some quarters, that result has already been practically attained—for, except from the general mass who review books, a few critics like Mr. Ripley, Mr. J. R. Thompson, R. H. Stoddard, Grant White, Mr. George Perry, Mr. Bowker, and Prof. Fraser, not a dozen in all, and the rest are either incompetent by want of culture, or by too steadfast regard for commercial equivalents.

There are, who will cry *scold* in view of these allegations; but those best acquainted with the facts, either experimentally or by observation, will, perforce, confess their justice, being aware of instances too many in which their justice has been demonstrated. Of but one general and adequate demonstration it behooves here to take notice. It has not eluded the observation of the most uncritical that the newspaper verdict as to the merits of a work of fiction, of a dramatic representation, of a *prima donna*, is often quite the reverse of that rendered by cultured readers and cultured hearers at large. The instance of the *débüt* of Miss Janauschek at the Academy of Music several years since, than whom actress was never more enthusiastically and lengthily puffed by the great dailies, is in point; for with all her splendid elocution, and the wordy encomiums thereof, the cultured sense of New York was conscious of a lack, and the Academy was half vacant after the first evening.

Discrepancies like these are common enough in cultured circles, and represent the protest of enlightened opinion against *réclame*—opinion that invariably works its way by conversation, by contact, until it leavens the

whole lump, and finally creeps into the newspapers: first, by means of communications addressed to the editor, which are never printed, because to print would be to stultify whole columns of preëxistent drivel, but which serve to put that gentleman thinking; lastly, by way of editorial estimate in *brevier*, in which, disregarding dreary galleys of critical minion or nonpareil, the paper virtually says to the public, "Gentlemen and ladies, the editor has come to this conclusion, after long and careful cogitation, and hastens to fulfill his obligations to his subscribers by disseminating the same."

With Nilsson, Janauschek, and whom not of the catalogue, this bit of by-play has been played annually; and that culture has its own way in the end, even in the current newspaper criticism, by no means justifies or excuses the discrepancy at the beginning: nor in any way palliates or pardons the delinquency of the critic by whom the average popular mind is governed, at least in its first impressions. The force of the fact—that current criticism is not fairly representative of the best musical, dramatic, or literary culture—is not blunted by such tardy recognition of the rights of the latter, and tells with fatal effect in the making up of the general European estimate of the American public, supposing the culture of that public to be fairly represented in the higher walks of journalism. For example, when the European thinker sneers at American literature as clever but unreal, original but unsubstantial, mortifying to the national vanity as the admission is, that thinker simply describes the inevitable result that follows the American divorce of literature from culture; for it is culture that prunes, tests, probes, compares, sifts, dissects, and winnows the crude originations of the intellect, preserving this, dropping that into the waste-

basket, and bringing into artistic body, as vital as beautiful, the well-winnowed materials of the imagination; and, rating the City Hall Square *littérateur* at his just average, his work is not yet thoroughly representative of this quality. Grains of gold there are in the quartz of his journalism of the arts beautiful; but the milling and assaying powers of his intellect are inadequate and comparatively inactive. He thinks rapidly, often originally, often powerfully, too often in accord with certain commercial interests; but his thought is not edited by culture: hence, too frequently ridiculous in its distortions of the real, and nowhere more lamentably so than in the department of criticism.

If, therefore, the Arcadian club shall prove an academy and centre of culture, as seems its tendency, it will not have existed in vain, nor will its function have been so stinted as to leave it no reason for being; for open here stands a door of usefulness, and a way to power and position, which, I apprehend, must have already occurred to thoughtful members like Mr. Robert Carter, Mr. Oliver B. Bunce, Mr. George Perry, Prof. Fraser, and others, if not to the consciousness of the general body.

But to the history of the association, which is quite brief, begging pardon for this long and somewhat rambling preamble, and for occasional digressive pencillings by the way, hereafter.

In the fall of '71 rumors of dissension in the Lotos were in popular circulation; and the causes of such dissension were vaguely hinted. The primitive purpose of the association had been—so said—lost sight of, and the Lotos was drifting towards the habitat of the club general, as represented by the Union, Manhattan, Harmonie, and others: was, indeed, passing through the same stage

of transformation which, in the course of the years 1866 and 1867, having reduced the Travelers' to a mere society body, resulted in the dropping off of the professional element as represented by Frank Leslie, E. George Squier, and many more, whose names are household words in literature and journalism. There was quarrel, too, if I mistake not, and heat of passion as well as smoke of words; for professionals are somewhat remarkable for warmth of temper, and inapt to submit to crosses, say nothing of being shorn of authority in a club, by themselves and for their own pleasuring founded; and some hints of the battle crept into the newspapers, thus awakening popular curiosity, and some trifling expectation of a sensational event in the form of a club-war. Those keen-scented and lynx-eyed setters and pointers of the penny press, the sensation reporters, were on the *qui vive*, and kept eye on No. 2 Irving Place, with pencil and note-book armed; but the battle went on dignifiedly, and nothing occurred with which to point a paragraph or adorn a verbiferous tale—nothing, at least, of the dramatic quality so doated on by those gentlemen, nothing to occasion a call upon the president by Sir Pertinax McMaunder, the professional interviewer. In fact, pellets of protest were called into requisition, which failing to move the flinty hearts of the non-professionals, the formation of a new club was mooted, and a circular explaining the disaffection and suggesting that solution of the difficulty, was printed and distributed soon after the annual election.

As the document is temperate and thoughtful in its tone, it is here reproduced as a fact of club-history. Its signers were the Hon. Henry G. Stebbins, Mark Smith, H. D. Palmer, William Stuart, W. P. Talboys, A. C. Wheeler, F. A. Schwab, William R. Travers, Leonard W.

Jerome, Constant Mayer, E. Moran, Gilbert Munger, G. W. Carleton, Thomas J. Hall, George D. Waring, F. B. Ogden, Colonel Charles E. Dodge, John R. Garland, Spencer W. Coe, J. H. Magonigle, Aynesley Cook, Henry Tissington, A. Randolph, T. E. Baker, Charles Roberts, Jr., O. C. Berger, J. A. Stow, James Pech, Max Maretzek, Napoleon Sarony, Benjamin Gurney, W. H. Elder, T. W. Meighan, E. L. Gaul, N. Hart Jackson, Edwin Booth, S. L. M. Barlow, Max Strakosch, J. M. Bundy, Daniel Kingsland, George W. Hows, L. Israels, William Henry Hurlburt, George Havens, Arthur Lumley, Julian Scott, F. C. Bangs, Myron A. Cooney, Frost Johnson, Clarence H. Livingston, Tom Karl, Henry Clews, Isaac H. Bailey, Henry Jarrett, S. C. Campbell, W. S. Leggat, Louis Engel, Albert Weber, F. G. Gedney, F. S. Cavalli, George Simpson, R. E. Piguët, F. G. Gerlach, M. D. Larrowe, Charles Santley, U. H. Crosby, Joseph Howard, Jr., Clifton W. Tayleure, and William Castle—comprehending the best dramatic, artistic, critical, and musical talent of the city, as the attracting centre about which was to be arranged the new organization.

In this way ran the circular, giving a full history of the difficulty as preamble:

“Publicity having been given in a vague way to the fact that there is disaffection among the members of the Lotos Club, it is deemed advisable by some members of that club to make a statement of the causes and probable results of that disaffection in behalf of the professional gentlemen who may belong or who contemplate belonging to the association.

“This is done with the purpose of setting themselves right with the professions, which, in the original formation of the club, were intended not only to have adequate representation therein, but to be its dominant and distinctive feature.

“The following extract from Article 1 of the Constitution will

sufficiently indicate the original intention : 'Its primary object shall be to promote social intercourse among journalists, literary men, artists, and members of the theatrical profession, and at least one-half of the members of the club shall be gentlemen connected directly or indirectly with the said professions.'

"This clause gave distinction to the Lotos. There was no club in the city expressly formed to bring journalists, actors, and artists together. It took its shape and color from the Savage and Junior Garrick, of London. It opened correspondence with those clubs alone, and unusual courtesies were passed officially and semi-officially through the actors who were constantly passing from the English to the American metropolis. Its walls were hung with the portraits of eminent players, and its earliest acquisitions were contributions from that class. It became a resort for men engaged in literary, dramatic, art, and musical labors, and its promise was that it would continue to be a social centre where men actively engaged in æsthetic pursuits could meet together unembarrassed by the regulations of more conventional circles, and enjoy the fellowship of each other, and of a congenial class of men, who, if not actively engaged in the same pursuits, were at least qualified for membership by liberal tastes and some degree of æsthetic culture.

"It will thus be seen that this clause in the Constitution was operative in establishing the bias and success of the institution. But the error involved in the paragraph was soon to become apparent. It placed no restriction, save a numerical one, upon non-professional members. Instead of the professions drawing a liberal class of amateurs, they drew to the club members whose sole wish was to be entertained. Young men engaged in business pursuits desirous of contact with actors, singers, and artists, availed themselves at once of this opportunity to obtain entrance into what was generally considered to be an exclusive circle. The non-professional element in the club not only grew disproportionately, but it arrayed itself gradually against the professional. Instead of preserving the primary peculiarity so well expressed in the phrase social intercourse among journalists, literary men, and members of the theatrical profession, the club gatherings became thronged by a *dilettanti* class. The entertainments lost their impromptu and voluntary atmosphere. Actors and singers were brought to the club to be exhibited gratuitously to an expectant throng of elegant idlers. It soon became apparent that the feeling entertained toward these

artists was not one of fellowship but of empty patronage. While they were good enough to enter and they were not good enough to have any control of the club. This unfortunate condition of affairs could have but one result. The theatrical and musical artists with any self-respect withdrew their moral influence from the club, others were scattered about the country, filling professional engagements.

"There was, however, always available, and generally present at the club-house, a free and easy crowd with no special duties other than convivial ones, and into the hands of this crowd the management of the Lotos must sooner or later fall, by reason of the democratic principles of its organization.

"The antagonism was first given shape two weeks prior to the last annual election, when an effort was made by the ambitious party to disbar the theatrical members by rescinding the rule under which they were allowed to vote by proxy. The result of this, fully premeditated, must have been to throw the election and the club into the hands of the non-professional members, a large proportion of the others being absent. Indeed, such was the result, for although the friends of the actors succeeded by a hard fight in defeating the anti-proxy move, the election went by default owing to the apathy and disgust of the men who saw the club quietly passing out of their hands, and who, as a class, were far inferior as political workers to their opponents, being desirous less of a continual squabble for power than of quiet, well assured and permanently maintained.

"By the organic law of the club, its government inheres in the majority and is renewed every year, and it appears to some members of the Lotos Club that this is not a wise provision for the fostering of professional fellowship or æsthetic repose. Their experience under its rule is that instead of coming to a land in which it seemed always afternoon, it on the contrary always seemed twelve o'clock at night, and a peculiarly boisterous night at that.

"It was with this understanding, therefore, that part of the difficulty was traceable to the defective organization of the club, that the professional party went into the annual canvass with a platform of reorganization based upon the original objects of the association. They placed the well-known name of Col. H. G. Stebbins at the head of their ticket for the Presidency, and completed the list of officers from the professional men in the club who were believed to best represent their several guilds. The opposition was without

definite purposes, except those expressed by its leaders, which were to enlarge the membership irrespective of the qualifications of men, and to defeat the members who were working in the interest of the artists. It, however, placed the name of Col. Stebbins on its ticket. As soon as the result could be predicted—which was that the opposition would be victorious, owing to its available, not to its numerical strength—Col. Stebbins, and the whole professional ticket with him, withdrew from the canvass.

“In his letter of declination he stated explicitly, that having consented to serve as executive officer only with the hope of furthering the objects of the club as originally conceived, he could not consent to act without the support in the Board of Directors of his friends pledged to the same endeavor.

“This movement was not the result of caprice or personal disappointment. It was a well-considered step, and the only one left to the friends of the artists, that would lead to a proper understanding of the issue. The men elected as officers of the club are, with few exceptions, unknown to the dramatic and musical professions, and they have, up to this time, been unable to find a representative man willing in the present condition of affairs to accept the office of presidency, which, therefore, remains vacant.

“The directors evidently have no well-defined object but to make the *Lotos* a social organization, weakly following in the footsteps of the *Manhattan* and *Union*, or turn its whole professional tendency in the direction of pictorial art, and thus make it competitive in a small way with the *Century* and the *Palette*, while it is destitute of the special adaptations of either.

“On the other hand, it is claimed that the success and the prominence of the *Lotos* were due to the club advantages offered to artists who never before had a club in this country. Journalists, actors, singers, and artists, being brought together, it was new and beneficial and interesting. So soon, therefore, as the present directory took its place, the members before referred to called a reunion of artists outside the club-house, and the unanimity with which the invitations were accepted well attested the perfect understanding they had of the situation. Every person present at the Fifth Avenue reception felt that it was an opportunity to meet with fellow-workers in kindred arts upon a social footing, and the spectacle presented was a realization for the first time of the very object for which the *Lotos* was formed. The effect of that reception was two-fold. With

the professions it operated to unite them against the party with whom they were valued only as the entertainers, and not as the equals, of a number of young gentlemen of luxurious tastes, but strictly unprofessional habits, and made them desirous of a new organization. With the public, who gave the *éclat* to the Lotos, it resulted in a new rush to the club of elegant idlers. The ultimate result it is not hard to foresee. Disappointed in not meeting with the associates they sought, they will drop out again, or contribute of their habits and funds to increase the momentum with which the organization is traveling away from its original starting point.

“With the Lotos Club, however, the members previously referred to have no quarrel; they believe its future position to be fixed, and its success as a purely social place of resort, to be all but assured. But with the primal objects of the club still in view, and with the desire to secure those objects in the most direct, most undemonstrative and most permanent manner, avoiding the errors that the Lotos has brought to their knowledge, and retaining the respect and co-operation of journalists, literary men, artists, and members of the theatrical profession, they have determined to take the initial step toward the formation of a new club, and in that behalf solicit the good will and the membership of all workers in art and literature, who feel the need of fraternity and fellowship, and who believe that art and literature, however humbly professed, will bring a pleasant atmosphere of their own to social intercourse.”

The foregoing manifesto, though embodying the pith and *geist* of the controversy in one of its aspects, omits an important element in determining its direction: that of the exceeding disaffection in certain quarters occasioned by the omission of Mayor Hall to send in his resignation as president, directly after the galling *exposé* that broke the supremacy of the so-called Tammany ring and covered its members with infamy; and that, having thus become a proverb, any gentleman should have persisted in maintaining his official connection with a club, many of the members of which were known to prefer vacuum to his company, is a proceeding difficult to understand and discrepant with courtesy, particularly

at a crisis when the Union Club menaced expulsion. The question, argued the disaffected, was one into which the merits of the case did not enter; Mr. Hall might or might not be guilty of malicious and intentioned neglect of his duty as a member of the Board of Audit; but, whether so or not, it was his duty, in courtesy, to withdraw from his official position in the club, if not to withdraw altogether: and the members thus holding were certainly justified in expecting that extent of deference to the gentlemanhood involved in the matter. Mr. Hall had generously consented to offer his resignation as a member of the Union, when doubts existed as to the right to expel: libel—and until proved the allegations circulated were libel—not necessarily involving or presuming conduct unbecoming a gentleman: and a like generosity in the instance of the Lotos, if courtesy under difficulties may be called generous, was rationally expected of him.

Again, that the allegations of the circular concerning the tendency of the club were not wholly just, is proved by the after election of Mr. Whitelaw Reid to the presidency of the Lotos, though that was, mayhap, due to a wish to maintain the prestige of the association. But that sundry brainless members, claiming or assuming to represent a certain social position, did behave with unpardonable insolence and superciliousness, is, I imagine, quite indisputable, and of all things offensive to the self-respecting journalist, artist, or man of letters, the pretentious patronage of so-called amateurs, wealthy but often ill-bred, is most so. Long these self-supposed patrons of the arts appear to be in learning that men of letters, artists, musicians, and actors are not, in the present constitution of things, uniquely dependent upon them as individuals, or even in collective body. Snub

the poet, and he betakes himself to City Hall Square and its journals, and quietly waits for the recognition of the public; snub the aspirant in fiction, and he takes his novel to a down-town weekly, and is read directly by a hundred thousand; snub the pianist, and he appeals to the public, and wins all the sooner for having been snubbed. Journalists, not amateurs, now hold the keys of the Pantheon; and to snub them as "mere scribblers, you know," is to get snubbed in return just at the critical joint of your fortunes, when you can least afford it, as many a pretentious patron to his great grief has found. The fame of the poet, the artist, the actor, the musician, has ceased to hinge upon his playing the rôle of jester to some tyrannical patron-king, organization having entered the world of the beautiful—a Midas transmuting poetic dreams into gold. Talent is capital, the products of which find a market with the general public in the same manner as other commodities: the poet, the novelist, the artist, and the actor now work for humanity at large, not for sporadic patrons—their bank-accounts depending upon the recognition of the former, not upon the capricious fancy of the latter.

"My lord of Fifth Avenue," says the exponent of the beautiful, in whatsoever function, "buy my book, like my impersonation, laud my painting, treat kindly my fingering of the piano keys or my mastery of fiddle-strings, just as suits your fancy. I am master of the situation; it is the public, not the isolated patron, that determines my fame and the extent of my bank-account; but, by all means, whether you like or dislike, disabuse your self-consciousness of the notion that you have any power in the determination of my destiny. You are no Hiero to whom I am to play Pindar, no Macænas to whom I am to toady as Horace, no high lady for whom I am to

harp as troubadour, no King Louis whom I am to accuse as Molière. You are some centuries too late, and should have lived before taste and culture had waxed democratic. Spare your feeble attempts to humiliate: it is almost half a century since art, letters, music, and the drama promulgated their declaration of independence. Sneer, my dear fellow, it is the one thing you are capable of doing well."

Gentlemen of society, bankers, stylish young men with vast ideas of personal importance, amateurs, and patrons! City Hall Square is the brain of New York, of the continent, and it is one of the laws of the world that brains will rule. Rebel as muscles merely of the body politic, and ye rebel against inexorable law: that scribbling *litterateur* in the fifth story—for newspapers like men have their brains in the upper story—is more potent than you in settling the artistic position of a Lucca or a Rubinstein, a Dickens or a Doré, a Tennyson or a Carlyle. Have ye ever read a wonderful little ballad by Uhland, entitled the "Minstrel's Curse"? If not, read it, and thereupon ponder. If so, recall it—for it is typical, not of that which comes by-and-by, but of that which is: the exponent of the beautiful having become in his way an autocrat. Unfortunate it is that journalism is not always representative of the best culture—that managing editors will now and then entrust criticism to incompetents; but its popular power is quite the same, notwithstanding, and this good the popular newspaper has wrought, to wit—that the exponent of the arts, media of culture as they are, is no longer dependent upon the caprices and whims of isolated patrons, nor hampered in his freedom of expression by canons of theirs. This good, if it follows out the bent of the declaration of principles quoted, that gave it being, the

Arcadian Club will insist upon impressing upon the public mind, and unmistakably emphasizing, thus commanding the hearty and sympathetic coöperation of professionals everywhere, and the enforced respect of the once powerful patron-class; for though, in a great commercial mart like New York, cash is king, and trade minister of state, yet, as a cash-coining commodity, brain is scarcely inferior to ordinary capital; and those who have seen fortunes woven like webs inside a brain-stocked cranium, to take objective form as the years crawled by, know well how shifting is the aristocracy of cash—how liable are the straggler at the rear and the cash-captain in the van, to shift positions in the shock and tumult of the life-battle. *Literateurs* and artists have ceased to be Bohemians and dependents; and this is an important step in the direction of real progress. The means of this progress were insignificant at first. When James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley were struggling reporters, little did the money lords of the day dream that two powerful engines of progress were to result from beginnings so small, or that other engines of the same kind were being forged in the great workshop of Destiny; that finally these engines and others similar would become the determinants of public opinion, though pulpits, rostrums, lecturers, and *cognoscenti* should oppose in a body. Little did the art-auctioneers of then imagine that, by selling daubs from Düsseldorf, and the worst possible copies of masterpieces, they were educating popular taste: for little did they comprehend the law that the sense beautiful is but the exponent of an ideal that demands better and better, and instinctively discriminates, and that they were hastening the date when the sense beautiful would reject daubs—art only in feeling—and insist upon art in execution as well. Little did Robert

Bonner imagine, when he made the *Ledger* an exponent of original fiction, that his journal was to become—pardon the metaphor—the nutrition of the native novel during the quarter-century of its formative stage, while pretentious publishers were ostensibly waiting for it to grow, and practically retarding the ripe result by circulating reprint English romances, and leaving American fiction to take care of itself.

Feeble means these, in the beginning; but during the past thirty years they have prepared the ground, sown the seed, and fostered the blossom of the first really republican and popular culture that the world has witnessed. With what result to men of letters and artists? This one important result—that the Arcadian Club merely formulates an independence and autocracy long since dimly apprehended, but not before so pointedly expressed. But, Mr. Essayist, says the reader, are you not contradicting the position taken some pages since, in a discussion of the relation of culture to true criticism? I think not—for, while I have frankly admitted that these newspaper forces are not representative of the finest culture, I have said enough to suggest that they have founded a new culture, broader, larger, and more democratic, but not as yet so complete in structure, or so delicate in discrimination. I confess the imperfection of journalism *au courant*, particularly as it relates to the arts beautiful, poetry, music, the drama, painting, and sculpture. But secular journalism in this country, saying nothing of a kind that may be termed journalism of the sensations, has fallen into several very distinct types—journalism of facts and current phenomena of life, as founded and represented by the *Herald*; journalism of observation, ideas, progress, and its literary exposition, in which foremost stands the *Tribune*, the *World* next;

journalism of native fiction, of which Mr. Bonner must be regarded as the founder, and the *Ledger* as the leading exponent; journalism of illustration, in which Frank Leslie occupies a similarly eminent position as founder and pioneer, and in which he still ranks foremost; journalism of culture in its social, literary, and art aspects, long and discriminately represented by the Willis-founded *Home Journal*, ably by *Appleton's Journal* and the *Nation* (which, however, indulges in an adulteration of politics), by the *Evening Post* and *Evening Mail* among the dailies, by the *Galaxy* and Harper's periodicals, by the *Sunday Times*, the Sunday edition of the *Times*, and many more; journalism of music and the drama, art, and belles lettres—the blossom of culture. In all of these types except the last, New York is eminent, and City Hall Square its brain. The last is yet in its tentative stage—speculative, uncertain, inorganic, unedited, often inconsistent: else would gilded bird-cages never pass muster as exemplars of the building-art, daubs as paintings, passable singers as *prime donne*, elaborate grimacing as action, toy sugar-work as sculpture. Remember, however, in extenuation, that the new culture must have years in which to grow and blossom, and will, in its very constitution, develop new art-impulses more in harmony with itself than the exhausted impulses, now feebly expressing themselves in current art, and having no definite relation to modern life: for poetic and profound as it seems, when Dr. Holland finds a prophecy piercing the ages in Laocoon and the legend, it is nevertheless true that all emotional impulses, æsthetic or religious, exhaust themselves in blossoming beautiful, and give way to new impulses, originating new arts or new religious symbolism, in no way foreshadowed by the old. The sculpture-impulse was practically exhausted by the Greeks; the

Gothic-impulse, by the Middle Ages; the painting-impulse, except in landscape, by the seventeenth century. The dramatic now flickers and wanes in feeble mediocrity; the music-impulse, according to Rubinstein, has passed the era of great masters, and is waning into the same mediocrity as that represented in the current drama by current actors. The art-instinct is permanent; art-impulses are but waves breaking along the centuries. The justification of art is that the life and dream within forever tend to objective expression—that the ideal must have its real, the soul free itself in creation: but the form is governed and directed by the culture through which the soul frees itself; and as a new culture must produce new arts and new art-impulses, a criticism comprehending the tendencies thereof and obeying them rather than traditional canons, is indispensable. Nor is it hoping over sanguine to expect from the free intercourse of the coming men of journalism in the *salons* of the Arcadian, a growing recognition of these deeper laws of art-progress, which will never occur in the Century, because of its relation to the antique.

The membership of the club is remarkably strong in musical and dramatic criticism, but less so in that of letters and art. The list includes the names of George Perry, a critic whose discrimination, thorough mastery of details, keen æsthetic insight, fine culture, and profound grasp of the philosophy of imaginative production, justly entitle him to the van, particularly in relation to poetry and art; R. B. Bowker, of the *Evening Mail*, who is something of a Poe in analytic skill and the faculty for the satirical, with an integrity of intent that Poe had not; O. B. Bunce, of *Appleton's Journal*, both cultured and analytic; Joseph Howard, Jr., of the *Star*, with the culture and the taste needed for the thorough critic in

music and the drama, marred, unfortunately, by somewhat excessive flippancy of style ; Myron A. Cooney, of the *Herald* ; George W. Hows, of the *Express*, who inherits the culture necessary to good critical work in music and the drama, and well justifies his inheritance ; A. C. Wheeler, of the *World*, whose clever "Nym Crinkle" papers have occasioned many a laugh, without materially contributing to the formation of cultured public opinion ; Prof. John Fraser, of the *Athenæum*, whose slashing critique of Sardon's "Agnes" will be remembered by many, and who ably represents the English method ; C. A. Welles, of the *Evening Mail* ; William Stuart, who as critic tried to write down Edwin Forrest, and as manager contributed materially to the youthful fame of Edwin Booth ; J. M. Bundy, of the *Mail*, whose reputation as a critic dates from his connection with the *Evening Post*. Add to this list, of those who are not members of the organization, the name of William Winter, as honest in his work as acute and cultured in his estimates ; that of Mr. F. A. Schwab, of the *Times* ; that of Mr. Henry Sedley, less frank and direct in his method than Mr. Winter, but haply uniting culture and critical insight to exceeding courtesy ; that of Mr. Fulton, of the *Star*, as talented in fiction as in criticism : and the dramatic and musical staff of New York is complete so far as its reputed masters are concerned, with the two exceptions of Henry C. Watson, whose eminent services as a musical critic justly entitle him to the rank of foremost in that direction (having, probably, contributed as powerfully to the formation of musical taste in this country as have the reviews of Mr. George Ripley to the formation of literary), and of Mr. Williams, of the *Evening Post*, not Mr. Watson's equal, perhaps, in the culture that comes from long and intimate journalism of the subject, but fully his

equal in insight and powers of analysis, and more than his equal in loyalty to Art.

After these come a somewhat ragged and irresponsible rabble of free-lances and intellectual confidence men, whose Gil Blas doublings and turns upon culture and integrity are only half excused by the exceeding cleverness and dexterity with which they manage to conceal the lack of both qualities, and the exceeding tact and diplomatic skill which they manifest in arguing their right to be put on the free-list, either as correspondents of influential journals in Utah or Oregon, or as contributors to the musical and dramatic column of some till then unregistered metropolitan weekly. Infinite these gentlemen are in their professional aspirations, and as infinite in a certain quality associated with a type of physiognomy known as the *joufflu*. Splendid *claqueurs* they make for a first night, to be snubbed afterward if the novelty is successful; magnificent is their faculty for swelling and empty *réclame*; with what sublimity of indignant and centipedal sentences they declaim of the meanness of unappreciative managers. But as their clubs are friendly bar-rooms, they fall not within the scope of this treatise, from which I gladly dismiss them, and return to the discussion of the Arcadian roll, the further composition of which may be ranged under heads, as follows:

1. General journalists, including Mr. Edward Flynn, of the *Herald*; F. G. Gedney, William Henry Hurlburt, E. L. Gaul, T. W. Meighan, and many more of the younger and coming men.
2. Operatic and dramatic managers, including Max Maretzok, Max Strakosch, Maurice Grau, J. Henry Magonigle, Augustiu Daly, H. D. Palmer, Henry Jarrett, C. W. Tayleure, and others.
3. Actors, headed by Edwin Booth, Mark Smith, W. J. Florence, and Edwin Adams.
4. Musicians, including

J. R. Thomas, S. B. Mills, Mr. Randolph, Thomas E. Baker, Henry Tissington, and others. 5. Artists, including Constant Mayer, Moran, Napoleon Sarony, Le Clear, and so on. 6. Publishers, with J. Blair Scribner, George W. Carleton, Roswell C. Smith, Henry L. Hinton, and others. 7. Amateurs and patrons, headed by Henry Clews, Henry G. Stebbins, Leonard W. Jerome, Douglass Taylor, Clark Bell, and such.

Which general analysis fairly indicating the distinctive position of the club, its social aspects may be indicated. The weekly *noctes Arcadianæ* are fixed for Thursday evenings, and resemble the symposiac Saturday nights in vogue at the Lotos: in addition to which occur regular monthly receptions for general society, to which ladies are admitted, and which are modeled upon the receptions of the Rue Vivienne Cercle, Paris, and those sporadically given by the Union League, Travelers', Harmonie, and Standard clubs of this city. For details of organization, referring the reader to the Constitution, extracts from which come hereafter, a few mems historical must complete the narrative part of this paper.

From its inception, the organization has been exceedingly successful, having, as will be seen from the list, rallied about it representatives of the best literary, journalistic, musical, artistic, and managerial talent in the city: hence, its receptions have been affairs of *éclat*, having contributed materially to unify hitherto floating but powerful intellectual elements, into social body. Indeed, it would be difficult, perhaps, to specify a finer reception, excepted one or two of special brilliancy at the Union League, than that given in honor of Miss Kellogg on her return from a triumphant London season; and others of equaling *éclat* have succeeded, until the Arcadian receptions have come to be anticipated as

events, and to carry with them considerable social prestige.

The purpose of founding the club was not finally mooted until somewhat late in 1871, nor finally settled until near the date of the Weber reception, described in the paper on the Lotos; yet, previous to May 1, 1872, the new club took position as an actual institution, with a fine list of members, and was a little later, if I rightly remember, greeted with a pleasant baptismal column in the *Evening Mail*. At the formative meeting, a committee to draft a constitution was appointed; with commendable promptness, articles of confederation were, at a subsequent meeting, reported and duly approved; and on the first day of May the association entered upon official being in the present club-house—one of those fine old mansions, roomy and elegant, with that dash of the antique that gives flavor and *bric-à-brac*-ishness to so many interiors about Union Square. Thus was founded a club which, it is permissible to hope, and not sanguine to foretell, will soon prove its claim to be reckoned as a culture-centre.

The constitution stipulates that the organization shall be known as the ARCADIAN; that its primary object shall be to promote fellowship among journalists, literary men, artists, musicians, and members of the dramatic profession, and that to promote that object at least three-fifths of the members of the club shall belong to the professions named, while the Executive Council must at all times be so composed that the same proportion is observed in its membership; that any gentleman of liberal tastes and good social standing shall be eligible to membership, when the proportion of non-professional members is not greater than above specified; that the list of members shall not exceed three hundred; that the

government of the club shall be vested in an Executive Council of twenty-one members, who shall have power to elect from their own number a President, a Vice-President, a Recording and a Corresponding Secretary, and a Treasurer; that the President shall hold his office for five years, and shall be the executive officer, shall also preside at all meetings thereof and of the Executive Council, have the casting vote in case of a tie, appoint all Committees, unless otherwise ordered, and enforce the By-Laws and rules of order; that the Vice-President shall assist the President in his duties, and shall officiate as President in case of the death, removal, or absence of that officer; that in the case of the death or resignation of the President or Vice-President, an election to fill the vacancy or vacancies thus caused shall be held by the members, a notice of twenty days of such election having been given; that the Recording and Corresponding Secretaries shall attend each meeting of the Executive Council; that the Recording Secretary shall attend each meeting, call the roll at the appointed time, keep minutes of the proceedings, read and file all communications and other papers, and execute all such business as he may be officially instructed to perform — shall keep a record of the accounts of members, collect all fines and dues, and pay the same over to the Treasurer, taking his receipt therefor, reporting to the Executive Council the condition of any member's account, when required. The Corresponding Secretary must notify members of all meetings, bulletin notices, advise members of their election, and furnish them with a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws: must attend to the general correspondence of the club, assist the Recording Secretary in his duties, whenever required, and, in the absence of the latter at any meeting, act in his place.

In the absence of both Recording and Corresponding Secretaries at any meeting, the presiding officer must designate a member of the Council to attend to the duties of the former.

The Treasurer has the custody of funds, keeps a regular account thereof, subject at all times to investigation by the Executive Council, and must report upon the condition of the treasury whenever called upon by that body.

The Executive Council, consisting of the President, Vice-President, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, and Treasurer, and sixteen other Councilors, holds office for five years, and exercises the following functions:— Filling vacancies in its own body; control of the finances and property of the club, and supervision over the clubhouse; authorizing all necessary expenditures, and executing such improvements and repairs as shall be necessary to the welfare and comfort of the club; borrowing of money from the club, by the issue of stock or otherwise, when such money is needed in the execution of any of its duties, and the amount required is less than \$5,000; investigation as to eligibility of names proposed for membership, electing by ballot such as are eligible; decision upon all petitions and complaints, made in writing and signed by not less than five members of the club; making of such By-Laws and rules for the government of the club and its own body as may be in keeping with the Constitution; organization of the club under an act of the Legislature, or under the general law; sole authority in interpreting the Constitution and By-Laws, and in deciding upon the classification of applicants for membership; preparation in printed form, for gratuitous distribution among members of the club, of an annual report of its Treasurer and Secretaries, such reports to be

separate, and to be presented to the club in printed form on the second day of January; power to accept, in lieu of an initiation fee from any artist, such specimen of his art or skill as in its judgment may be an equivalent.

The name, residence, and occupation of every candidate proposed for membership, together with the name of the proposer and seconder, must be posted on the bulletin board of the club-house by the Corresponding Secretary, at least ten days previous to being acted upon by the Executive Council. The initiation fee for professional members, is \$50; for non-professional members, \$100. Foreign artists and professional men visiting this country may become temporary subscribing members, and enjoy all the privileges of the club for one year—except voting and holding office—by the payment of quarterly dues, after having been proposed and elected by the Executive Council; but this clause must not be construed to apply to foreign artists who intend remaining permanently in this country, nor to American artists residing in other cities of the Union than New York. Three black balls exclude any candidate presented for admission, which candidate shall not again be eligible for membership for six months; all votes, conversations, and debates of the subject of admissions, exclusions, and expulsions, are held by the Executive Council in honorable secrecy; and all persons elected members must qualify within sixty days, by notifying the Recording Secretary in writing, and by payment of initiation fee and one quarter of the yearly due, which is \$40, payable quarterly in advance.

Any proposed amendment must be subscribed to by at least thirty members, and by them presented to the President, who must cause the same with its signatures to be posted for twenty days on the bulletin board of

the club, and bring it before the next meeting thereafter of the Executive Council. At that meeting the Executive Council considers its passage, and directs the Corresponding Secretary to issue notices, enclosing a copy of the amendment to all the members of the club; and a vote of two-thirds of all the members present at a special meeting called for the purpose is required for its passage.

For the quinquennial elections of officers and councilors, the Corresponding Secretary must, one month prior to the election, send to each member a printed list of persons belonging to the club and in good standing, stamped with the seal of the club, presenting the membership classified according to the professions of each. On this list each voting member indicates his preference of candidates, and returns it in a sealed envelope, with his signature, marked "Election List," to the Corresponding Secretary within two weeks. The envelopes thus received are opened by a committee of three inspectors appointed by the President (and confirmed by the Executive Council) from members of the club who are not officers. This Committee counts the votes and announces the result. Those names which shall receive the highest number of votes thus indicated are then declared elected for the ensuing five years. In case of a tie, a new election is immediately called, to take place within two weeks.

The regular meetings of the Executive Council are held on the first Thursday of each month: all resignations must be made to the Recording Secretary, in writing: all rights and interests of a member in the property and privileges of the club cease with the termination of his membership: complaints, requests, and suggestions must be made to the Executive Council in writing, and

members are requested to give notice of any violation of the rules of the house : in case any member is indebted to the club at the end of the month, his name, with the amount unpaid, is posted in the club-house, and after fifteen days have elapsed from the time of such posting, the steward is forbidden (under penalty of dismissal) to answer any orders of the posted member, until the amount of indebtedness shall be paid.

The following provisions, falling under the head of house rules, constitute the etiquette part of the Constitution and By-Laws :

1. The club-house shall be open at 8 o'clock every morning, and no member shall be admitted after 2 A.M.; but members in the house, at any time, are not to be influenced as to their departure by this rule.

2. Members may introduce persons, not members, residing more than thirty miles from the city, to the club-house.

3. Members may introduce, as a visitor, a resident of the city; such privilege, however, being limited to six visits of the same individual in the course of one year. The names of all visitors shall be inscribed on the register.

4. At the request of a member, the Executive Council may, by vote, extend to strangers the privileges of the club during the term of their visit to the city.

5. Crockery, glassware, furniture, or other property of the club, broken or injured by a member, must be paid for by him, at the time. The amount will be determined with reference to the cost price of the article injured or destroyed.

6. No member shall take from the club-house, or mutilate, any newspaper, pamphlet, book, or other property.

7. No member shall give a gratuity to any servant of the club.

8. Billiard tables must not be retained for more than two games, should other members desire to play.

9. No games shall be played in the club on Sunday, nor shall any game commence after 12 o'clock on Saturday night.

10. Servants are forbidden (under penalty of dismissal) to serve liquors, cigars, etc., except on the written order of a member. Before leaving the house, members should see that the word "Paid" is written by the steward on their orders, otherwise the amount will stand against them.

The strong prohibition against gambling, or playing for money, inserted in the by-laws of the club, exists rather as a safeguard than as an indication that club-life involves trifling with the cards, and in recollection, perhaps, of the fate of the Pickwick Club, of which were George W. Birdseye, the most promising of the junior poets of this country, and one of the most original minds in journalism and letters; the late Harry Sanderson, a pianist whose early death removed a promising and powerful American rival from the field in which Rubinstein is now uniquely master; the distinguished Charles Gilsey, son of millionaire Peter Gilsey, representative of the finest culture hereditary fortune can bestow, and most sought of young men in society; and gay and elegant Captain Courtney, of the Ninth Regiment. The former was secretary. The initial and formative meetings of the club were held at Geyer's Hotel, Broadway; its first rooms were at the corner of Fourth avenue and Twentieth street. May 1, 1871, an elegantly appointed floor at 733 Broadway was occupied; May 1, 1872, the organization was dissolved: members in a majority hav-

ing been admitted, who were addicted to faro and turned the club into a gamblers' den: the former members, many of them leaders in music, art, letters, and the drama, dropping off one by one in disgust, and leaving the fast remainder to run a brief career, then dissolve. At one of the reunions of this club it was, that the lamented Sanderson, a member and *habitué*, made his last public appearance; here J. R. Thomas did oft put forth to the best his powers of entertaining; here the imaginative and day-dreaming Birdseye, with an ear for music of verse so acute that, as an Arab would say, he almost sees with it (and to be confessed presently as a kind of American Tennyson), has whiled away the hours in lotos-eating reverie; here, indeed, did most congregate the dissatisfied spirits of the Lotos, during that season of discord—the fall of 1871, and the ensuing winter; and had the organization not fallen upon evil days, the Arcadian would have never been, and the Pickwick would have occupied its place as the rival of the Lotos in intellectual *éclat*: a sad warning to directories to guard well those avenues of degeneration, the card-table and the bar. For a different reason, the admission of too many free-thinkers of the Positivist type, the old and honored members of the Lyceum Club, of which were the late George Wakeman, of brief but enviable career, and Mr. Birdseye, began to drop away in twos and threes, while the association was apparently prosperous, leaving it to be converted into the Liberal Club, an organization of scope somewhat similar to that of the Radical Club, Boston. Indeed, metamorphoses of this sort, for one cause or other, are too sadly common; and the Arcadians have evinced their wisdom, both in electing the directory for a long term, and in virtually prohibiting cards.

To pursue this digression a step further, the history of the Euterpe Club, than which no recent organization has started under more favorable conditions, well illustrates the folly of depending upon professionals for administration of its business affairs, and justifies the Arcadian in having given business men due position in the Directory. The Euterpe was originated by Dr. John P. Morgan, the famous organist at Trinity, early in 1871; numbered among its members the leading musicians, publishers, and patrons of the city; had for its purpose the production of rare musical works, and the bringing out of talented American composers; and occupied commodious quarters at Weber's Rooms on Fifth Avenue—with the following list of officers: President, Spencer W. Coe; Vice-President, Dr. George G. Needham; Secretary, Rev. John W. Shackelford; Treasurer, Albert Weber; Librarian, George W. Birdseye; Conductor, John P. Morgan. One Thursday evening in May, 1871, the last grand concert of the club was given, and resulted in one of those pitiable fiascos which will now and then happen at concerts, though mostly limited to Italian opera. Imagine it: a splendid programme, Morgan as conductor, and nobody to render it: the best selection ever offered for rendition, and the worst concert ever listened to by an auditory composed in the main of *cognoscenti*: and having struggled bravely with destiny till confronted with a motet absolutely unattainable, Morgan steps forward and explains frankly, thus covering his defeat with glory, and embalming it in the recollection, with an address worth commencing to discomfited conductors, or conductors to be discomfited hereafter: "Ladies and gentlemen this is the most unpleasant duty I ever had to perform. The quintet is impossible. Through some intrigue, I fear, the viola player has not

come, and I have sent everywhere to get one, but can't. My numbers are too small to attack the motet; it would be a farce to try it. I think, therefore, you will have to be dismissed; but before doing so, I want to say just one word. This society is the victim of bad management. It has been the worst-managed affair I ever knew of. And I am going to denounce the culprit and expose his name. His name, ladies and gentleman, is John P. Morgan; and I'm the man. If any of you have any business matters on hand, don't trust them to me. I intend to give concerts next season with this Society, but I give you notice beforehand that I shall hand over the management to some one else. If artists fail, and musicians run away, it won't be my fault. I wish you a very good evening." Thus ended the career of the Euterpe, not so sadly as that of the Pickwick, though somewhat more dramatically: the reason being found in the plain fact that professionals, whatever their talent, are not men of business, and should not usurp the function of such—which is equivalent to saying that an Arabian courser is not a pack-horse, and was never known to be successful in that capacity. And the dissolution of a club so promising, because a Barbe imagined himself a dray, conveys a practical lesson to organizations like the Arcadian, to which I now return. There are seven honorary members: the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the Hon. B. Moran, Secretary of the Legation, London; the Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D., and the Rev. Noah H. Schenck, D. D.—who are the metaphorical Castors and Polluxes, intended to impress the public with an array of Rev.s, Hon.s, D. D.s, and other capitals, just by way of dazing the groundlings a little: for, said these Arcadians among themselves, or thought they, which is all the

same, what is the use of a club without an impressive array of honoraries, each with his spectacles a-saddle of his nose, and looking as venerable as becometh an honorary? And accordingly, and with one accord, they began a hunt of the city directory for parsons fitted to fulfill the duties of an honorary with dignity and neatness, and finally, after diligent investigation, did hit upon the above gentlemen, who answer the purpose very well, no doubt, and have had experience, both long and valuable, in the honorary capacity. Very easily might they have made the list as long as that of honorary degrees at a University; but justly did they reason that honoraries are luxuries paying no tariff, and, therefore, to be as limited as possible in number: and did the universities thus reason, what a host of D. D.s that know nothing of theology, L. L. D.s that know nothing of laws, and A. B.s and A. M.s, incompetent to construe "*Arma virumque cano*," or turn A. M. into Latin, except as *asinorum magister*, would be saved from inflated being—for, of all things needed in this land of freedom to talk bombast, the limitation of the list of honoraries is most so, since, should the list be further extended, it is likely that, upon accurate enumeration, the honoraries will be found to outnumber those doing them the honor: for which reason the Arcadians deserve compliment for having begun the reform of rigidly limiting themselves to half a dozen.

But I must on at gallop. Gossiping as aforesaid in the office of the *Humdrum* on that dozy October afternoon, now philosophizing, now reminiscing with the two gentlemen I have indicated: the Aristotle of the twain Mr. George Perry, the Plato Prof. Howard Hinton, known to lovers of fiction as "Ralph Morley:" the conversation, skipping from topic to topic somewhat after

its own capricious fashion, passed from the Arcadian club to culture, which Aristotle described as the statue within the marble of man, with one of those felicitous turns to which he is somewhat addicted: the professor rejoined with a scrap of an old poem, which had run in his brain like a strain beautiful he said, and which he seemed to think expressed the idea allegorically. Hummed he drowsily:

“Wearily worked the artist alone,
Carving still at the ivory bone.”

To which, taking up the rhythm of the couplet, and finishing the symbol with a villanous rhyme, such as would never be tolerated except in a Boston transcendentalist, I rejoined:

“And the bone, as he wrought, took the semblance of
The dim life-riddle he sought to solve.”

And then the talk turned on the propriety of adding the Arcadian to the list of clubs herein discussed, or, rather, upon the impropriety of not doing so.

Aristotle, being a member, proposed a note of introduction to a certain officer and leading spirit of the organization; and thus, armed with a scribble commending me to the good graces him-of, I presented myself for the information, which was as has foregone, and the list of members and officers, which soon comes, and received an invitation to take a stroll of the club-house on some convenient Thursday evening.

Thursday evening of a week in sleepy October: members present in full force. That tall gentleman yonder, conversing with Major Bundy, is Mr. George Perry: six feet of Berkshire brawn: and, as he talks, you observe a smile creeping over his face, just now and then, as stealthily as if it expected to be caught in the act and ordered in-doors by the proprietor, who, slender almost

to leanness, talks on in his peculiar, half-dreamy, half-alert way, now dropping his head as if to think, now lifting his shoulder with a kind of New England shrug, now making a dash at an idea, now diving deep for a remote philosophical suggestion or a fanciful analogy. Near him lounges the elegant, dashing, and somewhat original Clark Bell, an amateur in letters, and a lion in society.

Dark and taciturn, but courteous Edwin Booth stands yonder: near him happy and rattling George Clarke, the actor. Of middle height and somewhat foreign appearance—that gentleman, who flits from point to point, is Myron A. Cooney; while the tall, dark, slender Bunce, of *Appleton's Journal*, with the fidgety manner and the same frown on his brow, indicative of a nervous sort of concentration, with which he puzzled over the last blind paragraph of copy, has just seated himself on yon sofa, for a cosy confab with bold and thoughtful Maurice Gran, Max Strakosch, or Marezek—veteran either in the service of Italian opera.

Mayhap, Dr. Holland has just dropped in for an hour's saunter, to liberate his fancy from the thrall of "Laocoon"—would readers could as easily!—and with him, perhaps, comes Augustin Daly, something of a Napoleon as a dramatic manager, whose restless activity and Napoleonic self-confidence have lifted him from the rank of employed to that of employer, since his first tug with destiny as the obscure "sub" of an obscure sensation weekly. He is a pleasant-faced, dreamy-speaking man—Mr. Daly—with a brain as bright as it is busy, and has not yet won half his successes. Indeed, you can see as you look through him, supposing your insight not to be obscured with Arcadian juices, that he is at this very

moment, talking cosily though he seems, weaving the meshes for more.

Yonder, also, loiters J. R. Thomas, the popular composer, balladist, and master of song music, in velvet coat, dashing as ever he appeared on Broadway—a blond gentleman, of middle height, with splendid and Apollonian head, covered with brown curls, set on splendid shoulders, that are as broad as if, Atlas-like, it was their business to carry the world.

Just a trifling resemblance you observe between him and George W. Carleton, the publisher, who is just explaining to his face-to-face that he is about to issue the "most remarkable book of the age—orders for twenty thousand in advance, my dear fellow—most magnificent success:" phrases they long since vocally electrotyped by the dashing Fifth Avenue book-maker. You may notice, if you will, while he is descanting on the merits of Mansfield Tracy Walworth's next puzzle in twel'-mo, that Mr. Carleton is an *elegant* in the fullest sense of the term, but one having the strong blond face that belongs only to the few born to be officers in the great army of life. Brown hair, swept away in waves, shades a fine and very perceptive, but not very imaginative forehead; and eye-glasses half conceal a pair of eyes, now blue, now gray, depending upon the light, and forever a-twinkle with humor.

Carleton reminds me vaguely to look about for Joseph Howard, Jr., the Carleton of journalists, and call your attention to that gentleman. Yonder you espy him—half fop, half brigand, altogether an original, yet so jaunty in his originality that you would almost style him Willisesque; for there is something of distinction in man and manner, in addition to the Lester Wallack tinge of the latter, and his Wallack way of wearing his eye-glasses.

For others, you may single out Mr. Bowker, of quiet and courteous ways; Mr. C. A. Welles, by the don't-you-wish-you-could sort of manner with which he greets his acquaintances; Ghiselau Durand, the author; Gariboldi, the master scene-painter; genial and long-headed Charles Moss, of Wallack's theatre; Constant Mayer, the artist; Mr. Magonigle, of Booth's theatre; George W. Hows, of the *Express*; the keen and imperious Wheeler, of the *World*, with a face like steel engraving; Mr. Israel, of the same journal, or clever Ned Flynn of the *Herald*—for they are all *habitués* as well as members, not mere club-dummies to make a show in catalogues of names. But I must off, for these *noctes Arcadianæ* are fascinating, and, like the elle-maids in German legends, offer wine.

Before going, however, I will just indulge myself in a glance at the paintings on exhibition—for, like the Lotos Saturdays, the Arcadian Thursdays are converted into grottoes beautiful, by hanging the walls with the latest in American art. William Hart has contributed an "Autumnal Idyl" of dreamy Arcadian beauty, with golden forests a-slumber in a bath of sunshine; M. F. H. de Haas, a lurid scene of "Shipwreck" off Montauk Point; James M. Hart, a pleasant example of "Repose;" Constant Mayer, his "Village School in France;" J. R. Brevoort, a dream of "Cloudy Days in Autumn;" Julian Scott, "Wandering Thoughts;" David Johnson, a study of "Mount Lafayette." Hypocrites mountains are, and never twice present the same face. Robert M. Pratt offers a canvas entitled "The Reprimand;" J. H. Beard introduces a "Young Widow," at an Arcadian Thursday, not the Widow Cliquot though, who buzzes in many a tongue; Van Elten has embalmed in color a weird "Old Windmill," from Holland; J. B. Bristol has transferred the "Berkshire Meadows" to city walls; L.

C. Tiffany has erected an ascetic dream of a "Convent of Carmelites," from original near Paris; Reinhart has transferred an English "Scene near London;" John A. Hows, a recollection of life "On the Nynsa River, Africa;" A. C. Howland, a "Grove," that Plato might have mused in. Yonder loom, too, the "Pines of Racquette," from the easel of John A. Hows again, but exquisitely engraved by Linton, the prince of engravers.

And now, having solaced myself with a whiff of the beautiful, I saunter homeward to scribble my impressions, solacing myself at intervals with whiffs of la Honradez and ruminant pauses.

I have gossiped at considerable length, on divers pages, concerning Lotos Saturday nights and Thursday *noctes Arcadianæ*, almost forgetful that I have treasured for quotation in this very paper a runic reminiscence of the early and somewhat Bohemian days (or nights) of the Century, when it was what the Arcadian is now, serving as a sort of frame for a portrait of Paul Duggan. It appeared in *Harper's Monthly* for January, 1862, and is in the best vein of its author, the magician of rhetoric and verbal fretwork, George William Curtis, who within his realm conjures what he will: having passages, indeed, which are as if Mr. Curtis had dipped his pen in the inkstand of an elf, or other inhabitant of fancy-land, not in one of those prosy bottles of prose-producing fluid, that decorate the desks of practical journalists: illustrating, with peculiar felicity, the free and fitful gambol of fancy, the pleasant and day-dreaming inter-play of humor and pathos, and the *dégagé* control of expression beautiful, united to a perspective like that of lapis-lazuli twilight, which render his essays so fascinatingly colloquial, so deliciously rambling and to-oneself talkative, so like the lazy winding of a brook slipping aimlessly oceanward,

over cataracts and round mimic islands, even when enkerneling no substantial pabulum of thought, no deep things of the imagination, little insight and less art-sight. A sweet sheaf of recollections neatly bound with a fanciful wisp—an artistically-arranged bouquet of reminiscences culled from the remember-garden—an exquisitely frescoed and corniced gallery of memorials, some sad, some convivial, is this from an old Centurion—a kind of literary body and bit of sculpture too beautiful to be left to doze and drone in the coffin or mummy-case of a back number:

“Several years ago, when I first knew the Century, it occupied a house in the then modest block opposite Niblo’s Garden. There was a very quiet front door, and a long dark passage—then the narrow stairs—then daylight, the club, and good fellowship. Games were prohibited, except, perhaps, draughts. Billiards especially were sternly forbidden; but I seem to remember the brew—very mild, mere lemonade, in fact—and I am pretty sure that there was now and then a cigar.

“Wednesday and Saturday—especially Saturday—were the field nights. Then the Centurions of mark paraded. Each one jumped upon his hobby, and went off at a slapping pace. Old walls! what jovial, what tender songs you heard! what good stories! what happy badinage! There was only an oil-cloth on the floor. The Centurions of the blue blood looked down in their portraits from the walls. A few small tables were scattered about. The rooms were blue with smoke. The fire blazed bright. They were gay evenings to pass, and pleasant evenings to remember. The clocks ran a race to point the morning hours.

“The initiation fee was small. The yearly subscription was reasonable. It was to be a club of literary and artistic fellowship, with a monthly meeting for doing business and eating oysters. It was a club designed for men who were not wealthy. The marvel was that it was difficult to spend a great deal of money in an evening; and in the earlier days in Broadway a man was really not measured by his money, but by his actual capital of manhood. A dandy was out of place. A prig was annihilated. It was not a club of mutual admiration. No, no, the phlebotomizers of conceit were legion.

“There was no regular cuisine: it was not a dining club, but occasionally a Centurion gave a dinner. Sometimes, also, the club invited friends. There was the strawberry party in the summer, and the dancing or singing party in the winter, which finally became a Twelfth Night, or what you will. Great guests were also entertained upon great occasions. Upon the evening of the Cooper Festival, I remember, Mr. Webster was brought to the club after the orations in Tripler Hall. He should never have come. It was a sad sight. Rememberest thou, O Tomaso di Rouna, the four hundred pictures of the Baron Stubens, of which Centurions heard that ludicrous and lamentable evening? It was not a private party of Centurions. There was a crowd of outsiders.

“After some time the club moved into Clinton Place, and to a more spacious and agreeable house. It was like a well-ordered home below; and up stairs there were the familiar oil-cloth, and small tables. Here Greeough came with his wonderful talk; and here how many who are living still sent the night flying on winged words! The Nestor of Centurions, who revives for younger members the traditions of a London age, and of a love and knowledge of the theatre and actors such as Charles Lamb had, here told his impressions of modern players, ranging from Mrs. Piozzi's Conway and Edmund Kean, down to Rachel and Edwin Booth. Here, too, the other men whose names are public names sat round, and smoked, and sipped, and listened with sparkling eyes and jovial lips.

“This was Thackeray's pet room on Saturday nights; and here, too, were the most memorable dinners, as when Kane returned from his last expedition, and he and Thackeray met for the first time. The doctor had seen one of his sailors, in the long Arctic night when he was frozen under a Greenland glacier, intently reading, and curious to know what book held him so fast, came to him and found that it was ‘Pendennis.’ The story interested Thackeray, and the huge Briton and slight heroic American met with the utmost cordiality and sympathy.

“Kane told his wonderful adventures, and they all sat and listened. It was like dining with Marco Polo. The tale was marvelous, but the Centurions believed it. And when minds were blue with polar ice and all thoughts were frosted, they were dissolved to tears in the warm mist of pathos that softens thy manly voice, exiled of Erin! It was as if one heard the bells that you heard in your heart, as you sang in Father Prout's words:

“ ‘ With deep affection
 And recollection,
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would,
 In the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.
 On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork of thee;
 With thy bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.’

“ Then followed Thackeray in his ‘ Three Sailors of Bristol City,’ or his petted ‘ Doctor Luther,’ which he poured out in a great volume of voice like old and oily wine:

“ ‘ For the souls’ edification
 Of this decent congregation,
 Worthy people ! by your grant,
 I will sing a holy chant,
 I will sing a holy chant.
 If the ditty sound but oddly,
 ’Twas a father, wise and godly,
 Sang it so long ago.
 Then sing as Doctor Luther sang,
 As the Reverend Doctor Luther sang:
 Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
 He is a fool his whole life long.’

“ Thackeray makes his ‘ Philip ’ sing it now; for in his ‘ Philip,’ as in his ‘ Pennemis ’ and ‘ Clive Newcome,’ Thackeray lives his youth over again.

“ Other songs and other stories streamed after, until at last Paul Duggan, after many quiet, droll delays, sang the ‘ Widow Machree,’ in his low, intense, weird voice, until one seemed to be listening to an old Irish crone squatting by her small fire in a lonely cabin, murmuring with vague articulations as the night wind sings. And it is

a word of news about Paul Duggan which has set my memory to recall the Century and the Centurions. The news was in a letter from Paris to the *Evening Post* a few weeks ago. It was the tidings of his death. He expected to die long ago. He had lived so long beyond expectation, 'so beyond reason,' as he was used to say with that earnest, sad, sweet smile, that he seemed to have acquired some mystic hold upon life, and his mortality was not to be measured by the ordinary rules.

"Paul Duggan was an Irishman. He came early to this country; studied art as a painter; was made Professor of Drawing in the Free Academy in New York; fell ill with the consumption; went to Europe eight or nine years ago, and came home somewhat better; found himself unable to work in the Academy or the studio, and returning to England, lived quietly there until a short time since, when he went to Paris for a visit, and there suddenly died.

"He has left no works—notbing that will compel the world to remember him and wish he had lived longer. But upon a small circle, and especially upon the memory of his old associates among the Centurions, he has carved his name in imperishable lines. There are few men so purely unselfish as he was; so naturally gentle and unobtrusive. Yet it was not because he was a negative person, for he was a thinker and a man of strong convictions and great talent. His nature was exquisitely artistic; full of sympathy for all kinds of grace and beauty; delicately sensitive to sounds and sights and mental emotions, and of the truest humor. His appreciation of wit and humor lighted his whole soul with laughter. A good thing was an inward and constantly recurring delight. The expression was never boisterous, but it was delightful. Humor affected him like electricity, putting his system into a healthful glow.

"He was sincerely an artist in his organization, but he had no distinguished faculty. He studied faithfully, he felt deeply, he sympathized wholly; but his hand was inadequate to the work. Of course the riddle of his small performance is to be explained by sickness and the duties of his position. He was very poor, and had few opportunities. But what he did was done with all his heart. That never failed, if the hand did. Consequently all his works have all his earnestness, and one or two crayon heads of Centurions, that used to hang upon the walls (they hang there still, I have no doubt), are most admirable and satisfactory portraits.

"But while he painted no great pictures, his knowledge of anatomy

was accurate and thorough, and at an early age he was admirably qualified for his post as an instructor in drawing; and he had the most subtle appreciation of music and delight in it. He had studied the science, and he had unusual gifts of ear and talent in its pursuit. His playing at the piano was self-taught, but it was exquisite. The most curious and involved harmonies flowed from his skillful fingers; and his playing was the weaving of a strange, thick cloud of music that overhung and enfolded the hearer like a spell. Paul Duggan had the gift of his race in its rarest and loveliest expression.

“But although he was poor he always seemed to be wealthy. He had that exhaustless, sweet geniality and equanimity which, in the happy way of his native land, contrives to conquer obstacles by quietly disregarding them. Paul Duggan was a Prince Royal of the House of Barmecide. Wherever he was, whatever he did, he made the best of it. If he were half dead, he did not bother his visitor with the fact; and often, when he could not speak loud, he almost persuaded you, by the mere force of his geniality, that he had a whim of whispering. He knew that he was very ill; he expected many a time to die; but the same sweet firmness, the same invincible manhood, were all that appeared. Everything seemed sometimes upon the point of deserting him, except his calm and regal possession of himself.

“The trials of acute and mortal sickness are often soothed by family friends in whose veins a kindred blood is a sure sympathy. Mothers and wives and sisters and brothers smooth the pillow. But Duggan had no family here, except for a few years his brother Joseph, a musician well known in London. Close ties there might have been; but that hope also faded away. Quite alone, except for that hope, and in the companionship of a very few, mainly artists, he lived his unobtrusive days in the city. For some time, ten years ago, he was one of the Wednesday and Saturday evening circle at the Century. Fred, John, Tom, Ned, Kit! I know that you felt as I did when the news came that he was dead.

“About eight years ago he said good-by to his old haunts, and went away. During that time he lived mostly in England, where he made a few friends, and found, especially from Mr. Russell Sturgis, of Baring and Brothers, always a most generous welcome. He occupied himself with a little drawing, but his first business was tending his flickering flame of life. It burned longer than one could have hoped, and at last, quietly and unexpectedly, went out.

“So a simple, pure, earnest, affectionate man dies, and seems to leave no void in the world. A happy and various talent disappears, and the name of the possessor is unknown to most who read it. But that fine, bright, sympathetic intelligence—that clear, refined, sensitive judgment—that tender, deep, guileless heart—who shall give them back to the Century? Which of all the stars, though they are planets even, can restore the lost Pleiad or fill its place?”

In the new rooms of the Century Paul Duggan was never seen; to many of the gay fraternity of modern Centurions he was unknown: even his name, perhaps, is unheard. But to those penultimate Centurions—men of the one, and not of the two hundred—who, *Tom Hicks console*, discussed high art, dreamed dreams, and shook the darkened hours with song, to them something is henceforth wanting.”

But I must not linger in these shady places and by-ways of club-life past, at the cost of Mr. Longfellow's oft quoted living present.

The reader has now data enough concerning the clubs of New York, to separate them into classes. The Union, Travelers', Harmonie, and one or two others, have a purely social purpose, indirectly ministering to culture; the Union League, Manhattan, Blossom, and Americus, a purpose politico-social. The Century, Lotos, Palette, and Arcadian are culture-centres, of somewhat diverse intents, and somewhat differing values: nor is it easy to see the wisdom of rivalry, though that of honorable emulation is quite apparent—for the general public has more interest in good results than in wrangles for supremacy, and this battle of pellet-paragraphs, one paper puffing the Lotos, another the Arcadian, proves nothing except an uneasy self-consciousness. There is no reason why the same person should not be a member of the four, if he wishes, nor the least reason why, being a member of one only, he should regard himself as the enemy of either of the others. As to *éclat* and *gloire*, acquired at the cost of toadying to every new-fledged celebrity that turns up,

they are, gentlemen, by no means so valuable as they look. A little show of coin makes a great show of gilding; a little show of mahogany, a great show of veneering; and, after all, factitious *éclat* and *gloire* are only Parisian names for gilding and veneer.

The regulations limiting the duties of officers have been explained. The club has the following official staff :

President, Henry G. Stebbins; Vice-President, Andrew C. Wheeler; Recording Secretary, George W. Hows; Corresponding Secretary, Thomas J. Hall; Treasurer, Henry Clews.

Executive Council.—Henry G. Stebbins, George W. Hows, Henry Clews, Mark Smith, J. M. Bundy, J. H. Magonigle, George F. Bristow, E. Moran, Myron A. Cooney, T. E. Baker, A. C. Wheeler, Thomas J. Hall, Edwin Booth, L. Israels, Lawrence Barrett, Albert Weber, Parke Godwin, B. F. Reinhart, J. R. Thomas, L. C. Tiffany, George W. Carleton.

House Committee.—Albert Weber, George W. Hows, T. E. Baker. Art Committee.—E. Moran, J. M. Bundy, B. F. Reinhart. Committee on the Drama.—Mark Smith, J. H. Magonigle, A. C. Wheeler. Committee on Music.—Myron A. Cooney, J. R. Thomas, Thomas J. Hall. Committee on Literature.—L. Israels, George W. Carleton, J. M. Bundy.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Adams, Edwin; Agramonte, E.; Alden, W. L.; Allen, E. C.; Aronson, Joseph N.

Baker, T. E.; Bangs, F. C.; Barrett, Lawrence; Bartlett, H. N.; Beard, J. H.; Bell, Clarke; Berger, C. O.; Blake, C. F.; Bonner, John; Booth Edwin; Bowker, R. B.; Bowler, J. Brookhouse; Bristow, George F.; Brady, John R.; Bruce, L. C.; Bunce, Oliver B.; Bundy J. M., Busbey, Hamilton.

Campbell, Douglas; Carlberg, Gotthold; Carleton, George W.; Carter, Robert; Cavalli, M. G.; Clarke, George; Clews, Henry; Coe, Spencer W.; Cooney, M. A.; Colby, W. George; Contoit, Charles; Crosby, U. H.; Crouch, George.

Daly, Augustin; Daly, John T.; Depew, Chauncey M.; Dewey, C. P.; Diefendorf, Menzo; Diefendorf, C. P.; Dinsmore, W. B.; Dodworth, Harvey B.; Doremus, R. Ogden; Downing, D. L.; Dunlop, A. P.; Durant, Ghiselani; Drexel, A. J.

Eberhard, Ernst; Einstein, E.; Elder, W. H.; Engel, L.

Finlay, E. S.; Fiske, A. K.; Fleisse, W. M.; Florence, W. J.; Flynn, E.; Foster, J. P. Giraud; Frobisher, J. E.; Fraser, John; Frost, C. L.

Garland, John R.; Gaul, E. L.; Gayler, Charles; Gariboldi, G.; Geduey, F. G.; Gerlach, F. G.; Godwin, Parke; Goodwin, H. J.; Gorham, L. Walker; Grau, Manrice; Green, Andrew H.; Griffin, R. H.

Ha l, Thomas J.; Hammond, A. H.; Hardy, Edward M.; Harkins, D. H.; Hatch, A. J.; Havens, G. G.; Hegeman, H.; Hegeman, Theodore; Hegeman, W. A. Ogden; Henderson, Alexander; Herbert, George W.; Hinton, Henry L.; Holcombe, W. F.; Holmes, C. E. L.; Holland, J. G.; Howard, Joseph, Jr.; Howell, W. R.; Howland, Horace; Hows, George W.; Humphries, H. N.; Hurlburt, W. H.; Hutton, Lawrence.

Isaacs, Gustavus; Isaacs, J. S.; Israels, L.

Jackson, N. Hart; Jarrett, Henry; Johnson, Frost; Johnston, Archibald; Johnston, Robert.

Kelly, M. J.; Kingsland, Daniel; Knevals, F. W.; Kurtz, William.

Larrowe, M. D.; Lawrence, T. T.; LeClear, Thomas; Lee, D. B.; Leggat, W. S.; Lewis, C. V.; Livingston, C. H.; Lancaster, E. A.; Longstreet, C. S.

Magonigle, J. H.; Marettek, Max; Martin, H. H.; Mayer, Constant; Macdonald, Allen; Macdonald, William; Mead, R. E.; Meighan, W. J. C.; Millard, Harrison; Mills, S. B.; McHenry, James; McKenna, Stanley; McKenney, G.; Moran, E.; Moss, Charles.

Ochiltree, Thomas; Ogden, F. Barber; Olmstead, Frederick Law; Oppenheim, E. L.; Owens, John E.; O'Rourke, C. A.

Palmer, A. M.; Palmer, H. D.; Pattison, J. N.; Pech, James; Pentz, Jacob; Perry, George; Pierrepont, Edwards; Polk, J. B.; Poor, H. W.

Reinhart, B. F.; Roberts, C., Jr.; Roosevelt, R. B.; Ruggles, James F.

Sanford, A. Wright; Sarony, N.; Schuyler, M.; Scribner, T. Blair; Seward, Clarence A.; Simpson, George; Smith, Roswell C.; Smith, F. J.; Smith, Mark; Smith, T. L.; Smith James D.; Stebbins, H. G.; Stebbins, C. H.; Stow, J. A.; Soper, W. M.; Sothern, E. A.; Strakosch, Max; Stockton, Frank R.; Stout, Francis A.; Stroud, William E.; Sullivan, Algernon S.

Taylor, Douglass; Thomson, James; Thompson, Eugene; Todd, P. P.; Thomas, J. R.; Tiffany, C. L.; Tiffany, L. C.; Tissington, H.; Tousey, Sinclair; Tooley, J. W.; Townley, D. O. C.; Travers, W. R.

Van Alen, J. H.; Vanderbilt, W. H.; Van Elten, Kruseman; Vaux, Calvert.

Waring, G. D.; Wales, Salem H.; Weber, Albert; Welles, C. A.; Watrous, Charles; Wheeler, A. C.; Wheeler, Ward; Whipple, John; Wilbour, E. R.; Wood, Isaac H.; Wright, P. C.; Wright, J. H.

XIV.

ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.

NO. 8 WEST TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET.

THIS club, which had its origin in the vacation by the Union League of its during-war military function, was founded April 14, 1871, with a list of over a hundred members, under the presidency of Rear-Admiral S. W. Godon, and had its first club-house at No. 16 Fifth Avenue. Among the leading movers in its formation and organization, which is patterned after similar clubs in London, were Rear-Admiral Godon, General Ambrose E. Burnside, and General Joseph Hooker, both heroes of signal defeats; General James Grant Wilson, well-known in letters; General Shaler, General Lloyd Aspinwall, and others, whose names were oftener on the tongue ten years since than they are now. Here the grizzled, fallow, iron-bearded Sherman, with the complexion of leathery tan, loiters on his occasional visits to the noisy metropolis; here, on any evening in the week, you may inspect shoulder straps enough to set up a Napoleon in marshals, provided always the Napoleons were not too particular as to other qualifications; here General Adam Badeau, who began as a reporter, had an interval of war, and continued life as a reporter of Grant's campaigns, has lounged; here military guests are entertained now and then, though the club is conducted upon a plan remarkably quiet and unobtrusive.

Aside from social intercourse and the conveniences of

a club-house, the organization has two objects: first, to establish and maintain a library devoted to military and naval subjects, and to collect and preserve military and naval trophies; secondly, to extend hospitality to officers of the army and navy of the United States and other countries.

Eligibility to membership includes two qualifications: either the candidate must be a commissioned officer in the army, navy, or marine corps of the United States, having at least served as a commissioned officer in the service, and having at no time borne arms against the United States, in which case, as a member, he is eligible to office in the club: or he must be a well-known citizen, whose connection with the army or navy renders his society desirable, in which case admission implies no vote upon any alteration in the constitution, and carries with it no eligibility to office or other honorary position. The number of members of the latter class is limited to one-third of the whole, they being admitted under an amendatory clause of the constitution adopted in February, 1872. Candidates must be proposed by two members, not of the Committee of Managers; bulletined the usual two weeks in a conspicuous place on the bulletin board; then balloted for in secret session of the committee, two black-balls excluding. Ballot for members can only take place at the regular monthly meetings of the board; and persons thus elected must, within thirty days after notification by the secretary, pay the admission of fifty dollars, and the annual due of the same amount, which is thereafter steadily payable on the first day of May—with this exception, however, that if the date of any person's election is later than the first of November, he is required to pay only twenty-five dollars for the year current, but, by act of January 9, 1872, is not entitled to

vote until after the full year shall have begun. By regulation passed February 20, 1872, officers of the army and navy stationed without the limits of the city of New York or Brooklyn, are excused from yearly dues, though retaining all the privileges of members. By rule of April 14, 1871, and original provision of the constitution, any member who shall neglect his dues for a period exceeding three months, or shall fail to pay any current indebtedness on demand, ceases to be a member, and can only be reinstated by vote of the board and liquidation of all arrears.

The organization is governed by a committee of managers, consisting of fifteen resident members, holding office for three years, but so distributed that five managers are elected yearly. Eight of them constitute a quorum. This committee elects (and may at any stated meeting remove or replace) from its own body a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, who, with three other members of the committee, in like manner elected and removable, constitute the house committee. At the first regular meeting, April, 1871, were elected fifteen managers, who were then separated by lot into three classes of five members each. The first class was deemed to have been elected, and to hold office until the second Tuesday of January, 1874; the second class to have been elected, and hold office until the second Tuesday of January, 1873; and the third class to have been elected, to hold office until the second Tuesday of January, 1872: so that thereafter, and at each annual election, to be held on the second Tuesday of January in each year, five members of the committee of managers to hold office three years were to be voted for, to supply the place of the class retiring each year, with such additional number as might be necessary to fill vacancies, to

hold office during the remainder of the terms of the members whose places they were elected to fill. At this annual meeting of the club thirty members constitute a quorum, civilians being entitled to vote, except upon questions affecting the constitution, though not eligible to official position.

As to the duties of members (limited in number to one thousand, after the pattern of the Union Club), all current indebtedness in the refectory or at the bar must be paid before leaving the club-house, or on demand, under penalty of being posted on Monday morning, and afterwards, liquidation being delayed one week, reported to the committee. The wine-room and billiard-room are closed at midnight; no card-playing or billiard-playing is permitted on Sunday; no betting on games, to an extent exceeding five dollars; no games of hazard are allowed; no gratuities can be given to servants; and all members are entitled to equal rights in the club-house.

Members may introduce persons not members of the club, in accordance with such regulations as may be prescribed by the committee. The President of the United States, members of his cabinet, Governors of States or Territories, officers of the armies or navies of foreign countries may be admitted to the club-house on request of any member, for a period of not more than three months, by a vote of the committee of managers. Diplomatic agents of foreign countries, accredited to the Government of the United States, may enjoy the privileges of the club during the period of their official residence in the United States; and it is the duty of the secretary to notify them upon their arrival of this provision of the constitution.

The validity of the constitution is hedged about with many a careful provision. In the first place, the pro-

posed article must be subscribed by at least ten members, and by them presented to the president, who causes the proposed amendment, with the signatures thereto, to be posted for thirty days on two conspicuous bulletin boards in the club-house, and brings it before the committee of managers at the next meeting thereafter. In case the committee of managers, by a two-thirds vote, recommend its passage, the secretary must issue notices, enclosing a copy to all the resident members of the club, and a vote of two-thirds of all the resident members present at the next annual meeting on the second Tuesday of January thereafter, or at a special meeting to be called for the purpose, in favor of the proposed article, is requisite for its passage.

General H. G. Wright is president of the organization; Commodore William E. Le Roy is vice-president; General Lloyd Aspinwall is secretary; Commodore Garret R. Barry, treasurer. House Committee—General H. G. Wright, Commodore William E. Le Roy, Commodore Garret R. Barry, and General Lloyd Aspinwall, *ex officio*; General W. W. Burns, General H. E. Davies, Jr., and General William F. Smith, by election. All these are removable at the will of the committee of managers, the divisions of which are as follows:

Commodore Garret R. Barry, General H. E. Davies, Jr., General Jefferson C. Davis, General George W. Cullum, Captain John H. Coster, terms expiring in 1873; Commodore William E. Le Roy, General William F. Smith, Commodore James H. Strong, General Ambrose E. Burnside, and Colonel B. T. Morgan, terms expiring in 1874; General H. G. Wright, General Lloyd Aspinwall, General Van Allen, (*vice* Rear-Admiral Godon), General W. W. Burns, and General A. Shaler, terms expiring in 1875.

The member-roll includes about two hundred names. The club-house is one of those fine modern structures with which up-town abounds. Servants are subject to uniform.

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